Number 134

RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES

# THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

EDITED WITH NOTES BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A. M.
LITT. D.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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*(See also back covers.)*

Vanya.

Marin.

She gazed upon the inner court,
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay (v. 1793).

# THE
# LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

EDITED WITH NOTES BY

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*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS*

BOSTON, NEW YORK, AND CHICAGO
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# PREFACE.

THE *Lay* is here edited on the same plan as its predecessors, the *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion;* and, as in those, the illustrations are from the publishers' holiday edition of the poem.

The text has been carefully compared with that of the earliest editions I have been able to consult — including the 9th (quarto), the 10th (octavo), that of 1821, and several issues of Lockhart's. The corruptions I have detected are few and unimportant, compared with those in the *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion.* The readings of the 1st edition I have had to take from Lockhart, who I hope may be more trustworthy in this case than I have found him in others. If I am ever so fortunate as to get hold of a copy of the 1st edition, I shall compare it with the later texts, and, if necessary, revise the notes referring to it.

I have given all of Scott's own notes in full — correcting sundry misprints and corruptions that appear in all the recent reprints — and most of Lockhart's. Of other editions, I have been most indebted to Professor Minto's, as the extracts credited to him will show. I have also taken an occasional note from Mr. J. S. Phillpotts's school edition. As usual, I have found the commentaries "good except on difficult passages," and have done my best to supply the deficiency.

The proof-readers are exceedingly keen-eyed and critical, but neither they nor I can lay claim to infallibility. If we have overlooked any errors of the type, I shall be very grateful to the reader who will kindly send me a memorandum of such as he may detect.

Thus, starting oft, he journeyed on,
And deeper in the wood is gone (iii. 177).

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Taper and host and book they bare,
And holy banner, flourished fair
With the Redeemer's name (vi. 519).

# THE LAY

OF

# THE LAST MINSTREL.

*Dum relego, scripsisse pudet; quia plurima cerno,*
*Me quoque qui feci judice, digna lini.*

RANKSOME.

# THE LAY

OF

# THE LAST MINSTREL.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses gray
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.

The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye —
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step at last
The embattled portal arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man well:

For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride ;
And he began to talk anon
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him God !
A braver ne'er to battle rode ;
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch :
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ;
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But when he reached the room of state
Where she with all her ladies sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied :
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please ;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain
Came wildering o'er his aged brain —
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.

And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence and age's frost
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'T was thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

NAWORTH CASTLE.

## CANTO FIRST.

I.

THE feast was over in Branksome tower,
And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower,
Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell —
Jesu Maria, shield us well!
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;
Knight and page and household squire
Loitered through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire:

The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged in dreams the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome Hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited duteous on them all:
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword and spur on heel;
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day nor yet by night:
They lay down to rest,
With corselet laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barded with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow;
A hundred more fed free in stall: —
Such was the custom of Branksome Hall.

VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
Why watch these warriors armed by night?
They watch to hear the bloodhound baying;
They watch to hear the war-horn braying;
To see Saint George's red cross streaming,
To see the midnight beacon gleaming;
They watch against Southern force and guile,
Lest Scroop or Howard or Percy's powers
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
From Warkworth or Naworth or merry Carlisle.

VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.
Many a valiant knight is here;
But he, the chieftain of them all,
His sword hangs rusting on the wall
Beside his broken spear.
Bards long shall tell
How Lord Walter fell!
When startled burghers fled afar
The furies of the Border war,
When the streets of high Dunedin
Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell, —
Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII.

Can piety the discord heal,
Or stanch the death-feud's enmity?
Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed charity?
No! vainly to each holy shrine
In mutual pilgrimage they drew,

Implored in vain the grace divine
For chiefs their own red falchions slew,
While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!

IX.

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier
The warlike foresters had bent,
And many a flower and many a tear
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent;
But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
The Ladye dropped nor flower nor tear!
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had locked the source of softer woe,
And burning pride and high disdain
Forbade the rising tear to flow;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lisped from the nurse's knee,
'And if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be!'
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

X.

All loose her negligent attire,
All loose her golden hair,
Hung Margaret o'er her slaughtered sire
And wept in wild despair.
But not alone the bitter tear
Had filial grief supplied,
For hopeless love and anxious fear
Had lent their mingled tide;

Nor in her mother's altered eye
Dared she to look for sympathy.
Her lover 'gainst her father's clan
With Carr in arms had stood,
When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran
All purple with their blood;
And well she knew her mother dread,
Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,
Would see her on her dying bed.

XI.

Of noble race the Ladye came;
Her father was a clerk of fame,
Of Bethune's line of Picardie:
He learned the art that none may name
In Padua, far beyond the sea.
Men said he changed his mortal frame
By feat of magic mystery;
For when in studious mood he paced
Saint Andrew's cloistered hall,
His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall!

XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,
He taught that Ladye fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air.
And now she sits in secret bower,
In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound
That moans the mossy turrets round.
Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scaur's red side?

Is it the wind, that swings the oaks?
Is it the echo from the rocks?
What may it be, the heavy sound,
That moans old Branksome's turrets round?

XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound
The ban-dogs bay and howl,
And from the turrets round
Loud whoops the startled owl.
In the hall, both squire and knight
Swore that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night;
But the night was still and clear!

XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
Chafing with the mountain's side,
From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
From the sullen echo of the rock,
From the voice of the coming storm,
The Ladye knew it well!
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

'Sleep'st thou, brother?'

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

'Brother, nay —
On my hills the moonbeams play.
From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,
By every rill, in every glen,

Merry elves their morris pacing,
To aërial minstrelsy,
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
Trip it deft and merrily.
Up, and mark their nimble feet!
Up, and list their music sweet!'

XVI.

RIVER SPIRIT.

'Tears of an imprisoned maiden
Mix with my polluted stream;
Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,
Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam.
Tell me, thou who view'st the stars,
When shall cease these feudal jars?
What shall be the maiden's fate?
Who shall be the maiden's mate?'

XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

'Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll
In utter darkness round the pole;
The Northern Bear lowers black and grim,
Orion's studded belt is dim;
Twinkling faint, and distant far,
Shimmers through mist each planet star;
Ill may I read their high decree:
But no kind influence deign they shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower
Till pride be quelled and love be free.'

XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceased,
And the heavy sound was still;
It died on the river's breast,
It died on the side of the hill.
But round Lord David's tower
The sound still floated near;
For it rung in the Ladye's bower,
And it rung in the Ladye's ear.
She raised her stately head,
And her heart throbbed high with pride:
'Your mountains shall bend
And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!'

XIX.

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
Where many a bold retainer lay,
And with jocund din among them all
Her son pursued his infant play.

A fancied moss-trooper, the boy
The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
And round the hall right merrily
In mimic foray rode.
Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
Share in his frolic gambols bore,
Albeit their hearts of rugged mould
Were stubborn as the steel they wore.
For the gray warriors prophesied
How the brave boy in future war
Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
Exalt the Crescents and the Star.

XX.

The Ladye forgot her purpose high
One moment and no more,
One moment gazed with a mother's eye
As she paused at the arched door;
Then from amid the armed train
She called to her William of Deloraine.

XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scott was he
As e'er couched Border lance by knee:
Through Solway Sands, through Tarras Moss,
Blindfold he knew the paths to cross;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds;
In Eske or Liddel fords were none
But he would ride them, one by one;
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow or July's pride;
Alike to him was tide or time,
Moonless midnight or matin prime:

Steady of heart and stout of hand
As ever drove prey from Cumberland;
Five times outlawed had he been
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

XXII.

'Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
Mount thee on the wightest steed;
Spare not to spur nor stint to ride
Until thou come to fair Tweedside;
And in Melrose's holy pile
Seek thou the Monk of Saint Mary's aisle.
Greet the father well from me;
Say that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb:
For this will be Saint Michael's night,
And though stars be dim the moon is bright,
And the cross of bloody red
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

XXIII.

'What he gives thee, see thou keep;
Stay not thou for food or sleep:
Be it scroll or be it book,
Into it, knight, thou must not look;
If thou readest, thou art lorn!
Better hadst thou ne'er been born!'

XXIV.

'O swiftly can speed my dapple-gray steed,
Which drinks of the Teviot clear;
Ere break of day,' the warrior gan say,
'Again will I be here:

And safer by none may thy errand be done
Than, noble dame, by me;
Letter nor line know I never one,
Were 't my neck-verse at Hairibee.'

XXV.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
And soon the steep descent he passed,
Soon crossed the sounding barbican,
And soon the Teviot side he won.
Eastward the wooded path he rode,
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod;
He passed the Peel of Goldiland,
And crossed old Borthwick's roaring strand;
Dimly he viewed the Moat-hill's mound,
Where Druid shades still flitted round:
In Hawick twinkled many a light;
Behind him soon they set in night;
And soon he spurred his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark:
'Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark.'
'For Branksome, ho!' the knight rejoined,
And left the friendly tower behind.
He turned him now from Teviotside,
And, guided by the tinkling rill,
Northward the dark ascent did ride,
And gained the moor at Horseliehill;
Broad on the left before him lay
For many a mile the Roman way.

XXVII.

A moment now he slacked his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed,
Drew saddle-girth and corselet-band,
And loosened in the sheath his brand.
On Minto-crags the moonbeams glint.
Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint,
Who flung his outlawed limbs to rest
Where falcons hang their giddy nest
Mid cliffs from whence his eagle eye
For many a league his prey could spy;
Cliffs doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robber's horn;
Cliffs which for many a later year
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove
Ambition is no cure for love.

XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence passed Deloraine
To ancient Riddel's fair domain,
Where Aill, from mountains freed,

Down from the lakes did raving come;
Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
In vain! no torrent, deep or broad,
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke o'er the saddle-bow:
Above the foaming tide, I ween,
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;
For he was barded from counter to tail,
And the rider was armed complete in mail;
Never heavier man and horse
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force.
The warrior's very plume, I say,
Was daggled by the dashing spray;
Yet, through good heart and Our Ladye's grace,
At length he gained the landing-place.

XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
And sternly shook his plumed head,
As glanced his eye o'er Halidon;
For on his soul the slaughter red
Of that unhallowed morn arose,
When first the Scott and Carr were foes;
When royal James beheld the fray,
Prize to the victor of the day;
When Home and Douglas in the van
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reeked on dark Elliot's Border spear.

XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was past;
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melros' rose and fair Tweed ran:
Like some tall rock with lichens gray,
Seemed, dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
When Hawick he passed had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.
The sound upon the fitful gale
In solemn wise did rise and fail,
Like that wild harp whose magic tone
Is wakened by the winds alone.
But when Melrose he reached 't was silence all;
He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.

---

HERE paused the harp; and with its swell
The Master's fire and courage fell:
Dejectedly and low he bowed,
And, gazing timid on the crowd,
He seemed to seek in every eye
If they approved his minstrelsy;
And, diffident of present praise,
Somewhat he spoke of former days,
And how old age and wandering long
Had done his hand and harp some wrong.
The Duchess, and her daughters fair,
And every gentle lady there,
Each after each, in due degree,
Gave praises to his melody;
His hand was true, his voice was clear,
And much they longed the rest to hear.
Encouraged thus, the aged man
After meet rest again began.

MELROSE ABBEY.

## CANTO SECOND.

I.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;

When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go — but go alone the while —
Then view Saint David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair!

II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there;
Little recked he of the scene so fair:
With dagger's hilt on the wicket strong
He struck full loud, and struck full long.
The porter hurried to the gate:
'Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?'
'From Branksome I,' the warrior cried;
And straight the wicket opened wide:
For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood
To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
The porter bent his humble head;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trod:
The arched cloister, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He entered the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle
To hail the Monk of Saint Mary's aisle.

IV.

'The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me,
Says that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb.'
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffened limbs he reared;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

V.

And strangely on the knight looked he,
And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide:
'And darest thou, warrior, seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide?
My breast in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn,
For threescore years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn;
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known.
Wouldst thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance drie,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear —
Then, daring warrior, follow me!'

VI.

'Penance, father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray.
Other prayer can I none;
So speed me my errand, and let me begone.'

VII.

Again on the knight looked the churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong and his courage was high:
Now, slow and faint, he led the way
Where, cloistered round, the garden lay;
The pillared arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

VIII.

Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
Glistened with the dew of night;
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start,
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door
They entered now the chancel tall;
The darkened roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and small:

LIDDESDALE.

The keystone that locked each ribbed aisle
Was a fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuille ;
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim ;
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourished around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar's pale ;
And there the dying lamps did burn
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant Chief of Otterburne !
And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale !
O fading honors of the dead !
O high ambition lowly laid !

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,

By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII.

They sate them down on a marble stone —
A Scottish monarch slept below;
Thus spoke the monk in solemn tone:
'I was not always a man of woe;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the Cross of God:
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

XIII.

'In these far climes it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott;
A wizard of such dreaded fame
That when, in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!
Some of his skill he taught to me;
And, warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three,

ELDON HILLS.

And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone :
But to speak them were a deadly sin,
And for having but thought them my heart within
A treble penance must be done.

XIV.

'When Michael lay on his dying bed, 18
His conscience was awakened ;
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed :
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid ;
They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV.

'I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his Chief of Branksome's need;
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on Saint Michael's night,
When the bell tolled one and the moon was bright,
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.

XVI.

'It was a night of woe and dread
When Michael in the tomb I laid;
Strange sounds along the chancel passed,
The banners waved without a blast'—
Still spoke the monk, when the bell tolled one!—
I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurred a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII.

'Lo, warrior! now, the cross of red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;
Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night;
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be.'

Slow moved the monk to the broad flagstone
Which the bloody cross was traced upon :
He pointed to a secret nook ;
An iron bar the warrior took ;
And the monk made a sign with his withered hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went,
His sinewy frame o'er the gravestone bent,
With bar of iron heaved amain
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,

Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright;
It shone like heaven's own blessed light,
And, issuing from the tomb,
Showed the monk's cowl and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-browed warrior's mail,
And kissed his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver rolled,
He seemed some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapped him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea:
His left hand held his Book of Might,
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee.
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face:
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse nor awe,
Yet now remorse and awe he owned;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewildered and unnerved he stood,

And the priest prayed fervently and loud:
With eyes averted prayed he;
He might not endure the sight to see
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had prayed,
Thus unto Deloraine he said:
'Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, warrior, we may dearly rue;
For those thou mayst not look upon
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!'
Then Deloraine in terror took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasped and with iron bound:
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frowned;
But the glare of the sepulchral light
Perchance had dazzled the warrior's sight.

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night returned in double gloom,
For the moon had gone down and the stars were few;
And as the knight and priest withdrew,
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'T is said, as through the aisles they passed,
They heard strange noises on the blast;
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man,
As if the fiends kept holiday
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 't was said to me.

XXIII.

'Now, hie thee hence,' the father said,
'And when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Ladye and sweet Saint John
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!'
The monk returned him to his cell,
And many a prayer and penance sped;
When the convent met at the noontide bell,
The Monk of Saint Mary's aisle was dead!
Before the cross was the body laid,
With hands clasped fast, as if still he prayed.

XXIV.

The knight breathed free in the morning wind,
And strove his hardihood to find:
He was glad when he passed the tombstones gray
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye;
For the mystic book, to his bosom pressed,
Felt like a load upon his breast,
And his joints, with nerves of iron twined,
Shook like the aspen-leaves in wind.
Full fain was he when the dawn of day
Began to brighten Cheviot gray;
He joyed to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary as well as he might.

XXV.

The sun had brightened Cheviot gray,
The sun had brightened the Carter's side;
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.
The wild birds told their warbling tale,
And wakened every flower that blows;

And peeped forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose.
And lovelier than the rose so red,
Yet paler than the violet pale,
She early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

XXVI.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
And don her kirtle so hastilie;
And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,
Why tremble her slender fingers to tie?
Why does she stop and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stair;
And why does she pat the shaggy bloodhound,
As he rouses him up from his lair;
And, though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

XXVII.

The ladye steps in doubt and dread
Lest her watchful mother hear her tread;
The ladye caresses the rough bloodhound
Lest his voice should waken the castle round;
The watchman's bugle is not blown
For he was her foster-father's son;
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

XXVIII.

The knight and ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.

He was stately and young and tall,
Dreaded in battle and loved in hall;
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red,
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon pressed,
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold —
Where would you find the peerless fair
With Margaret of Branksome might compare!

XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow.
Ye ween to hear a melting tale
Of two true lovers in a dale;
And how the knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove,
Swore he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love;
And how she blushed, and how she sighed,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid; —
Yet, might the bloody feud be stayed,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

XXX.

Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!
My harp has lost the enchanting strain;
Its lightness would my age reprove:
My hairs are gray, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold:
I may not, must not, sing of love.

XXXI.

Beneath an oak, mossed o'er by eld,
The Baron's dwarf his courser held,
And held his crested helm and spear:
That dwarf was scarce an earthly man,
If the tales were true that of him ran
Through all the Border far and near.
'T was said, when the Baron a-hunting rode
Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trod,
He heard a voice cry, 'Lost! lost! lost!'
And, like tennis-ball by racket tossed,
A leap of thirty feet and three
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismayed;
'T is said that five good miles he rade,
To rid him of his company;
But where he rode one mile, the dwarf ran four,
And the dwarf was first at the castle door.

XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said:
This elfish dwarf with the Baron staid;
Little he ate, and less he spoke,
Nor mingled with the menial flock;
And oft apart his arms he tossed,
And often muttered, 'Lost! lost! lost!'
He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,
But well Lord Cranstoun served he:
And he of his service was full fain;
For once he had been ta'en or slain,
An it had not been for his ministry.
All between Home and Hermitage
Talked of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page.

THE YARROW.

XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elfish page,
To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes;
For there, beside Our Ladye's lake,
An offering he had sworn to make,
And he would pay his vows.
But the Ladye of Branksome gathered a band
Of the best that would ride at her command;
The trysting-place was Newark Lee.
Wat of Harden came thither amain,
And thither came John of Thirlestane,
And thither came William of Deloraine;
They were three hundred spears and three.

Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
They came to Saint Mary's lake ere day,
But the chapel was void and the Baron away.
They burned the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page.

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good greenwood,
As under the aged oak he stood,
The Baron's courser pricks his ears,
As if a distant noise he hears.
The dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
And signs to the lovers to part and fly;
No time was then to vow or sigh.
Fair Margaret through the hazel-grove
Flew like the startled cushat-dove:
The dwarf the stirrup held and rein;
Vaulted the knight on his steed amain,
And, pondering deep that morning's scene,
Rode eastward through the hawthorns green

---

While thus he poured the lengthened tale,
The Minstrel's voice began to fail.
Full slyly smiled the observant page,
And gave the withered hand of age
A goblet, crowned with mighty wine,
The blood of Velez' scorched vine.
He raised the silver cup on high,
And, while the big drop filled his eye,
Prayed God to bless the Duchess long,
And all who cheered a son of song.
The attending maidens smiled to see
How long, how deep, how zealously,

The precious juice the Minstrel quaffed;
And he, emboldened by the draught,
Looked gayly back to them and laughed.
The cordial nectar of the bowl
Swelled his old veins and cheered his soul;
A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
Ere thus his tale again began.

E'en the rude watchman on the tower
Enjoyed and blessed the lovely hour (iii. 309).

## CANTO THIRD.

I.

And said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
  And that I might not sing of love?—
How could I to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
  So foul, so false a recreant prove?
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame?

II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
While, pondering deep the tender scene,
He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.
But the page shouted wild and shrill,
And scarce his helmet could he don,
When downward from the shady hill
A stately knight came pricking on.
That warrior's steed, so dapple-gray,
Was dark with sweat and splashed with clay,
His armor red with many a stain:
He seemed in such a weary plight,
As if he had ridden the livelong night;
For it was William of Deloraine.

IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,
When, dancing in the sunny beam,
He marked the crane on the Baron's crest;
For his ready spear was in his rest.
Few were the words, and stern and high,
That marked the foemen's feudal hate;
For question fierce and proud reply
Gave signal soon of dire debate.

Their very coursers seemed to know
That each was other's mortal foe,
And snorted fire when wheeled around
To give each knight his vantage-ground.

V.

In rapid round the Baron bent;
He sighed a sigh and prayed a prayer;
The prayer was to his patron saint,
The sigh was to his ladye fair.
Stout Deloraine nor sighed nor prayed,
Nor saint nor ladye called to aid;
But he stooped his head, and couched his spear,
And spurred his steed to full career.
The meeting of these champions proud
Seemed like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent!
The stately Baron backwards bent,
Bent backwards to his horse's tail,
And his plumes went scattering on the gale;
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand flinders flew.
But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail;
Through shield and jack and acton passed,
Deep in his bosom broke at last.
Still sate the warrior saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed the girthing broke,
Hurled on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward passed his course,
Nor knew — so giddy rolled his brain —
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

VII.

But when he reined his courser round,
And saw his foeman on the ground
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to stanch the wound,
And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state,
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate:
His noble mind was inly moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
'This shalt thou do without delay:
No longer here myself may stay;
Unless the swifter I speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day.'

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;
The Goblin Page behind abode;
His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corselet off he took,
The dwarf espied the Mighty Book!
Much he marvelled a knight of pride
Like a book-bosomed priest should ride:
He thought not to search or stanch the wound
Until the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,
Resisted long the elfin grasp;
For when the first he had undone,
It closed as he the next begun.
Those iron clasps, that iron band,
Would not yield to unchristened hand

Till he smeared the cover o'er
With the Borderer's curdled gore;
A moment then the volume spread,
And one short spell therein he read.
It had much of glamour might,
Could make a ladye seem a knight,
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall,
A nutshell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeling seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth —
All was delusion, nought was truth.

X.

He had not read another spell,
When on his cheek a buffet fell,
So fierce, it stretched him on the plain
Beside the wounded Deloraine.
From the ground he rose dismayed,
And shook his huge and matted head;
One word he muttered and no more,
'Man of age, thou smitest sore!'
No more the elfin page durst try
Into the wondrous book to pry;
The clasps, though smeared with Christian gore,
Shut faster than they were before.
He hid it underneath his cloak. —
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so mot I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.

XI.

Unwillingly himself he addressed
To do his master's high behest:

He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse;
He led him into Branksome Hall
Before the beards of the warders all,
And each did after swear and say
There only passed a wain of hay.
He took him to Lord David's tower,
Even to the Ladye's secret bower;
And, but that stronger spells were spread,
And the door might not be opened,
He had laid him on her very bed.
Whate'er he did of gramarye
Was always done maliciously;
He flung the warrior on the ground,
And the blood welled freshly from the wound.

XII.

As he repassed the outer court,
He spied the fair young child at sport:
He thought to train him to the wood;
For, at a word, be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good.
Seemed to the boy some comrade gay
Led him forth to the woods to play;
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
Until they came to a woodland brook;
The running stream dissolved the spell,
And his own elfish shape he took.
Could he have had his pleasure vilde,
He had crippled the joints of the noble child,

Or, with his fingers long and lean,
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen:
But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited;
So he but scowled on the startled child,
And darted through the forest wild;
The woodland brook he bounding crossed,
And laughed, and shouted, 'Lost! lost! lost!'

XIV.

Full sore amazed at the wondrous change,
And frightened, as a child might be,
At the wild yell and visage strange,
And the dark words of gramarye,
The child, amidst the forest bower,
Stood rooted like a lily flower;
And when at length, with trembling pace,
He sought to find where Branksome lay,
He feared to see that grisly face
Glare from some thicket on his way.
Thus, starting oft, he journeyed on,
And deeper in the wood is gone, —

For aye the more he sought his way,
The farther still he went astray, —
Until he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.

XV.

And hark ! and hark ! the deep-mouthed bark
Comes nigher still and nigher ;
Bursts on the path a dark bloodhound,
His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wildered child saw he,
He flew at him right furiouslie.
I ween you would have seen with joy
The bearing of the gallant boy,
When, worthy of his noble sire,
His wet cheek glowed 'twixt fear and ire !
He faced the bloodhound manfully,
And held his little bat on high ;
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
At cautious distance hoarsely bayed,
But still in act to spring ;
When dashed an archer through the glade,
And when he saw the hound was stayed,
He drew his tough bowstring ;
But a rough voice cried, 'Shoot not, hoy !
Ho ! shoot not, Edward, — 't is a boy !'

XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,
And checked his fellow's surly mood,
And quelled the ban-dog's ire :
He was an English yeoman good
And born in Lancashire.

Well could he hit a fallow-deer
Five hundred feet him fro;
With hand more true and eye more clear
No archer bended bow.
His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
Set off his sun-burned face;
Old England's sign, Saint George's cross,
His barret-cap did grace;
His bugle-horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied;
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,
Reached scantly to his knee;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbished sheaf bore he;

His buckler scarce in breadth a span,
No longer fence had he;
He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee:
His slackened bow was in his hand,
And the leash that was his bloodhound's band.

XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,
But held him with his powerful arm,
That he might neither fight nor flee;
For when the red cross spied he,
The boy strove long and violently.
'Now, by Saint George,' the archer cries,
'Edward, methinks we have a prize!
This boy's fair face and courage free
Show he is come of high degree.'

XIX.

'Yes! I am come of high degree,
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch;
And, if thou dost not set me free,
False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue!
For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,
And William of Deloraine, good at need,
And every Scott from Esk to Tweed;
And, if thou dost not let me go,
Despite thy arrows and thy bow,
I'll have thee hanged to feed the crow!'

XX.

'Gramercy for thy good-will, fair boy!
My mind was never set so high;
But if thou art chief of such a clan,
And art the son of such a man,

And ever comest to thy command,
Our wardens had need to keep good order:
My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
Thou 'lt make them work upon the Border!
Meantime, be pleased to come with me,
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see;
I think our work is well begun,
When we have taken thy father's son.'

XXI.

Although the child was led away,
In Branksome still he seemed to stay,
For so the Dwarf his part did play;
And, in the shape of that young boy,
He wrought the castle much annoy.
The comrades of the young Buccleuch

He pinched and beat and overthrew;
Nay, some of them he well-nigh slew.
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,
And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
He lighted the match of his bandelier,
And wofully scorched the hackbuteer.
It may be hardly thought or said,
The mischief that the urchin made,
Till many of the castle guessed
That the young baron was possessed!

XXII.

Well I ween the charm he held
The noble Ladye had soon dispelled,
But she was deeply busied then
To tend the wounded Deloraine.
Much she wondered to find him lie
On the stone threshold stretched along:
She thought some spirit of the sky
Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong,
Because, despite her precept dread,
Perchance he in the book had read;
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,
And it was earthly steel and wood.

XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she stanched the blood.
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound:
No longer by his couch she stood;
But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And washed it from the clotted gore,
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.
William of Deloraine, in trance,

Whene'er she turned it round and round,
Twisted as if she galled his wound.
Then to her maidens she did say,
That he should be whole man and sound
Within the course of a night and day.
Full long she toiled, for she did rue
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV.

So passed the day — the evening fell,
'T was near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
E'en the rude watchman on the tower
Enjoyed and blessed the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret loved and blessed
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone,
Touched a wild note, and all between
Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
Her golden hair streamed free from band,
Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.

XXV.

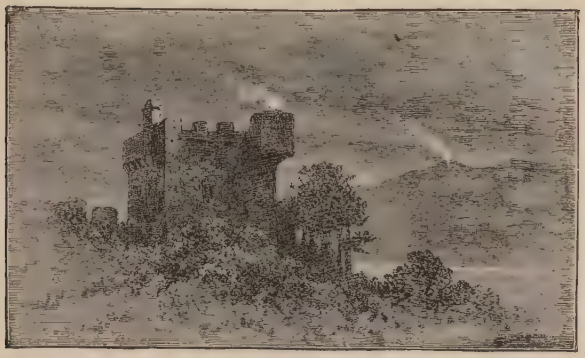
Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red glare the western star? —
O, 't is the beacon-blaze of war!
Scarce could she draw her tightened breath,
For well she knew the fire of death!

XXVI.

The warder viewed it blazing strong,
And blew his war-note loud and long,
Till, at the high and haughty sound,
Rock, wood, and river rung around.
The blast alarmed the festal hall,
And startled forth the warriors all;
Far downward in the castle-yard
Full many a torch and cresset glared,
And helms and plumes, confusedly tossed,
Were in the blaze halt seen, half lost;
And spears in wild disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

XXVII.

The seneschal, whose silver hair
Was reddened by the torches' glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud:
'On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,
And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire;
Ride out, ride out,
The foe to scout!
Mount, mount for Branksome, every man!
Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
That ever are true and stout.
Ye need not send to Liddesdale,
For when they see the blazing bale
Elliots and Armstrongs never fail. —
Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life,
And warn the warden of the strife! —
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
Our kin and clan and friends to raise!'



XXVIII.

Fair Margaret from the turret head
Heard far below the coursers' tread,
While loud the harness rung,
As to their seats with clamor dread
The ready horsemen sprung:
And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
And leaders' voices, mingled notes,
And out! and out!
In hasty rout,
The horsemen galloped forth;
Dispersing to the south to scout,
And east, and west, and north,
To view their coming enemies,
And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX.

The ready page with hurried hand
Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,
And ruddy blushed the heaven;

For a sheet of flame from the turret high
Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
All flaring and uneven.
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height and hill and cliff were seen,
Each with warlike tidings fraught;
Each from each the signal caught;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleamed on many a dusky tarn,
Haunted by the lonely earn;
On many a cairn's gray pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw
From Soltra and Dumpender Law,
And Lothian heard the Regent's order
That all should bowne them for the Borde.

XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang
The ceaseless sound of steel;
The castle-bell with backward clang
Sent forth the larum peal.
Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
Where massy stone and iron bar
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
To whelm the foe with deadly shower;
Was frequent heard the changing guard,
And watchword from the sleepless ward;
While, wearied by the endless din,
Bloodhound and ban-dog yelled within.

XXXI.

The noble dame, amid the broil,
Shared the gray seneschal's high toil,
And spoke of danger with a smile,

Cheered the young knights, and council sage
Held with the chiefs of riper age.
No tidings of the foe were brought,
Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
Nor what in time of truce he sought.
  Some said that there were thousands ten;
And others weened that it was nought
  But Leven Clans or Tynedale men,
Who came to gather in black-mail;
And Liddesdale, with small avail,
  Might drive them lightly back agen.
So passed the anxious night away,
And welcome was the peep of day.

---

CEASED the high sound — the listening throng
Applaud the Master of the Song;
And marvel much, in helpless age,
So hard should be his pilgrimage.
Had he no friend — no daughter dear,
His wandering toil to share and cheer?
No son to be his father's stay,
And guide him on the rugged way?
'Ay, once he had — but he was dead!' —
Upon the harp he stooped his head,
And busied himself the strings withal,
To hide the tear that fain would fall.
In solemn measure, soft and slow,
Arose a father's notes of woe.

Beneath the peel's rude battlement (iv. 31).

## CANTO FOURTH.

I.

SWEET Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore;
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor startled at the bugle-horn.

II.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doomed to know,
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears.
Low as that tide has ebbed with me,
It still reflects to memory's eye
The hour my brave, my only boy
Fell by the side of great Dundee.
Why, when the volleying musket played
Against the bloody Highland blade,
Why was not I beside him laid? —
Enough — he died the death of fame;
Enough — he died with conquering Græme.

III

Now over Border dale and fell
Full wide and far was terror spread;
For pathless marsh and mountain cell
The peasant left his lowly shed.
The frightened flocks and herds were pent
Beneath the peel's rude battlement;
And maids and matrons dropped the tear,
While ready warriors seized the spear.
From Branksome's towers the watchman's eye
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
Which, curling in the rising sun,
Showed Southern ravage was begun.

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried:
'Prepare ye all for blows and blood!

Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side,
Comes wading through the flood.
Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
At his lone gate and prove the lock;
It was but last Saint Barnabright
They sieged him a whole summer night,
But fled at morning; well they knew,
In vain he never twanged the yew.
Right sharp has been the evening shower
That drove him from his Liddel tower;
And, by my faith,' the gate-ward said,
'I think 't will prove a Warden-Raid.'

V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
Entered the echoing barbican.
He led a small and shaggy nag,
That through a bog, from hag to hag,
Could bound like any Billhope stag.
It bore his wife and children twain;
A half-clothed serf was all their train:
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-browed,
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,
Laughed to her friends among the crowd.
He was of stature passing tall,
But sparely formed and lean withal:
A battered morion on his brow;
A leathern jack, as fence enow,
On his broad shoulders loosely hung;
A Border axe behind was slung;
His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
Seemed newly dyed with gore;
His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
His hardy partner bore.

VI.

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show
The tidings of the English foe:
'Belted Will Howard is marching here,
And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,
And all the German hackbut-men
Who have long lain at Askerten.
They crossed the Liddel at curfew hour,
And burned my little lonely tower —
The fiend receive their souls therefor! 84
It had not been burnt this year and more.
Barnyard and dwelling, blazing bright,
Served to guide me on my flight,
But I was chased the livelong night.
Black John of Akeshaw and Fergus Græme
Fast upon my traces came,
Until I turned at Priesthaugh Scrogg,

And shot their horses in the bog,
Slew Fergus with my lance outright —
I had him long at high despite ;
He drove my cows last Fastern's night.'

VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
Fast hurrying in, confirmed the tale ;
As far as they could judge by ken,
Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand
Three thousand armed Englishmen.
Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,
Came in, their chief's defence to aid.
There was saddling and mounting in haste,
There was pricking o'er moor and lea ;
He that was last at the trysting-place
Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

VIII.

From fair Saint Mary's silver wave,
From dreary Gamescleuch's dusky height,
His ready lances Thirlestane brave
Arrayed beneath a banner bright.
The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims
To wreathe his shield, since royal James,
Encamped by Fala's mossy wave,
The proud distinction grateful gave
For faith mid feudal jars ;
What time, save Thirlestane alone,
Of Scotland's stubborn barons none
Would march to southern wars ;
And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne ;
Hence his high motto shines revealed,
'Ready, aye ready,' for the field.

IX.

An aged knight, to danger steeled,
With many a moss-trooper, came on;
And, azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdieston.
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood Tower,
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower;
High over Borthwick's mountain flood
His wood-embosomed mansion stood;
In the dark glen, so deep below,
The herds of plundered England low,
His bold retainers' daily food,
And bought with danger, blows, and blood.
Marauding chief! his sole delight
The moonlight raid, the morning fight;
Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms
In youth might tame his rage for arms;
And still in age he spurned at rest,
And still his brows the helmet pressed,
Albeit the blanched locks below
Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow.
Five stately warriors drew the sword
Before their father's band;
A braver knight than Harden's lord
Ne'er belted on a brand.

X.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,
Came trooping down the Todshawhill;
By the sword they won their land,
And by the sword they hold it still.
Hearken, Ladye, to the tale
How thy sires won fair Eskdale.

Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
The Beattisons were his vassals there.
The earl was gentle and mild of mood,
The vassals were warlike and fierce and rude;
High of heart and haughty of word,
Little they recked of a tame liege-lord.
The earl into fair Eskdale came,
Homage and seigniory to claim:
Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot he sought,
Saying, 'Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought.'
'Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
Oft has he helped me at pinch of need;
Lord and earl though thou be, I trow,
I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou.'
Word on word gave fuel to fire,
Till so high blazed the Beattison's ire,
But that the earl the flight had ta'en,
The vassals there their lord had slain.
Sore he plied both whip and spur,
As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir;
And it fell down a weary weight,
Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XI.

The earl was a wrathful man to see,
Full fain avenged would he be.
In haste to Branksome's lord he spoke,
Saying, 'Take these traitors to thy yoke;
For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
All Eskdale I 'll sell thee, to have and hold:
Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan
If thou leavest on Eske a landed man!
But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,
For he lent me his horse to escape upon.'

A GATE AT BRANKSOME.

A glad man then was Branksome bold,
Down he flung him the purse of gold;
To Eskdale soon he spurred amain,
And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.
He left his merrymen in the mist of the hill,
And bade them hold them close and still;
And alone he wended to the plain,
To meet with the Galliard and all his train.
To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said:
'Know thou me for thy liege-lord and head;
Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
For Scotts play best at the roughest game.
Give me in peace my heriot due,
Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
If my horn I three times wind,
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind.'

XII.

Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn;
'Little care we for thy winded horn.
Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
With rusty spur and miry boot.'
He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse
That the dun deer started at far Craikcross;
He blew again so loud and clear,
Through the gray mountain-mist there did lances appear;
And the third blast rang with such a din
That the echoes answered from Pentoun-linn,
And all his riders came lightly in.
Then had you seen a gallant shock,
When saddles were emptied and lances broke!
For each scornful word the Galliard had said
A Beattison on the field was laid.
His own good sword the chieftain drew,
And he bore the Galliard through and through;
Where the Beattisons' blood mixed with the rill,
The Galliard's Haugh men call it still.
The Scotts have scattered the Beattison clan,
In Eskdale they left but one landed man.
The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,
Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

XIII.

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
And warriors more than I may name;
From Yarrow-cleugh to Hindhaugh-swair,
From Woodhouselie to Chester-glen,
Trooped man and horse, and bow and spear:
Their gathering word was Bellenden.

And better hearts o'er Border sod
To siege or rescue never rode.
The Ladye marked the aids come in,
And high her heart of pride arose;
She bade her youthful son attend,
That he might know his father's friend,
And learn to face his foes:
'The boy is ripe to look on war;
I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,
And his true arrow struck afar
The raven's nest upon the cliff;
The red cross on a Southern breast
Is broader than the raven's nest:
Thou, Whitslade, shall teach him his weapon to wield,
And o'er him hold his father's shield.'

XIV.

Well may you think the wily page
Cared not to face the Ladye sage.
He counterfeited childish fear,
And shrieked, and shed full many a tear,
And moaned, and plained in manner wild.
The attendants to the Ladye told,
Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
That wont to be so free and bold.
Then wrathful was the noble dame;
She blushed blood-red for very shame:
'Hence! ere the clan his faintness view;
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch!—
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
Sure, some fell fiend has cursed our line,
That coward should e'er be son of mine!'

XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
To guide the counterfeited lad.
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
Of that ill-omened elfish freight,
He bolted, sprung, and reared amain,
Nor heeded bit nor curb nor rein.
It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil
To drive him but a Scottish mile;
But as a shallow brook they crossed,
The elf, amid the running stream,
His figure changed, like form in dream,
And fled, and shouted, 'Lost! lost! lost!'
Full fast the urchin ran and laughed,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew,
And pierced his shoulder through and through.
Although the imp might not be slain,
And though the wound soon healed again,
Yet, as he ran, he yelled for pain;
And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast,
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;
And martial murmurs from below
Proclaimed the approaching Southern foe.
Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
Were Border pipes and bugles blown;
The coursers' neighing he could ken,
A measured tread of marching men;
While broke at times the solemn hum,
The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum;

And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the copse appear;
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
Shine helm and shield and spear.

XVII.

Light forayers first, to view the ground,
Spurred their fleet coursers loosely round;
Behind, in close array, and fast,
The Kendal archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle blast,
Advancing from the wood were seen.
To back and guard the archer band,
Lord Dacre's billmen were at hand:
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
With kirtles white and crosses red,
Arrayed beneath the banner tall
That streamed o'er Acre's conquered wall;
And minstrels, as they marched in order,
Played, 'Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border.'

XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow
The mercenaries, firm and slow,
Moved on to fight in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
And sold their blood for foreign pay.
The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, owned no lord:
They were not armed like England's sons,
But bore the levin-darting guns;
Buff coats, all frounced and broidered o'er,
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore;
Each better knee was bared, to aid
The warriors in the escalade:

All as they marched, in rugged tongue
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

XIX.

But louder still the clamor grew,
And louder still the minstrels blew,
When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry;
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,
Brought up the battle's glittering rear.
There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen,
With favor in his crest or glove,
Memorial of his ladye-love.
So rode they forth in fair array,
Till full their lengthened lines display;
Then called a halt, and made a stand,
And cried, 'Saint George for merry England!'

XX.

Now every English eye intent
On Branksome's armed towers was bent;
So near they were that they might know
The straining harsh of each cross-bow;
On battlement and bartizan
Gleamed axe and spear and partisan;
Falcon and culver on each tower
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower;
And flashing armor frequent broke
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
Where upon tower and turret head
The seething pitch and molten lead
Reeked like a witch's caldron red.
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
The wicket opes, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary seneschal.

XXI.

Armed he rode, all save the head,
His white beard o'er his breastplate spread;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
He ruled his eager courser's gait,
Forced him with chastened fire to prance,
And, high curvetting, slow advance:
In sign of truce, his better hand
Displayed a peeled willow wand;
His squire, attending in the rear,
Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.
When they espied him riding out,
Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
Sped to the front of their array,
To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII.

'Ye English warden lords, of you
Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,
Why, 'gainst the truce of Border tide,
In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
With Kendal bow and Gilsland brand,
And all yon mercenary band,
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?
My Ladye reads you swith return;
And, if but one poor straw you burn,
Or do our towers so much molest
As scare one swallow from her nest,
Saint Mary! but we 'll light a brand
Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland.' —

XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
But calmer Howard took the word:
'May 't please thy dame, Sir Seneschal,
To seek the castle's outward wall,
Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show
Both why we came and when we go.'
The message sped, the noble dame
To the wall's outward circle came;
Each chief around leaned on his spear,
To see the pursuivant appear.
All in Lord Howard's livery dressed,
The lion argent decked his breast;
He led a boy of blooming hue —
O sight to meet a mother's view!
It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
Obeisance meet the herald made,
And thus his master's will he said:

XXIV.

'It irks, high dame, my noble lords,
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords;
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the Western Wardenry,
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
And burn and spoil the Border-side;
And ill beseems your rank and birth
To make your towers a flemens-firth.
We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
That he may suffer march-treason pain.
It was but last Saint Cuthbert's even
He pricked to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
Then, since a lone and widowed dame
These restless riders may not tame,
Either receive within thy towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warrison,
And storm and spoil thy garrison;
And this fair boy, to London led,
Shall good King Edward's page be bred.'

XXV.

He ceased — and loud the boy did cry,
And stretched his little arms on high,
Implored for aid each well-known face,
And strove to seek the dame's embrace.
A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,
Gushed to her eye the unbidden tear;
She gazed upon the leaders round,
And dark and sad each warrior frowned;

Then deep within her sobbing breast
She locked the struggling sigh to rest,
Unaltered and collected stood,
And thus replied in dauntless mood:

XXVI.

'Say to your lords of high emprise
Who war on women and on boys,
That either William of Deloraine
Will cleanse him by oath of march-treason stain,
Or else he will the combat take
'Gainst Musgrave for his honor's sake.
No knight in Cumberland so good
But William may count with him kin and blood.
Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword,
When English blood swelled Ancram ford;
And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
And bare him ably in the flight,
Himself had seen him dubbed a knight.
For the young heir of Branksome's line,
God be his aid, and God be mine!
Through me no friend shall meet his doom;
Here, while I live, no foe finds room.
Then, if thy lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,
Our moat the grave where they shall lie.'

XXVII.

Proud she looked round, applause to claim —
Then lightened Thirlestane's eye of flame;
His bugle Wat of Harden blew;
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border slogan rung,
'Saint Mary for the young Buccleuch!'

The English war-cry answered wide,
And forward bent each Southern spear;
Each Kendal archer made a stride,
And drew the bowstring to his ear;
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown;—
But, ere a gray-goose shaft had flown,
A horseman galloped from the rear.

XXVIII.

'Ah! noble lords!' he breathless said,
'What treason has your march betrayed?
What make you here from aid so far,
Before you walls, around you war?
Your foemen triumph in the thought
That in the toils the lion 's caught.
Already on dark Ruberslaw
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw;
The lances, waving in his train,
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;
And on the Liddel's northern strand,
To bar retreat to Cumberland,
Lord Maxwell ranks his merrymen good
Beneath the eagle and the rood;
And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,
Have to proud Angus come;
And all the Merse and Lauderdale
Have risen with haughty Home.
An exile from Northumberland,
In Liddesdale I 've wandered long,
But still my heart was with merry England,
And cannot brook my country's wrong;
And hard I 've spurred all night, to show
The mustering of the coming foe.'

RUBERSLAW.

XXIX.

'And let them come!' fierce Dacre cried;
'For soon yon crest, my father's pride,
That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
And waved in gales of Galilee,
From Branksome's highest towers displayed,
Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid!—
Level each harquebuss on row;
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
Up, billmen, to the walls, and cry,
Dacre for England, win or die!'—

XXX.

'Yet hear,' quoth Howard, 'calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear:
For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the Blanche Lion e'er fall back?
But thus to risk our Border flower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
Certes, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Ladye made
Ere conscious of the advancing aid:
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
In single fight, and if he gain,
He gains for us; but if he 's crossed,
'T is but a single warrior lost:
The rest, retreating as they came,
Avoid defeat and death and shame.'

XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook
His brother warden's sage rebuke;
And yet his forward step he stayed,
And slow and sullenly obeyed.
But ne'er again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride;
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day.

XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again
Before the castle took his stand;
His trumpet called with parleying strain
The leaders of the Scottish band;
And he defied, in Musgrave's right,
Stout Deloraine to single fight.

A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
And thus the terms of fight he said:
'If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
Vanquish the Knight of Deloraine,
Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's lord,
Shall hostage for his clan remain;
If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
The boy his liberty shall have.
Howe'er it falls, the English band,
Unharming Scots, by Scots unharmed,
In peaceful march, like men unarmed,
Shall straight retreat to Cumberland.'

XXXIII.

Unconscious of the near relief,
The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,
Though much the Ladye sage gainsaid;
For though their hearts were brave and true,
From Jedwood's recent sack they knew
How tardy was the Regent's aid:
And you may guess the noble dame
Durst not the secret prescience own,
Sprung from the art she might not name,
By which the coming help was known.
Closed was the compact, and agreed
That lists should be enclosed with speed
Beneath the castle on a lawn:
They fixed the morrow for the strife,
On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,
At the fourth hour from peep of dawn;
When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
Or else a champion in his stead,
Should for himself and chieftain stand
Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXIV.

I know right well that in their lay
Full many minstrels sing and say
Such combat should be made on horse,
On foaming steed, in full career,
With brand to aid, whenas the spear
Should shiver in the course:
But he, the jovial harper, taught
Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,
In guise which now I say;
He knew each ordinance and clause
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,
In the old Douglas' day.
He brooked not, he, that scoffing tongue
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
Or call his song untrue:
For this, when they the goblet plied,
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
The Bard of Reull he slew.
On Teviot's side in fight they stood,
And tuneful hands were stained with blood,
Where still the thorn's white branches wave,
Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom
That dragged my master to his tomb;
How Ousenam's maidens tore their hair,
Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
And wrung their hands for love of him
Who died at Jedwood Air?
He died!—his scholars, one by one,
To the cold silent grave are gone;

And I, alas! survive alone,
To muse o'er rivalries of yore,
And grieve that I shall hear no more
The strains, with envy heard before;
For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
My jealousy of song is dead.

---

He paused: the listening dames again
Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.
With many a word of kindly cheer, —
In pity half, and half sincere, —
Marvelled the Duchess how so well
His legendary song could tell
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot;
Of feuds, whose memory was not;
Of forests, now laid waste and bare;
Of towers, which harbor now the hare;
Of manners, long since changed and gone;
Of chiefs, who under their gray stone
So long had slept that fickle Fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minion's head
The fading wreath for which they bled:
In sooth, 't was strange this old man's verse
Could call them from their marble hearse.

The harper smiled, well pleased; for ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear.
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile;
E'en when in age their flame expires,
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires:

Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.

Smiled then, well pleased, the aged man,
And thus his tale continued ran.

The bands that moved to Branksome's aid (v. 48).

## CANTO FIFTH.

### I.

Call it not vain: — they do not err,
Who say that when the poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks in deeper groan reply,
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn,
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle minstrel's bier:
The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead,
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain
And shrieks along the battle-plain;
The chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguished lie,
His place, his power, his memory die;
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill;
All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was stayed,
The terms of truce were scarcely made,
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
The advancing march of martial powers.

Thick clouds of dust afar appeared,
And trampling steeds were faintly heard;
Bright spears above the columns dun
Glanced momentary to the sun;
And feudal banners fair displayed
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
From the fair Middle Marches came;
The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name!
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne
Their men in battle-order set,
And Swinton laid the lance in rest
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.
Nor list I say what hundreds more,
From the rich Merse and Lammermore,
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
Beneath the crest of Old Dunbar
And Hepburn's mingled banners, come
Down the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, 'A Home! a Home!'

V.

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,
On many a courteous message went:
To every chief and lord they paid
Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid,
And told them how a truce was made,
And how a day of fight was ta'en
'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine;
And how the Ladye prayed them dear

That all would stay the fight to see,
And deign, in love and courtesy,
To taste of Branksome cheer.
Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
Were England's noble lords forgot.
Himself, the hoary seneschal,
Rode forth, in seemly terms to call
Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
Accepted Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubbed, more bold in fight,
Nor, when from war and armor free,
More famed for stately courtesy;
But angry Dacre rather chose
In his pavilion to repose.

VI.

Now, noble dame, perchance you ask
How these two hostile armies met,
Deeming it were no easy task
To keep the truce which here was set;
Where martial spirits, all on fire,
Breathed only blood and mortal ire.
By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
By habit, and by nation, foes,
They met on Teviot's strand;
They met and sate them mingled down,
Without a threat, without a frown,
As brothers meet in foreign land:
The hands, the spear that lately grasped,
Still in the mailed gauntlet clasped,
Were interchanged in greeting dear;
Visors were raised and faces shown,
And many a friend, to friend made known,
Partook of social cheer.

Some drove the jolly bowl about;
With dice and draughts some chased the day;
And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the football play.

VII.

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown
Or sign of war been seen,
Those bands, so fair together ranged,
Those hands, so frankly interchanged,
Had dyed with gore the green:
The merry shout by Teviot-side
Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,
And in the groan of death;
And whingers, now in friendship bare,
The social meal to part and share,
Had found a bloody sheath.
'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day;
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
In peaceful merriment, sunk down
The sun's declining ray.

VIII.

The blithesome signs of wassail gay
Decayed not with the dying day;
Soon through the latticed windows tall
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
Divided square by shafts of stone,
Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang
With merry harp and beakers' clang;
And frequent, on the darkening plain,

Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
As bands, their stragglers to regain,
Give the shrill watchword of their clan;
And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim
Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
At length the various clamors died,
And you might hear from Branksome hill
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide;
Save when the changing sentinel
The challenge of his watch could tell;
And save where, through the dark profound,
The clanging axe and hammer's sound
Rung from the nether lawn;

For many a busy hand toiled there,
Strong pales to shape and beams to square
The lists' dread barriers to prepare
Against the morrow's dawn.

X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
Despite the dame's reproving eye;
Nor marked she, as she left her seat,
Full many a stifled sigh:
For many a noble warrior strove
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,
And many a bold ally.
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay.
By times, from silken couch she rose;
While yet the bannered hosts repose,
She viewed the dawning day:
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay,
Where coursers' clang and stamp and snort
Had rung the livelong yesterday:
Now still as death; till stalking slow,—
The jingling spurs announced his tread,—
A stately warrior passed below;
But when he raised his plumed head—
Blessed Mary! can it be?—
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
He walks through Branksome's hostile towers
With fearless step and free.

She dared not sign, she dared not speak —
O, if one page's slumbers break,
His blood the price must pay!
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
Shall buy his life a day.

XII.

Yet was his hazard small; for well
You may bethink you of the spell
Of that sly urchin page:
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from Hermitage.
Unchallenged, thus, the warder's post
The court, unchallenged, thus he crossed,
For all the vassalage;
But O, what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes!
She started from her seat;
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love —
Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII.

Oft have I mused what purpose bad
That foul malicious urchin had
To bring this meeting round,
For happy love 's a heavenly sight,
And by a vile malignant sprite
In such no joy is found;
And oft I 've deemed, perchance he thought
Their erring passion might have wrought
Sorrow and sin and shame,

And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight,
And to the gentle Ladye bright
Disgrace and loss of fame.
But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so well.
True love 's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind. —
Now leave we Margaret and her knight,
To tell you of the approaching fight.

XIV.

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,
The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan;
In haste the deadly strife to view,
The trooping warriors eager ran:
Thick round the lists their lances stood,
Like blasted pines in Ettrick wood;
To Branksome many a look they threw,
The combatants' approach to view,
And bandied many a word of boast
About the knight each favored most.

XV.

Meantime full anxious was the dame;
For now arose disputed claim
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestane.

They gan to reckon kin and rent,
And frowning brow on brow was bent;
But yet not long the strife — for, lo!
Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,
Strong, as it seemed, and free from pain,
In armor sheathed from top to toe,
Appeared and craved the combat due.
The dame her charm successful knew,
And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,
The stately Ladye's silken rein
Did noble Howard hold;
Unarmed by her side he walked,
And much in courteous phrase they talked
Of feats of arms of old.
Costly his garb — his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slashed and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Called noble Howard Belted Will.

XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the dame
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
Whose footcloth swept the ground;
White was her wimple and her veil,
And her loose locks a chaplet pale
Of whitest roses bound;

The lordly Angus, by her side,
In courtesy to cheer her tried;
Without his aid, her hand in vain
Had strove to guide her broidered rein.
He deemed she shuddered at the sight
Of warriors met for mortal fight;
But cause of terror, all unguessed,
Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
When, in their chairs of crimson placed,
The dame and she the barriers graced.

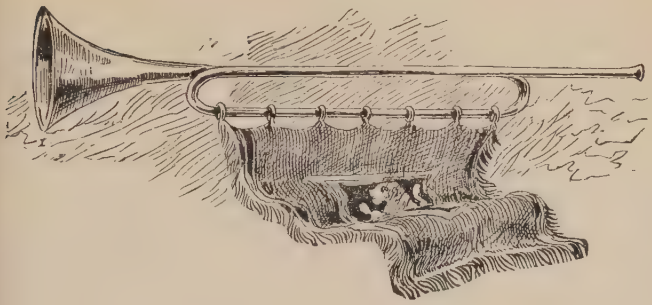
XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch
An English knight led forth to view;
Scarce rued the boy his present plight,
So much he longed to see the fight.
Within the lists in knightly pride
High Home and haughty Dacre ride;
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,
As marshals of the mortal field,
While to each knight their care assigned
Like vantage of the sun and wind.
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
In King and Queen and Warden's name,
That none, while lasts the strife,
Should dare, by look or sign or word,
Aid to a champion to afford,
On peril of his life;
And not a breath the silence broke
Till thus the alternate heralds spoke: —

XIX.

ENGLISH HERALD.

'Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight and true, and freely born,



Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.
He sayeth that William of Deloraine
Is traitor false by Border laws;
This with his sword he will maintain,
So help him God and his good cause!'

XX.

SCOTTISH HERALD.

'Here standeth William of Deloraine, 310
Good knight and true, of noble strain,
Who sayeth that foul treason's stain,
Since he bore arms, ne'er soiled his coat;
And that, so help him God above!
He will on Musgrave's body prove
He lies most foully in his throat.'

LORD DACRE.

'Forward, brave champions, to the fight!
Sound trumpets!'

LORD HOME.

'God defend the right!'—
Then, Teviot, how thine echoes rang,
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang
Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid-list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close!

XXI.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood poured down from many a wound;
For desperate was the strife and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong.
But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight;
For I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,
And scorned, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.

XXII.

'T is done, 't is done! that fatal blow
Has stretched him on the bloody plain;
He strives to rise — brave Musgrave, no!
Thence never shalt thou rise again!
He chokes in blood — some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp! —

O, bootless aid! — haste, holy friar,
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven!

XXIII.

In haste the holy friar sped; —
His naked foot was dyed with red,
As through the lists he ran;
Unmindful of the shouts on high
That hailed the conqueror's victory,
He raised the dying man;
Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
As o'er him he kneeled down in prayer;
And still the crucifix on high
He holds before his darkening eye;
And still he bends an anxious ear,
His faltering penitence to hear;
Still props him from the bloody sod,
Still, even when soul and body part,
Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
And bids him trust in God!
Unheard he prays; — the death-pang 's o'er!
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands;
His beaver did he not unclasp,
Marked not the shouts, felt not the grasp
Of gratulating hands.
When lo! strange cries of wild surprise,
Mingled with seeming terror, rise
Among the Scottish bands;

And all, amid the thronged array,
In panic haste gave open way
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran:
He crossed the barriers at a bound,
And wild and haggard looked around,
As dizzy and in pain;
And all upon the armed ground
Knew William of Deloraine!
Each ladye sprung from seat with speed;
Vaulted each marshal from his steed;
'And who art thou,' they cried,
'Who hast this battle fought and won?'
His plumed helm was soon undone —
'Cranstoun of Teviot-side!
For this fair prize I 've fought and won,' —
And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kissed,
And often pressed him to her breast,
For, under all her dauntless show,
Her heart had throbbed at every blow;
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deigned she greet,
Though low he kneeled at her feet.
Me lists not tell what words were made,
What Douglas, Home, and Howard said —
For Howard was a generous foe —
And how the clan united prayed
The Ladye would the feud forego,
And deign to bless the nuptial hour
Of Cranstoun's lord and Teviot's Flower.

XXVI.

She looked to river, looked to hill,
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,

Then broke her silence stern and still:
'Not you, but Fate, has vanquished me;
Their influence kindly stars may shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
For pride is quelled and love is free.'
She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand
That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she:
'As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine!
This clasp of love our bond shall be,
For this is your betrothing day,
And all these noble lords shall stay,
To grace it with their company.'

XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain,
Much of the story she did gain:
How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,
And of his page, and of the book
Which from the wounded knight he took;
And how he sought her castle high,
That morn, by help of gramarye;
How, in Sir William's armor dight,
Stolen by his page, while slept the knight,
He took on him the single fight.
But half his tale he left unsaid,
And lingered till he joined the maid. —
Cared not the Ladye to betray
Her mystic arts in view of day;
But well she thought, ere midnight came,
Of that strange page the pride to tame,
From his foul hands the book to save,
And send it back to Michael's grave. —
Needs not to tell each tender word

'Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord;
Nor how she told of former woes,
And how her bosom fell and rose
While he and Musgrave bandied blows. —
Needs not these lovers' joys to tell;
One day, fair maids, you 'll know them well.

XXVIII.

William of Deloraine some chance
Had wakened from his deathlike trance,
And taught that in the listed plain
Another, in his arms and shield,
Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
Under the name of Deloraine.
Hence, to the field unarmed he ran,
And hence his presence scared the clan,
Who held him for some fleeting wraith,
And not a man of blood and breath.
Not much this new ally he loved,
Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,
He greeted him right heartilie:
He would not waken old debate,
For he was void of rancorous hate,
Though rude and scant of courtesy;
In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
Unless when men-at-arms withstood,
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe.
And so 't was seen of him e'en now,
When on dead Musgrave he looked down:
Grief darkened on his rugged brow,
Though half disguised with a frown;
And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
His foeman's epitaph he made:

XXIX.

'Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here,
I ween, my deadly enemy;
For, if I slew thy brother dear,
Thou slew'st a sister's son to me;
And when I lay in dungeon dark
Of Naworth Castle long months three,
Till ransomed for a thousand mark,
Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
And thou wert now alive, as I,
No mortal man should us divide,
Till one, or both of us, did die:
Yet rest thee God! for well I know
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
In all the northern counties here,
Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear,
Thou wert the best to follow gear.
'T was pleasure, as we looked behind,
To see how thou the chase couldst wind,
Cheer the dark bloodhound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray!
I 'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again.'

XXX.

So mourned he till Lord Dacre's band
Were bowning back to Cumberland.
They raised brave Musgrave from the field
And laid him on his bloody shield;
On levelled lances, four and four,
By turns, the noble burden bore.
Before, at times, upon the gale
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail;

Behind, four priests in sable stole
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul;
Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode;
And thus the gallant knight they bore
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore,
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,
And laid him in his father's grave.

---

The harp's wild notes, though hushed the song,
The mimic march of death prolong;
Now seems it far, and now a-near,
Now meets, and now eludes the ear,
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep,
Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell
Why he, who touched the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous Southern Land
Would well requite his skilful hand.

The aged harper, howsoe'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it ranked so high
Above his flowing poesy:
Less liked he still that scornful jeer
Misprized the land he loved so dear;
High was the sound as thus again
The bard resumed his minstrel strain.

KIRKWALL.

## CANTO SIXTH.

### I.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

II.

O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot-stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

III.

Not scorned like me, to Branksome Hall
The minstrels came at festive call;
Trooping they came from near and far,
The jovial priests of mirth and war;
Alike for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and banquet both they shared.

Of late, before each martial clan
They blew their death-note in the van,
But now for every merry mate
Rose the portcullis' iron grate;
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
They dance, they revel, and they sing,
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare
The splendor of the spousal rite,
How mustered in the chapel fair
Both maid and matron, squire and knight;
Me lists not tell of owches rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair,
And kirtles furred with miniver;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs and ringing chainlets sound:
And hard it were for bard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek,
That lovely hue which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise!

V.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
Chapel or altar came not nigh,
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
So much she feared each holy place.
False slanders these: — I trust right well,
She wrought not by forbidden spell,
For mighty words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour;
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

But this for faithful truth I say, —
The Ladye by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array,
And on her head a crimson hood,
With pearls embroidered and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;
A merlin sat upon her wrist,
Held by a leash of silken twist.

VI.

The spousal rites were ended soon;
'T was now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
Marshalled the rank of every guest;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share:
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the boar-head, garnished brave,
And cygnet from Saint Mary's wave,
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison.
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within!
For, from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery:
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaffed,
Loudly they spoke and loudly laughed;
Whispered young knights, in tone more mild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks, high perched on beam,
The clamor joined with whistling scream,

And flapped their wings and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
From Bourdeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine;
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.

VII.

The Goblin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill,
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
To rouse debate and jealousy;
Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,
By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
And now in humor highly crossed
About some steeds his band had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote with his gauntlet stout Hunthill,
A hot and hardy Rutherford,
Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-Sword.
He took it on the page's saye,
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
The kindling discord to compose;
Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove and shook his head.
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
Stout Conrad, cold, and drenched in blood,
His bosom gored with many a wound,
Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found:
Unknown the manner of his death,
Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;
But ever from that time, 't was said,
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII.

The dwarf, who feared his master's eye
Might his foul treachery espie,
Now sought the castle buttery,
Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
Revelled as merrily and well
As those that sat in lordly selle.
Watt Tinlinn there did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes;
And he, as by his breeding bound,
To Howard's merrymen sent it round.
To quit them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
'A deep carouse to yon fair bride!'
At every pledge, from vat and pail,
Foamed forth in floods the nut-brown ale,
While shout the riders every one;
Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their clan,
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

IX.

The wily page, with vengeful thought,
Remembered him of Tinlinn's yew,
And swore it should be dearly bought
That ever he the arrow drew.
First, he the yeoman did molest
With bitter gibe and taunting jest;
Told how he fled at Solway strife,
And how Hob Armstrong cheered his wife;
Then, shunning still his powerful arm,
At unawares he wrought him harm;
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
Dashed from his lips his can of beer;

Then, to his knee sly creeping on,
With bodkin pierced him to the bone:
The venomed wound and festering joint
Long after rued that bodkin's point.
The startled yeoman swore and spurned,
And board and flagons overturned.
Riot and clamor wild began;
Back to the hall the urchin ran,
Took in a darkling nook his post,
And grinned, and muttered, 'Lost! lost! lost!'

X.

By this, the dame, lest farther fray
Should mar the concord of the day,
Had bid the minstrels tune their lay.
And first stepped forth old Albert Græme,
The minstrel of that ancient name:
Was none who struck the harp so well
Within the Land Debatable;
Well friended too, his hardy kin,
Whoever lost, were sure to win;
They sought the beeves that made their broth
In Scotland and in England both.
In homely guise, as nature bade,
His simple song the Borderer said.

XI.

ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall)
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall;
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands both meadow and lea,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all!

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall)
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all.

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;—
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And died for her sake in Palestine,
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall)
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all!

CARLISLE.

XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay,
Arose a bard of loftier port,
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay
Renowned in haughty Henry's court:
There rung thy harp, unrivalled long,
Fitztraver of the silver song!
The gentle Surrey loved his lyre —
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
And his was love, exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought together climes afar,
And oft, within some olive grove,
When even came with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.

His step the Italian peasant stayed,
And deemed that spirits from on high,
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody;
So sweet did harp and voice combine
To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV.

Fitztraver, O, what tongue may say
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey of the deathless lay
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew?
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp called wrath and vengeance down.
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades and courtly bowers,
And, faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came;
Lord William's foremost favorite he,
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

FITZTRAVER.

'T was All-souls' eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
When wise Cornelius promised by his art
To show to him the ladye of his heart,
Albeit betwixt them roared the ocean grim;
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark if still she loved and still she thought of him.

NAWORTH.

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallowed taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might,
On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright;
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watch-light by the bed of some departing man.

XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the earl gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct as feverish dream;

Till, slow arranging and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant — but how passing fair
The slender form which lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And pensive read from tablet eburnine
Some strain that seemed her inmost soul to find:
That favored strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form the Lady Geraldine.

XX.

Slow rolled the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away —
So royal envy rolled the murky storm
O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
The gory bridal bed, the plundered shrine,
The murdered Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine!

XXI.

Both Scots and Southern chiefs prolong
Applauses of Fitztraver's song;
These hated Henry's name as death,
And those still held the ancient faith.
Then from his seat with lofty air
Rose Harold, bard of brave Saint Clair, —

Saint Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
Had with that lord to battle come.
Harold was born where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades;
Where erst Saint Clairs held princely sway
O'er isle and islet, strait and bay; —
Still nods their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall! —
Thence oft he marked fierce Pentland rave,
As if grim Odin rode her wave,
And watched the whilst, with visage pale
And throbbing heart, the struggling sail;
For all of wonderful and wild
Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful
In these rude isles might Fancy cull;
For thither came in times afar
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,
The Norsemen, trained to spoil and blood,
Skilled to prepare the raven's food,
Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave;
And there, in many a stormy vale,
The Scald had told his wondrous tale,
And many a Runic column high
Had witnessed grim idolatry.
And thus had Harold in his youth
Learned many a Saga's rhyme uncouth, —
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curled,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world;
Of those dread Maids whose hideous yell
Maddens the battle's bloody swell;

Of chiefs who, guided through the gloom
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
Ransacked the graves of warriors old,
Their falchions wrenched from corpses' hold,
Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
And bade the dead arise to arms!
With war and wonder all on flame,
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
He learned a milder minstrelsy;
Yet something of the Northern spell
Mixed with the softer numbers well.

XXIII.

HAROLD.

O, listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

'The blackening wave is edged with wnite;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

'Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch:
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?'

ROSLIN CASTLE.

'T is not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

'T is not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 't is not filled by Rosabelle.'

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'T was broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen;
'T was seen from Dreyden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair —
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold —
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
Scarce marked the guests the darkened hall,
Though, long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all.

It was not eddying mist or fog,
Drained by the sun from fen or bog;
Of no eclipse had sages told;
And yet, as it came on apace,
Each one could scarce his neighbor's face,
Could scarce his own stretched hand behold.
A secret horror checked the feast,
And chilled the soul of every guest;
Even the high dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast;
The elfish page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, muttered, 'Found! found! found!'

XXV.

Then sudden through the darkened air
A flash of lightning came;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
The castle seemed on flame.
Glanced every rafter of the hall,
Glanced every shield upon the wall;
Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,
Were instant seen and instant gone;
Full through the guests' bedazzled band
Resistless flashed the levin-brand,
And filled the hall with smouldering smoke,
As on the elfish page it broke.
It broke with thunder long and loud,
Dismayed the brave, appalled the proud,—
From sea to sea the larum rung;
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,
To arms the startled warders sprung.
When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elfish dwarf was seen no more!

XXVI.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
Some saw a sight, not seen by all;
That dreadful voice was heard by some
Cry, with loud summons, 'GYLBIN, COME!'
And on the spot where burst the brand,
Just where the page had flung him down,
Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
And some the waving of a gown.
The guests in silence prayed and shook,
And terror dimmed each lofty look.
But none of all the astonished train
Was so dismayed as Deloraine:
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
'T was feared his mind would ne'er return;
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.
At length by fits he darkly told,
With broken hint and shuddering cold,
That he had seen right certainly
*A shape with amice wrapped around,*
*With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,*
*Like pilgrim from beyond the sea;*
And knew — but how it mattered not —
It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

XXVII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
All trembling heard the wondrous tale:
No sound was made, no word was spoke,
Till noble Angus silence broke;
And he a solemn sacred plight

Did to Saint Bride of Douglas make,
That he a pilgrimage would take
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
Of Michael's restless sprite.
Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
To some blest saint his prayers addressed:
Some to Saint Modan made their vows,
Some to Saint Mary of the Lowes,
Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
Some to Our Lady of the Isle;
Each did his patron witness make
That he such pilgrimage would take,
And monks should sing and bells should toll,
All for the weal of Michael's soul.
While vows were ta'en and prayers were prayed,
'T is said the noble dame, dismayed,
Renounced for aye dark magic's aid.

XXVIII.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befell;
Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
Blessed Teviot's Flower and Cranstoun's heir:
After such dreadful scene 't were vain
To wake the note of mirth again.
More meet it were to mark the day
Of penitence and prayer divine,
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

XXIX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,

Did every pilgrim go;
The standers-by might hear uneath
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all the lengthened row:
No lordly look nor martial stride,
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown;
Silent and slow, like ghosts, they glide
To the high altar's hallowed side,
And there they knelt them down.
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave;
Beneath the lettered stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead;
From many a garnished niche around
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frowned.

XXX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order due,
The holy fathers, two and two,
In long procession came;
Taper and host and book they bare,
And holy banner, flourished fair
With the Redeemer's name.
Above the prostrate pilgrim band
The mitred abbot stretched his hand,
And blessed them as they kneeled;
With holy cross he signed them all,
And prayed they might be sage in hall
And fortunate in field.
Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;

And bells tolled out their mighty peal
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song,
DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA,
While the pealing organ rung.
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy fathers sung:

## Hymn for the Dead.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

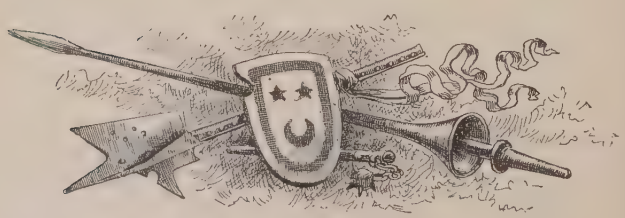
When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

---

HUSHED is the harp — the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?

No: close beneath proud Newark's tower
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower,
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begged before.
So passed the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath,
When throstles sung in Harehead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.



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fol., following.
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Mätzner, *English Grammar*, trans. by Grece (London, 1874).
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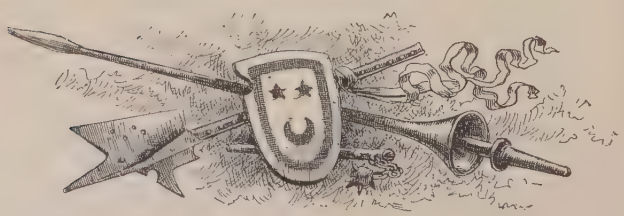

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The poem was dedicated "to the right honorable Charles, Earl of Dalkeith," and had the following preface: —

The Poem, now offered to the Public, is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. The inhabitants, living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes, highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the Ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude in this respect than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular Poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure, which in some degree authorizes the change of rhythm in the text. The machinery also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a Poem which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad, or Metrical Romance.

For these reasons, the Poem was put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his original model. The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied by the action is Three Nights and Three Days.

The edition of 1830 contained the following "Introduction":[1]

A poem of nearly thirty years' standing may be supposed hardly to need an Introduction, since, without one, it has been able to keep itself afloat through the best part of a generation. Nevertheless, as, in the edition of the Waverley Novels now in course of publication, I have imposed on myself the task of saying something concerning the purpose and history of each, in their turn, I am desirous that the Poems for which I first received some marks of the public favor should also be accompanied with such scraps of their literary history as may be supposed to carry interest along with them. Even if I should be mistaken in thinking that the secret history of what was once so popular may still attract public attention and curiosity, it seems to me not without its use to record the manner and circumstances under which the present, and other Poems on the same plan, attained for a season an extensive reputation.

I must resume the story of my literary labors at the period at which I broke off in the Essay on the Imitation of Popular Poetry,[2] when I had enjoyed the first gleam of public favor, by the success of the first

[1] Printed here as slightly revised in April, 1831.

[2] In this essay, printed in the 1830 edition of the *Border Minstrelsy*, Scott gives an account of his schoolboy attempts at writing verse, of his translations of Bürger's *Lenore* and *Der Wilde Jäger* (brought out in 1796 under the title of *William and Helen*, but "a dead loss" to the publishers), of his subsequent versions of sundry German dramas, of his first attempts at ballad-writing (*Glenfinlas* and *The Eve of St. John*, included in "Monk" Lewis's *Tales of Wonder* in 1801), and of his first literary success in the *Border Minstrelsy* of 1802.

edition of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. The second edition of that work, published in 1803, proved, in the language of the trade, rather a heavy concern. The demand in Scotland had been supplied by the first edition, and the curiosity of the English was not much awakened by poems in the rude garb of antiquity, accompanied with notes referring to the obscure feuds of barbarous clans, of whose very names civilized history was ignorant. It was, on the whole, one of those books which are more praised than they are read.

At this time I stood personally in a different position from that which I occupied when I first dipt my desperate pen in ink for other purposes than those of my profession. In 1796, when I first published the translations from Bürger, I was an insulated individual, with only my own wants to provide for, and having, in a great measure, my own inclinations alone to consult. In 1803, when the second edition of the Minstrelsy appeared, I had arrived at a period of life when men, however thoughtless, encounter duties and circumstances which press consideration and plans of life upon the most careless minds. I had been for some time married — was the father of a rising family, and, though fully enabled to meet the consequent demands upon me, it was my duty and desire to place myself in a situation which would enable me to make honorable provision against the various contingencies of life.

It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavorable to my success at the bar. The goddess Themis is at Edinburgh, and I suppose everywhere else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries, not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but that a certain air of business shall be observed even in the midst of total idleness. It is prudent, if not absolutely necessary, in a young barrister, to appear completely engrossed by his profession; however destitute of employment he may in reality be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance of full occupation. He should, therefore, seem perpetually engaged among his law-papers, dusting them, as it were; and, as Ovid advises the fair,

"Si nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nullum."[1]

Perhaps such extremity of attention is more especially required, considering the great number of counsellors who are called to the bar, and how very small a proportion of them are finally disposed, or find encouragement, to follow the law as a profession. Hence the number of deserters is so great that the least lingering look behind occasions a young novice to be set down as one of the intending fugitives. Certain it is that the Scottish Themis was at this time peculiarly jealous of any flirtation with the Muses, on the part of those who had ranged themselves under her banners. This was probably owing to her consciousness of the superior attractions of her rivals. Of late, however, she has relaxed in some instances in this particular, an eminent example of which has been shewn in the case of my friend, Mr. Jeffrey, who, after long conducting one of the most influential literary periodicals of

[1] "If dust be none, yet brush that none away."

the age with unquestionable ability, has been, by the general consent of his brethren, recently elected to be their Dean of Faculty, or President, — being the highest acknowledgment of his professional talents which they had it in their power to offer.[1] But this is an incident much beyond the ideas of a period of thirty years' distance, when a barrister who really possessed any turn for lighter literature was at as much pains to conceal it as if it had in reality been something to be ashamed of; and I could mention more than one instance in which literature and society have suffered much loss that jurisprudence might be enriched.

Such, however, was not my case; for the reader will not wonder that my open interference with matters of light literature diminished my employment in the weightier matters of the law. Nor did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice, by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing which honest Slender consoled himself on having established with Mistress Anne Page: "There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance." I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to the "toil by day, the lamp by night," renouncing all the Delilahs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law and hold another course.

I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the wiser alternative. As my transgressions had been numerous, my repentance must have been signalized by unusual sacrifices. I ought to have mentioned, that since my fourteenth or fifteenth year, my health, originally delicate, had become extremely robust. From infancy I had labored under the infirmity of a severe lameness, but, as I believe is usually the case with men of spirit who suffer under personal inconveniences of this nature, I had, since the improvement of my health, in defiance of this incapacitating circumstance, distinguished myself by the endurance of toil on foot or horseback, having often walked thirty miles a-day, and rode upwards of a hundred, without resting. In this manner I made many pleasant journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining more amusement and instruction than I have been able to acquire since I have travelled in a more commodious manner. I practised most sylvan sports also, with some success and with great delight. But these pleasures must have been all resigned, or used with great moderation, had I determined to regain my station at the bar. It was even doubtful whether I could, with perfect character as a jurisconsult, retain a situation in a volunteer corps of cavalry which I then held. The threats of invasion were at this time instant and menacing; the call by Britain on her children was universal, and was answered by some, who,

[1] Jeffrey, after conducting the *Edinburgh Review* for twenty-seven years, withdrew from that office in 1829, on being elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates.

like myself, consulted rather their desire than their ability to bear arms. My services, however, were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. In other respects, the squadron was a fine one, consisting chiefly of handsome men, well mounted and armed at their own expense. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluctance again to encounter the severe course of study indispensable to success in the juridical profession.

On the other hand, my father, whose feelings might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had been for two or three years dead, so that I had no control to thwart my own inclination; and my income being equal to all the comforts, and some of the elegancies, of life, I was not pressed to an irksome labor by necessity, that most powerful of motives; consequently, I was the more easily seduced to choose the employment which was most agreeable to me. This was yet the easier, that in 1800 I had obtained the preferment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, about £300 a-year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me as in that county I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession to which I had been educated without certain prudential resolutions, which, at the risk of some egotism, I will here mention; not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons who may stand in circumstances similar to those in which I then stood.

In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character were those from which Horace has bestowed upon authors the epithet of the Irritable Race. It requires no depth of philosophic reflection to perceive that the petty warfare of Pope with the Dunces of his period could not have been carried on without his suffering the most acute torture, such as a man must endure from musquitoes, by whose stings he suffers agony, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity to future times.

Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in their mistakes, or what I considered as such; and, in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors.

With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I

should escape the besetting sin of listening to language, which, from one motive or other, is apt to ascribe a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were, indeed, the business, rather than the amusement, of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luscious draughts, until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

My second resolution was a corollary from the first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with that triple brass of Horace, of which those of my profession are seldom held deficient, against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh if the jest was a good one; or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep.

It is to the observance of these rules (according to my best belief) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labors of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a still more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties.

I adopted, at the same time, another resolution, on which it may doubtless be remarked that it was well for me that I had it in my power to do so, and that, therefore, it is a line of conduct which, depending upon accident, can be less generally applicable in other cases. Yet I fail not to record this part of my plan, convinced that, though it may not be in every one's power to adopt exactly the same resolution, he may nevertheless, by his own exertions, in some shape or other, attain the object on which it was founded, namely, to secure the means of subsistence, without relying exclusively on literary talents. In this respect, I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch, and that the profits of my literary labor, however convenient otherwise, should not, if I could help it, become necessary to my ordinary expenses. With this purpose I resolved, if the interest of my friends could so far favor me, to retire upon any of the respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge, when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher honors. Upon such a post an author might hope to retreat, without any perceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavors to please, or he himself should tire of the pen. At this period of my life, I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly overrate my own prospects of obtaining the preferment to which I limited my wishes; and, in fact, I obtained, in no long period, the reversion of a situation which completely met them.

Thus far all was well, and the Author had been guilty, perhaps, of no great imprudence, when he relinquished his forensic practice with the

hope of making some figure in the field of literature. But an established character with the public, in my new capacity, still remained to be acquired. I have noticed, that the translation from Bürger had been unsuccessful, nor had the original poetry which appeared under the auspices of Mr. Lewis, in the "Tales of Wonder," in any great degree raised my reputation. It is true, I had private friends disposed to second me in my efforts to obtain popularity. But I was sportsman enough to know, that if the greyhound does not run well, the halloos of his patrons will not obtain the prize for him.

Neither was I ignorant that the practice of ballad-writing was for the present out of fashion, and that any attempt to revive it, or to found a poetical character upon it, would certainly fail of success. The ballad-measure itself, which was once listened to as to an enchanting melody, had become hackneyed and sickening, from its being the accompaniment of every grinding hand-organ; and besides, a long work in quatrains, whether those of the common ballad, or such as are termed elegiac, has an effect upon the mind like that of the bed of Procrustes upon the human body; for, as it must be both awkward and difficult to carry on a long sentence from one stanza to another, it follows, that the meaning of each period must be comprehended within four lines, and equally so that it must be extended so as to fill that space. The alternate dilation and contraction thus rendered necessary is singularly unfavorable to narrative composition; and the "Gondibert" of Sir William D'Avenant, though containing many striking passages, has never become popular, owing chiefly to its being told in this species of elegiac verse.

In the dilemma occasioned by this objection, the idea occurred to the Author of using the measured short line, which forms the structure of so much minstrel poetry that it may be properly termed the Romantic stanza, by way of distinction; and which appears so natural to our language that the very best of our poets have not been able to protract it into the verse properly called Heroic, without the use of epithets which are, to say the least, unnecessary.[1] But, on the other hand, the extreme facility of the short couplet, which seems congenial to our language, and was, doubtless for that reason, so popular with our old minstrels, is, for the same reason, apt to prove a snare to the composer who uses it in more modern days, by encouraging him in a habit of slovenly composition. The necessity of occasional pauses often forces the young poet to pay more attention to sense, as the boy's kite rises highest when the train is loaded by a due counterpoise. The Author was therefore intimidated by what Byron calls the "fatal facility" of

[1] Thus it has been often remarked, that, in the opening couplets of Pope's translation of the Iliad, there are two syllables forming a superfluous word in each line, as may be observed by attending to such words as are printed in Italics: —

"Achilles' wrath to Greece the *direful* spring
Of woes unnumber'd, *heavenly* goddess, sing;
That wrath which sent to Pluto's *gloomy* reign,
The souls of *mighty* chiefs in battle slain,
Whose bones, unburied on the *desert* shore,
Devouring dogs and *hungry* vultures tore."

the octosyllabic verse, which was otherwise better adapted to his purpose of imitating the more ancient poetry.

I was not less at a loss for a subject which might admit of being treated with the simplicity and wildness of the ancient ballad. But accident dictated both a theme and measure which decided the subject as well as the structure of the poem.

The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs, as well as its manners and history. All who remember this lady will agree that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave more the idea of an angelic visitant than of a being belonging to this nether world; and such a thought was but too consistent with the short space she was permitted to tarry among us.[1] Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore; among others, an aged gentleman of property,[2] near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator, and many more of that country, were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey; and thus the goblin story objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem was, in fact, the occasion of its being written.

A chance similar to that which dictated the subject gave me also the hint of a new mode of treating it. We had at that time the lease of a pleasant cottage near Lasswade, on the romantic banks of the Esk, to which we escaped when the vacations of the Court permitted me so much leisure. Here I had the pleasure to receive a visit from Mr. Stoddart (now Sir John Stoddart, Judge-Advocate at Malta), who was at that time collecting the particulars which he afterwards embodied in his Remarks on Local Scenery in Scotland [1801]. I was of some use to him in procuring the information which he desired, and guiding him to the scenes which he wished to see. In return, he made me better acquainted than I had hitherto been with the poetic effusions which have since made the Lakes of Westmoreland, and the authors by whom they have been sung, so famous wherever the English tongue is spoken.

I was already acquainted with the "Joan of Arc," the "Thalaba," and the "Metrical Ballads" of Mr. Southey, which had found their way

[1] The Duchess died in August 1814.

[2] This was Mr. Beattie of Mickledale, a man then considerably upwards of eighty, of a shrewd and sarcastic temper, which he did not at all times suppress, as the following anecdote will shew: — A worthy clergyman, now deceased, with better good-will than tact, was endeavoring to push the senior forward in his recollection of Border ballads and legends, by expressing reiterated surprise at his wonderful memory. "No, sir," said old Mickledale; "my memory is good for little, for it cannot retain what ought to be preserved. I can remember all these stories about the auld riding days, which are of no earthly importance; but were you, reverend sir, to repeat your best sermon in this drawing-room, I could not tell you half an hour afterwards what you had been speaking about."

to Scotland, and were generally admired. But Mr. Stoddart, who had the advantage of personal friendship with the authors, and who possessed a strong memory with an excellent taste, was able to repeat to me many long specimens of their poetry, which had not yet appeared in print. Amongst others, was the striking fragment called Christabel, by Mr. Coleridge, which, from the singularly irregular structure of the stanzas, and the liberty which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza as I meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner. As applied to comic and humorous poetry, this mescolanza of measures had been already used by Anthony Hall, Anstey, Dr. Wolcott, and others; but it was in Christabel that I first found it used in serious poetry, and it is to Mr. Coleridge that I am bound to make the acknowledgment due from the pupil to his master. I observe that Lord Byron, in noticing my obligations to Mr. Coleridge, which I have been always most ready to acknowledge, expressed, or was understood to express, a hope, that I did not write an unfriendly review on Mr. Coleridge's productions.[1] On this subject I have only to say, that I do not even know the review which is alluded to; and were I ever to take the unbecoming freedom of censuring a man of Mr. Coleridge's extraordinary talents, it would be on account of the caprice and indolence with which he has thrown from him, as if in mere wantonness, those unfinished scraps of poetry, which, like the Torso of antiquity, defy the skill of his poetical brethren to complete them.[2] The charming fragments which the author abandons to their fate, are surely too valuable to be treated like the proofs of careless engravers, the sweepings of whose studios often make the fortune of some painstaking collector.

I did not immediately proceed upon my projected labor, though I was now furnished with a subject, and with a structure of verse which might have the effect of novelty to the public ear, and afford the author an opportunity of varying his measure with the variations of a romantic theme. On the contrary, it was, to the best of my recollection, more than a year after Mr. Stoddart's visit that, by way of experiment, I composed the first two or three stanzas of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." I was shortly afterwards visited by two intimate friends, one of whom still survives. They were men whose talents might have raised them to the highest station in literature, had they not preferred exerting them in their own profession of the law, in which they attained equal preferment. I was in the habit of consulting them on my attempts at composition, having equal confidence in their sound taste and friendly sincerity.[3] In this specimen I had, in the phrase of the

[1] Medwin's *Conversations of Lord Byron*, p. 309.

[2] In the notes to *The Abbot*, Scott, alluding to "Coleridge's beautiful and tantalizing fragment of Christabel," says, "Has not our own imaginative poet cause to fear that future ages will desire to summon him from his place of rest, as Milton longed

'To call up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold?'"

[3] One of these, William Erskine, Esq. (Lord Kinnedder,) I have often had occasion to mention, and though I may hardly be thanked for disclosing the name of the other, yet I cannot but state that the second is George Cranstoun, Esq., now a Senator of the College of Justice by the title of Lord Corehouse.

Highland servant, packed all that was my own *at least*, for I had also included a line of invocation, a little softened, from Coleridge —

"Mary, mother, shield us well."

As neither of my friends said much to me on the subject of the stanzas I shewed them before their departure, I had no doubt that their disgust had been greater than their good-nature chose to express. Looking upon them, therefore, as a failure, I threw the manuscript into the fire, and thought as little more as I could of the matter. Some time afterwards I met one of my two counsellors, who inquired, with considerable appearance of interest, about the progress of the romance I had commenced, and was greatly surprised at learning its fate. He confessed that neither he nor our mutual friend had been at first able to give a precise opinion on a poem so much out of the common road, but that as they walked home together to the city they had talked much on the subject, and the result was an earnest desire that I would proceed with the composition. He also added, that some sort of prologue might be necessary, to place the mind of the hearers in the situation to understand and enjoy the poem, and recommended the adoption of such quaint mottoes as Spenser has used to announce the contents of the chapters of the Faery Queen, such as —

"Babe's bloody hands may not be cleansed.
The face of golden Mean:
Her sisters two, Extremities,
Her strive to banish clean."

I entirely agreed with my friendly critic in the necessity of having some sort of pitch-pipe, which might make readers aware of the object, or rather the tone, of the publication. But I doubted whether, in assuming the oracular style of Spenser's mottoes, the interpreter might not be censured as the harder to be understood of the two. I therefore introduced the Old Minstrel, as an appropriate prolocutor by whom the lay might be sung or spoken, and the introduction of whom betwixt the cantos might remind the reader at intervals of the time, place, and circumstances of the recitation. This species of *cadre*, or frame, afterwards afforded the poem its name of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The work was subsequently shewn to other friends during its progress, and received the *imprimatur* of Mr. Francis Jeffrey, who had been already for some time distinguished by his critical talent.

The poem, being once licensed by the critics as fit for the market, was soon finished, proceeding at about the rate of a canto per week. There was, indeed, little occasion for pause or hesitation, when a troublesome rhyme might be accommodated by an alteration of the stanza, or where an incorrect measure might be remedied by a variation in the rhyme. It was finally published in 1805, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been since so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original author.

The book was published by Longman and Company, and Archibald Constable and Company. The principal of the latter firm was then commencing that course of bold and liberal industry which was of so

much advantage to his country, and might have been so to himself, but for causes which it is needless to enter into here. The work, brought out on the usual terms of division of profits between the author and publishers, was not long after purchased by them for £500, to which Messrs. Longman and Company afterwards added £100, in their own unsolicited kindness, in consequence of the uncommon success of the work. It was handsomely given to supply the loss of a fine horse, which broke down suddenly while the author was riding with one of the worthy publishers.[1]

It would be great affectation not to own frankly that the Author expected some success from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." The attempt to return to a more simple and natural style of poetry was likely to be welcomed at a time when the public had become tired of heroic hexameters, with all the buckram and binding which belong to them of later days. But whatever might have been his expectations, whether moderate or unreasonable, the result left them far behind, for among those who smiled on the adventurous Minstrel were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox. Neither was the extent of the sale inferior to the character of the judges who received the poem with approbation. Upwards of thirty thousand copies of the Lay were disposed of by the trade; and the Author had to perform a task difficult to human vanity, when called upon to make the necessary deductions from his own merits, in a calm attempt to account for his popularity.

A few additional remarks on the Author's literary attempts after this period, will be found in the Introduction to the Poem of Marmion.

ABBOTSFORD, *April*, 1830.

Of the success of the poem on its first appearance the *Monthly Review* for May, 1808, remarks: "From the novelty of its style and subject, and from the spirit of its execution, Mr. Scott's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' kindled a sort of enthusiasm among all classes of readers; and the concurrent voice of the public assigned to it a very exalted rank, which, on more cool and dispassionate examination, its numerous essential beauties will enable it to maintain. For vivid richness of coloring and truth of costume, many of its descriptive pictures stand almost unrivalled; it carries us back in imagination to the time of action; and we wander with the poet along Tweedside, or among the wild glades of Ettricke Forest."

Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1805, says: "We consider this poem as an attempt to transfer the refinements of modern poetry to the matter and the manner of the ancient metrical romance. The author, enamoured of the lofty visions of chivalry, and partial to the strains in which they were formerly embodied, seems to have employed all the resources of his genius in endeavoring to recall them to the favor and admiration of the public, and in adapting to the taste of modern readers, a species of poetry which was once the delight of the courtly, but has long ceased to gladden any other eyes than those of

[1] Mr. Owen Rees.

the scholar and the antiquary. This is a romance, therefore, composed by a minstrel of the present day; or such a romance as we may suppose would have been written in modern times if that style of composition had continued to be cultivated, and partakes consequently of the improvements which every branch of literature has received since the time of its desertion."

Mr. Richard H. Hutton, in his *Life of Scott*,[1] after mentioning that Lady Dalkeith "requested Scott to write a poem on the legend of the goblin page, Gilpin Horner," says that, "so far as the goblin himself was concerned," the poet "conspicuously failed." The critic adds: "He himself clearly saw that the story of this unmanageable imp was both confused and uninteresting, and that in fact he had to extricate himself from the original groundwork of the tale, as from a regular literary scrape, in the best way he could. . . . And I venture to say that no reader of the poem ever has distinctly understood what the goblin page did or did not do, what it was that was 'lost' throughout the poem and 'found' at the conclusion,[2] what was the object of his personating the young heir of the house of Scott, and whether or not that object was answered; — what use, if any, the magic book of Michael Scott was to the Lady of Branksome, or whether it was only harm to her; and I doubt moreover whether any one ever cared an iota what answer, or whether any answer, might be given to any of these questions. All this, as Scott himself clearly perceived, was left confused, and not simply vague. The goblin imp had been more certainly an imp of mischief to him than even to his boyish ancestor."

This has been substantially the verdict of the great majority of critics from the first. They follow the lead of Jeffrey, who wrote thus in the *Edinburgh:*

"The magic of the lady, the midnight visit to Melrose, and the mighty book of the enchanter, which occupy nearly one third of the whole poem, and engross the attention of the reader for a long time after the commencement of the narrative, are of no use whatever in the subsequent development of the fable, and do not contribute, in any degree, either to the production or explanation of the incidents that follow. The whole character and proceedings of the goblin page, in like manner, may be considered as merely episodical; for though he is employed in some of the subordinate incidents, it is remarkable that no material part of the fable requires the intervention of supernatural agency. The young Buccleuch might have wandered into the wood, although he had not been decoyed by a goblin; and the dame might have given her daughter to the deliverer of her son, although she had never listened to the prattlement of the river and mountain spirits."

But there is something to be said on the other side, and to our thinking, Professor Minto has said it very well in the preface to his edition of the poem (p. 19):

"The Ladye might have been checkmated and Margaret and Cranstoun married without him [the goblin], but, as the story stands, his

[1] *English Men of Letters* Series, Harpers' ed. p. 44.
[2] See note on ii. 360 below.

help was essential. His pranks are not episodical, but in the main line of the action. That 'no material part of the fable requires the intervention of supernatural agency' is no more true of Scott's poem than of the Iliad. Further, whether or not the end was clear to the romancer when he began, and however grotesque the supernatural agents are, the structure of the romance is perfectly regular as it stands — its regularity of plot in fact is one of the points in which it differs from mediæval romances, one of the points in which Scott profited from the example of the novelists of the eighteenth century.

"The truth is that the supernatural element, so far from being an excrescence, overhangs, encompasses, and interpenetrates the human element in the story. The love of Cranstoun and Margaret is a matter of keen concern and high debate in the supernatural world of magicians, elemental spirits, and hobgoblins which Scott adopted as the peculiar creed of Border superstition. The Ladye appeals to this upper world in the first canto, and puts its agency in motion. In the last canto, defeated by the Fate that controls all from a still higher station, through the very instruments whose help she had invoked, she acknowledges her defeat, wreaks her spite on the goblin, and renounces magic forever. The human story lies between, compact and regular enough, a story of true love successful in spite of obstinate impediments, these impediments being removed by supernatural means. They might have been removed by other means, but in that case the romance would have been a different kind of romance. The supernatural element cannot be detached without destroying the whole structure. The last canto is superfluous only if the first canto is superfluous; the one completes what the other began. The Ladye in her secret bower, able through her magic art to hear and understand the voices of the intermediate world of spirits, learns that Fate has decreed the union of her daughter with a bitterly hated enemy. She resolves to fight against it, and recognizing the strength of her adversary, sends for the mighty book of the great wizard of her clan, a book buried with him and only to be claimed as a last resource in an hour of supreme peril. But Fate is too strong for her. The instrument with which she had hoped to defeat Fate, becomes the instrument of her own defeat. Her messenger is her stoutest and most trusty retainer. He courageously 'wins the treasure of the tomb,' but as he is bearing it back he encounters Cranstoun, the daughter's lover, and is unhorsed and seriously wounded. Cranstoun rides off, leaving the unconscious knight to the care of his page. But Fate has so ordered it that the page is a goblin, a truant imp of the great wizard's, who having strayed from his supernatural master has attached himself to Cranstoun, and with all his goblin tricksiness is most devoted to his temporary human master. The inquisitive goblin spies the book in the breast of the wounded messenger, smears the clasps with blood, and opens it. He is struck to the ground by a buffet from a supernatural hand before he has time to read more than one spell; but with the help of that spell he manages the human puppets of the story so as to bring about the very end that the Ladye feared. With the help of the book from which the Ladye had hoped to learn how to baffle Fate, he conveys Deloraine to her chamber, lures away the heir of

Branksome to fall into English hands, and steals Deloraine's armor so that Cranstoun may take his place in the duel and win back the Ladye's son for her. She cannot refuse her daughter to the deliverer of her son and heir. Pride is quelled and love is free. The story of the lovers ends here, but the 'Lay' would have been incomplete if it had not told how the Ladye bore her defeat by Fate, and what became of the imp whom Fate had used as an instrument in the struggle. The last use that she makes of her magical power is to punish him for his intervention by making the wizard take him back to perpetual imprisonment."

Of the locality of the poem, Mr. F. T. Palgrave ("Globe" ed. p. 5) says: "The region in which the scene of the poem is laid was as familiar and dear to Scott as the legends with which it is associated. His first consciousness of existence dated, as he himself has told us, from Sandy Knowe. In early manhood a 'raid' into Liddesdale was the favorite object of a vacation ramble. At Ashestiel he spent the first happy years of wedlock; in Abbotsford he sought to realize one of the great ambitions of his life; and Dryburgh encloses his remains. The Border Union Railway now traverses the district from Carlisle to Hawick, and modern cultivation has somewhat softened and enriched the aspect of the landscape. The old peels and Border strongholds have been gradually crumbling away. Hawick, Selkirk, and Galashiels have risen into populous and flourishing towns, the seats of an important industry. Agriculture, though still chiefly pastoral, has encroached on many a hill-side, bogs have been drained, and coal-fields opened up. The mockery of the line —

'Rich was the soil had purple heath been grain,'

has lost most of its force, and the farmers of Liddesdale can now give a better account of their lands than the gudeman of Charlieshope — 'There's mair hares than sheep on my farm; and for the moor-fowl and the grey-fowl, they lie as thick as doos in a dooket.' But in Scott's time the country was much the same as in the days of the Moss-troopers. The people had outlived the old Border traditions of raids and robberies, yet in the seclusion of their valleys they preserved many of the rough reckless manners of their ancestors. Scott has painted them, in 'Guy Mannering,' much as they lived under his own eyes. The wildness of the region, even at the end of the last century, may be gathered from the incidents of one of the poet's raids. His gig was the first wheeled carriage that had ever been seen in Liddesdale. There was no inn or public-house of any kind in the whole valley, which was accessible only through a succession of tremendous morasses. 'In the course of our grand tour, besides the risks of swamping and breaking our necks, we encountered the formidable hardships of sleeping upon peat-stacks, and eating mutton slain by no common butcher, but deprived of life by the judgment of God, as a coroner's inquest would express themselves.' Scott used to boast of being sheriff of the 'cairn and the scaur,' and that he had strolled through the wild glens of Liddesdale 'so often and so long, that he might say he had a home in every farmhouse.'

"The scenery of the Scottish borderland can lay claim to little grandeur. The hills are too bare to be beautiful, and too low to be very

impressive. Still the wide tracts of black moss, the gray swells of moor rising into brown, round-backed hills, with here and there a stately cliff of sterner aspect, and the green pastures of the quiet glens, are not without their charm, in spite of the general bare and treeless character of the landscape, which is at first apt to disappoint the visitor from the South. Washington Irving spoke of this disappointment to his host at Abbotsford. 'Scott hummed for a moment to himself, and looked grave. "It may be pertinacity," he said at length; "but to my eye, these gray hills and all this wild Border country have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold, stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest gray hills; and if I did not see the heather at least once a year, *I think I should die!*" The last words were said with an honest warmth, accompanied by a thump on the ground with his staff, by way of emphasis, that showed his heart was in his speech.' That Scott was quite sensible to the sort of melancholy awe inspired by some of the more savage parts of the country is shown (if other proof were not abundant in his poems and novels) in a passage in one of his letters. Speaking of the view from the top of Minchmoor, he says: 'I assure you I have felt really oppressed with a sort of fearful loneliness when looking around the naked towering ridges of desolate barrenness which is all the eye takes in from the top of such a mountain, the patches of cultivation being hidden in the little glens, or only appearing to make one feel how feeble and ineffectual man has been to contend with the genius of the soil. It is in such a scene that the unknown and gifted author of "Albonia" places the superstition which consists in hearing the noise of a "chase, the baying of the hounds, the throttling sobs of the deer, the wild halloos of the huntsmen, and the

'Hoof thick beating on the hollow hill.'"

I have often repeated his verses with some sensations of awe in this place.' As far as his own estate was concerned, he did much by his plantations to cover the nakedness of the land, and his precept and example also helped to make planting fashionable among his neighbors."

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## INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM.

1. *The way was long*, etc. The metre of this Introduction (as of the entire poem, with occasional variations, most of which are such as are found in the old "ballad measure") is *iambic*, that is, with the accents on the even syllables, and *octosyllabic*, or eight syllables to the line. In the poem proper, lines of six syllables are often interspersed, which give additional variety to the measure by interrupting the regular succession of rhymes.

2. *The Minstrel.* Minto refers to the old dispute whether the ancient minstrel was a dignified travelling poet, who recited his own composi

tions to the harp, or only a strolling musician and singer, of similar rank to the modern organ-grinder. "Scott, in his *Border Minstrelsy*, took a middle view, that there were minstrels, whether or not so named, of different degrees, and that the minstrel with the harp was not a mere romantic fiction." This is probably the correct view; and it is likely also that the position of the minstrel changed with the times, as described in the poem.

Veitch, in his *Border Poetry* (p. 342), quoted by M., states that the last famous wandering minstrel on the Borders, the "violer" Nicol Burne, lived till near the close of the seventeenth century — the time of the bard's recitation here — and was sheltered in his old age by the Scotts of Thirlestane, in the upper part of Ettrickdale.

9. *Well-a-day.* Corrupted from *wellaway*, which stands for *wei la wei* or *wa la wa = wo! lo! wo!* (Skeat). Shakespeare uses it several times; as in *R. and J.* iii. 2. 37: "Ah, well-a-day! he's dead!"

16. *In hall.* In the hall, or public room, of the castle or mansion *Hall* is often opposed to *bower*, the lady's chamber or private apartments. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, p. 197, note on 112.

20. *A stranger.* William III.

21. *The iron time.* The days of the Commonwealth, with their Puritanical hostility to amusements. M. quotes the ordinance of 1656, "that if any person or persons, commonly called fidlers or minstrels, shall at any time be taken playing, fidling, and making music, in any Inn, Alehouse, or Tavern, . . . every such person or persons, so taken, shall be adjudged, and are hereby adjudged and declared to be rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

27. *Newark's stately tower.* "This is a massive square tower, now unroofed and ruinous, surrounded by an outward wall, defended by round flanking turrets. It is most beautifully situated, about three miles from Selkirk, upon the banks of the Yarrow, a fierce and precipitous stream, which unites with the Ettricke about a mile beneath the castle.

"Newark Castle was built by James II. The royal arms, with the unicorn, are engraved on a stone in the western side of the tower. There was a much more ancient castle in its immediate vicinity, called Auldwark, founded, it is said, by Alexander III. Both were designed for the royal residence when the King was disposed to take his pleasure in the extensive forest of Ettricke. Various grants occur in the records of the Privy Seal, bestowing the keeping of the Castle of Newark upon different barons. There is a popular tradition, that it was once seized and held out by the outlaw Murray, a noted character in song, who only surrendered Newark upon condition of being made hereditary sheriff of the forest. A long ballad, containing an account of this transaction, is preserved in the *Border Minstrelsy*. Upon the marriage of James IV. with Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., the Castle of Newark, with the whole Forest of Ettricke, was assigned to her as a part of her jointure lands. But of this she could make little advantage; for, after the death of her husband, she is found complaining heavily that Buccleuch had seized upon these lands. Indeed, the office of keeper was latterly held by the family of Buccleuch, and with so firm

a grasp that when the Forest of Ettricke was disparked they obtained a grant of the Castle of Newark in property. It was within the court-yard of this castle that General Lesly did military execution upon the prisoners whom he had taken at the battle of Philiphaugh. The castle continued to be an occasional seat of the Buccleuch family for more than a century; and here, it is said, the Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch was brought up. For this reason, probably, Mr. Scott has chosen to make it the scene in which the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* is recited in her presence, and for her amusement" (Schetky's *Illustrations of the Lay of the Last Minstrel*).

Cf. Wordsworth's *Yarrow Visited:*

> "the vale unfolds
> Rich groves of lofty stature,
> With Yarrow winding through the pomp
> Of cultivated nature;
> And, rising from those lofty groves,
> Behold a ruin hoary,
> The shattered front of Newark's towers,
> Renown'd in Border story."

32. *Embattled.* Battlemented; rarely used in this sense except as a term of heraldry.

33. *Massy.* A poetical synonym of *massive.* Cf. Shakespeare, *Temp.* iii. 3. 67: "Your swords are now too massy for your strengths;" Milton, *Lycidas*, 110: "Two massy keys he bore," etc.

35. *The iron door.* The expression is at once literal and figurative.

37. *The Duchess.* "Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685" (Scott).

49. *Earl Francis.* "Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the Duchess" (Scott).

50. *Earl Walter.* "Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the Duchess, and a celebrated warrior" (Scott).

*Rest him God!* God give him rest! Cf. Shakespeare, *M. of V.* ii. 2. 75: "God rest his soul!" M. points thus: "Rest him, God!" but *rest* is 3d person, not 2d, and *God* is the subject of it, not the vocative.

It is the Minstrel, not the poet, who says this; and the whole passage is an example of a form of indirect quotation which is not uncommon, though it is not described, so far as we are aware, in books of rhetoric. **Cf. i. 360 and iii. 425 below.**

53. *Buccleuch.* For the traditional origin of the name, cf. vi. 154 below.

57. *The sooth to speak.* To tell the truth. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, v. 64: "'Yet, sooth to tell,' the Saxon said," etc. The noun *sooth* still survives in *soothsayer* (teller of *hidden* truth).

69. *Wildering.* Bewildering. "To be *bewildered* is to be in the state of one who finds himself in a *wild* or *wilderness;* at a loss which way to go; puzzled, perplexed" (Rich.). Cf. Dryden, *King Arthur*, iii.: "The night has wilder'd us;" Pope, *Thebaid*, i.: "Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of fate," etc.

80. *King Charles the Good.* Charles I., who was crowned at Holyrood in June, 1633. He visited Edinburgh again in 1641. "On both occasions, but particularly the last, he had serious questions to discuss with very uneasy subjects touching church government and ceremonial. But, even in the view of strict history, it would be a permissible supposition that he found time to listen to harpers, if harpers were then of sufficient dignity to be admitted to entertain the Court on great state occasions. This last is more doubtful historically. The age of the harper is in keeping. The time of his recitation before the Duchess is about 1690" (M.).

*Holyrood Abbey* was founded in 1128 by David I. of Scotland to commemorate his rescue from the horns of an infuriated stag while hunting, by the apparition of a luminous cross in the sky, which put the animal to flight. The king intended to deposit in the abbey the *holy rood*, or fragment of the true cross, brought by his mother St. Margaret from Waltham abbey. The adjoining palace was begun by James IV. and completed by James V. It was burned by the English in 1544, and again by the soldiers of Cromwell in 1650, the only part that escaped the fire being the northwestern corner, containing the rooms occupied by Queen Mary in 1561. The remainder of the present palace is mostly of the time of Charles II.

89. *And lightened up his faded eye.* Of course *eye* is the subject of *lightened*.

Pitt, who read the poem when it first appeared, remarked of the scene between the Minstrel and the ladies here: "This is a sort of thing which I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry." Scott was much gratified by the compliment. See his reference to it, p. 141 above, and cf. our ed. of *Marmion*, p. 237, note on 203.

98. *Supplied.* For the rhyme, cf. *rejoined* and *behind* in i. 275, 276, *toil* and *mile* in iv. 267, 268, etc., below.

100. *'Twas thus*, etc. Jeffrey says: "In the very first rank of poetical excellence, we are inclined to place the introductory and concluding lines of every Canto, in which the ancient strain is suspended, and the feelings and situation of the minstrel himself described in the words of the author. The elegance and the beauty of this *setting*, if we may so call it, though entirely of modern workmanship, appears to us to be fully more worthy of admiration than the bolder relief of the antiques which it encloses."

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## CANTO FIRST.

1. *Branksome tower.* "In the reign of James I., Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branksome, or Brankholm,[1] lying upon the

[1] Branxholm is the proper name of the barony; but Branksome has been adopted, as suitable to the pronunciation, and more proper for poetry.

Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he possessed in Ettrick Forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch,[1] and much of the forest land on the river Ettrick. In Teviotdale, he enjoyed the barony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderford, confirmed by Robert III., 3d May, 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter, a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature, complained much of the injuries which he was exposed to from the English Borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Murdiestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he dryly remarked, that the cattle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of reprisals upon the English, which was regularly pursued by his successors. In the next reign, James II. granted to Sir Walter Scott of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blanche for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful exertions in favor of the King against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2d February, 1443; and, in the same month, part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

"After the period of the exchange with Sir Thomas Inglis, Branksome became the principal seat of the Buccleuch family. The castle was enlarged and strengthened by Sir David Scott, the grandson of Sir William, its first possessor. But, in 1570–1, the vengeance of Elizabeth, provoked by the inroads of Buccleuch and his attachment to the cause of Queen Mary, destroyed the castle, and laid waste the lands of Branksome. In the same year the castle was repaired and enlarged by Sir Walter Scott, its brave possessor; but the work was not completed until after his death, in 1574, when the widow finished the building. This appears from the following inscriptions. Around a stone, bearing the arms of Scott of Buccleuch, appears the following legend: 'Sir W. Scott of Branxheim Knyt Voc of Sir William Scott of Kirkurd Knyt began ye work upon ye 24 of Marche 1571 zeir quha departit at God's pleisour ye 17 April 1574.' On a similar copartment are sculptured the arms of Douglas, with this inscription, 'DAME MARGARET DOUGLAS HIS SPOUS COMPLETIT THE FORSAID WORK IN OCTOBER 1576.' Over an arched door is inscribed the following moral verse:—

En. varld. is. nocht. nature. hes. brought. yat. sal. lest. ay.
Tharfore. serve. God. keip. veil. ye. rod. thy. lame. sal. nocht. dekay.
Sir Walter Scot of Branxholm Knight. Margaret Douglas 1571.

[1] There are no vestiges of any building at Buccleuch, except the site of a chapel, where, according to a tradition current in the time of Scott of Satchells, many of the ancient barons of Buccleuch lie buried. There is also said to have been a mill near this

"Branksome Castle continued to be the principal seat of the Buccleuch family, while security was any object in their choice of a mansion. It has since been the residence of the Commissioners, or Chamberlains, of the family. From the various alterations which the building has undergone, it is not only greatly restricted in its dimensions, but retains little of the castellated form, if we except one square tower of massy thickness, the only part of the original building which now remains. The whole forms a handsome modern residence, lately inhabited by my deceased friend, Adam Ogilvy, Esq. of Hartwoodmyres, Commissioner of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

"The extent of the ancient edifice can still be traced by some vestiges of its foundation, and its strength is obvious from the situation, on a deep bank surrounded by the Teviot and flanked by a deep ravine, formed by a precipitous brook. It was anciently surrounded by wood, as appears from the survey of Roxburghshire, made for Pont's Atlas, and preserved in the Advocates' Library. This wood was cut about fifty years ago, but is now replaced by the thriving plantations, which have been formed by the noble proprietor for miles around the ancient mansion of his forefathers" (Scott).

2. *Ladye.* An old spelling, like sundry other instances scattered through the poem. For *bower* = chamber, see on introd. 16 above.

4. *Deadly to hear,* etc. M. remarks: "The sudden change of rhythm in 4 is very impressive. It has always a strong effect to begin a line with an accent. For the rhythm we may compare the opening lines of *Christabel:*

> 'T is the middle of night by the castle clock,
> And the owls have awakened the crowing cock.'

The third line is an imitation of l. 127 of *Christabel:*

> 'All in the middle of the gate;
> The gate that was ironed within and without.'

Scott acknowledged [cf. p. 140 above] having taken the fifth line bodily from *Christabel* (l. 54):

> 'Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
> Jesu, Maria, shield her well!'"

8. *Idlesse.* "An artificial archaism," an Anglo-Saxon word with a French ending.

13. *Rushy floor.* In the middle of the 16th century — the time of the poem — floors, even in palaces, were still strewn with rushes instead of being covered with carpets. The last monarch whose presence-chamber was thus carpeted was Queen Elizabeth. Cf. our ed. of *Richard II.* p. 167, note on *The presence strew'd.*

Jeffrey says of this part of the poem: "The ancient romance owes much of its interest to the lively picture which it affords of the times of chivalry, and of those usages, manners, and institutions, which we have been accustomed to associate in our minds with a certain combination

solitary spot; an extraordinary circumstance, as little or no corn grows within several miles of Buccleuch. Satchells says it was used to grind corn for the hounds of the chieftain.

of magnificence with simplicity, and ferocity with romantic honor. The representations contained in those performances, however, are for the most part too rude and naked to give complete satisfaction. The execution is always extremely unequal; and though the writer sometimes touches upon the appropriate feeling with great effect and felicity, still this appears to be done more by accident than design; and he wanders away immediately into all sorts of ludicrous or uninteresting details, without any apparent consciousness of incongruity. These defects Mr. Scott has corrected with admirable address and judgment in the greater part of the work now before us; and while he has exhibited a very striking and impressive picture of the old feudal usages and institutions, he has shewn still greater talent in engrafting upon those descriptions all the tender or magnanimous emotions to which the circumstances of the story naturally give rise. Without impairing the antique air of the whole piece, or violating the simplicity of the ballad style, he has contrived, in this way, to impart a much greater dignity and more powerful interest to his production than could ever be obtained by the unskilful and unsteady delineations of the old romancers. Nothing, we think, can afford a finer illustration of this remark than the opening stanzas of the whole poem; they transport us at once into the days of knightly daring and feudal hostility, at the same time that they suggest, in a very interesting way, all those softer sentiments which arise out of some parts of the description."

16. *Nine-and-twenty knights*, etc. Scott has the following note here: "The ancient Barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendor and from their frontier situation, retained in their household, at Branksome, a number of gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warding his castle. Satchells tells us, in his doggrel poetry —

> 'No baron was better served in Britain;
> The barons of Buckleugh they kept their call,
> Four and twenty gentlemen in their hall,
> All being of his name and kin;
> Each two had a servant to wait upon them;
> Before supper and dinner, most renowned,
> The bells rung and the trumpets sowned;
> And more than that, I do confess,
> They kept four and twenty pensioners.
> Think not I lie, nor do me blame,
> For the pensioners I can all name:
> There 's men alive, elder than I,
> They know if I speak truth, or lie.
> Every pensioner a room [1] did gain,
> For service done and to be done;
> This let the reader understand,
> The name both of the men and land,
> Which they possessed, it is of truth,
> Both from the Lairds and Lords of Buckleugh.'

"Accordingly, dismounting from his Pegasus, Satchells gives us, in prose, the names of twenty-four gentlemen, younger brothers of ancient

[1] *Room.* portion of land.

families, who were pensioners to the house of Buccleuch, and describes the lands which each possessed for his Border service. In time of war with England, the garrison was doubtless augmented. Satchells adds, 'These twenty-three pensioners, all of his own name of Scott, and Walter Gladstanes of Whitelaw, a near cousin of my lord's, as aforesaid, were ready on all occasions, when his honor pleased cause to advertise them. It is known to many of the country better than it is to me, that the rent of these lands which the Lairds and Lords of Buccleuch did freely bestow upon their friends will amount to above twelve or fourteen thousand merks a-year' (*History of the Name of Scott*, p. 45). An immense sum in those times."

19. *To bower from stall.* To the house from the stable. The early eds. all read "From bower to stall." The ed. of 1821 transposes the prepositions.

26. *They quitted not*, etc. "Scott uses the bard's license to make romantic heroes men of more than mortal mould. If a real mediæval knight had worn steel harness day and night, he would have been of small use in the field. The heavy helmet was generally borne by page or squire even on the way to battle, or in traversing an enemy's country. See iii. 22 below. The whole of this picture of knights on the watch is too melodramatically romantic, especially the drinking of the wine through the barred helmet. Border raids, of course, were sudden, but not so sudden that the warriors could not get warning by beacon or messenger in time to put on their armor. At any rate they were not so hard pressed as to be unable to raise their visors or their beavers" (M.).

36. *Wight.* Lively, active; not the same word as *wight* = person, man. See Skeat. Cf. the ballad of *Prince Robert*, in the *Border Minstrelsy*:

> "But the steed it was wight and the ladye was light,
> And she cam linkin in."

38. *Barded.* The eds. all have "barbed," which may be what Scott wrote; but he has the correct form in 311 below, and *barded* has been misprinted "barbed" in all the modern eds. of *Lady of the Lake*, vi. 404. See our ed. p. 262.

39. *Jedwood-axe.* "'Of a truth,' says Froissart, 'the Scottish cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which, in time of need, they give heavy strokes.' The Jedwood-axe was a sort of partisan, used by horsemen, as appears from the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed with this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff" (Scott).

42. *Dight.* Dressed, decked. Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* 1041: "She was arisen and al redy dight;" Milton, *L'All.* 62: "The clouds in thousand liveries dight," etc.

44. *They watch*, etc. "The Borderers on each side had to be constantly on the watch against sudden raids from the other side. Buccleuch was Warden of the West Marches of Scotland. *Warkworth*, in Northumberland, was the residence of Percy, Earl of Northumberland; *Naworth*, in Cumberland, of Lord William Howard; *Carlisle*, of Lord

Scroop — Wardens of the English Marches. The noblemen mentioned were not all Wardens at the date of the story, but the poet of course did not hold himself bound to exact historical accuracy in such details. These three were not the only English fortresses from which inroads were to be feared. There was a regular chain of fortresses from Berwick to Carlisle, Norham, Wark, Etal, Ford, Cornhill, Twizell, Askerton, Hexham" (M.).

Scott has the following note here: "Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbors. The following letter from the Earl of Northumberland to Henry VIII. in 1533, gives an account of a successful inroad of the English, in which the country was plundered up to the gates of the castle, although the invaders failed in their principal object, which was to kill, or make prisoner, the Laird of Buccleuch. It occurs in the Cotton MS. *Calig.* B. VIII. f. 222.

"'Pleaseth yt your most gracious highness to be aduertised, that my comptroller, with Raynald Carnaby, desyred licence of me to inuade the realme of Scotland, for the annoysaunce of your highnes enemys, where they thought best exploit by theyme might be done, and to haue to concur withe theyme the inhabitants of Northumberland, suche as was towards me according to theyre assembly, and as by theyre discretions vpone the same they shulde thinke most conuenient; and soo they dyde meet vppon Monday, before night, being the iii day of this instant monethe, at Wawhope, upon Northe Tyne water, aboue Tyndaill, where they were to the number of xv c men, and soo inuadet Scotland at the hour of viii of the clok at nyght, at a place called Whele Causay; and before xi of the clok dyd send forth a forrey of Tyndaill and Ryddisdail, and laide all the resydewe in a bushment, and actyuely did set vpon a towne called Branxholm, where the Lord of Buclough dwellythe, and purpesed theymeselues with a trayne for hym lyke to his accustomed manner, in rysynge to all frayes; albeit, that knyght he was not at home, and so they brynt the said Branxholm, and other townes, as to say Whichestre, Whichestre-helme, and Whelley, and haid ordered theymeself, soo that sundry of the said Lord Buclough's seruants, who dyd issue fourthe of his gates, was takyn prisoners. They dyd not leue one house, one stak of corne, nor one shyef, without the gate of the said Lord Buclough vnbrynt; and thus scrymaged and frayed, supposing the Lord of Buclough to be within iii or iiii myles to have trayned him to the bushment; and soo in the breyking of the day dyd the forrey and the bushment mete, and reculed homeward, making theyr way westward from theyre inuasion to be ouer Lyddersdaill, as intending yf the fray frome theyre furst entry by the Scotts waiches, or otherwyse by warnying, shulde haue bene gyuen to Gedworth and the countrey of Scotland theyreabouts of theyre inuasion; whiche Gedworth is from the Wheles Causay vi myles, that thereby the Scotts shulde have comen further vnto theyme, and more out of ordre; and soo upon sundry good considerations, before they entered Lyddersdaill, as well accompting the inhabitants of the same to be towards your highness, and to enforce theyme the more thereby, as alsoo to put an

occasion of suspect to the Kinge of Scotts, and his counsaill, to be taken anenst theyme, amonges theymeselues, made proclamacions, commanding, vpon payne of dethe, assurance to be for the said inhabitants of Lyddersdaill, without any prejudice or hurt to be done by any Inglysman vnto theyme, and soo in good ordre abowte the howre of ten of the clok before none, vppone Tewisday, dyd pass through the said Lyddersdail, when dyd come diuerse of the said inhabitants there to my seruauntes, under the said assurance, offerring theymselfs with any seruice they couthe make; and thus, thanks be to Godde, your highnes' subjects, abowte the howre of xii of the clok at none the same daye, came into this your highnes realme, bringing wt theyme above xl Scottsmen prisoners, one of theyme named Scot, of the surname and kyn of the said Lord of Buclough, and of his howsehold; they brought also ccc nowte, and aboue lx horse and mares, keping in sauetie frome losse or hurte all your said highnes subjects. There was alsoo a towne, called Newbyggins, by diuerse fotmen of Tyndaill and Ryddesdaill, takyn vp of the night, and spoyled, when was slayne ii Scottsmen of the said towne, and many Scotts there hurte; your highnes subjects was xiii myles within the grounde of Scotlande, and is from my house at Werkworthe, above lx miles of the most euil passage, where great snawes doth lye; heretofore the same townes now brynt haith not at any tyme in the mynd of man in any warrs been enterprised unto nowe; your subjects were thereto more encouraged for the better aduancement of your highnes seruice, the said Lord of Buclough beyng always a mortall enemy to this your Graces realme, and he dyd say, within xiii days before, he woulde see who durst lye near hym; wt many other cruell words, the knowledge whereof was certainly haid to my said seruaunts, before theyre enterprice maid vpon him; most humbly beseeching your majesty, that youre highnes thanks may concur vnto theyme, whose names be here inclosed, and to haue in your most gracious memory, the paynfull and diligent seruice of my pore servaunte Wharton, and thus, as I am most bounden, shall dispose wt them that be under me f . . . annoysaunce of your highnes enemys.' In resentment of this foray, Buccleuch, with other Border chiefs, assembled an army of 3000 riders, with which they penetrated into Northumberland, and laid waste the country as far as the banks of Bramish. They baffled or defeated the English forces opposed to them, and returned loaded with prey."

57. *Bards long shall tell*, etc. Scott says here: "Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful baron, and Warden of the West Marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of a feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs, the history of which is necessary to explain repeated allusions in the romance.

"In the year 1526, in the words of Pitscottie, 'the Earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglasses, ruled all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary; wherefore the King (James V. then a minor) was heavily displeased, and would fain have been out of their hands, if he might by any way: And, to that effect, wrote a quiet and secret letter with his own hand, and sent it to the Laird of Buccleuch, beseech-

ing him that he would come with his kin and friends, and all the force that he might be, and meet him at Melross, at his home-passing, and there to take him out of the Douglasses hands, and to put him to liberty, to use himself among the lave (*rest*) of his lords, as he thinks expedient.

"'This letter was quietly directed, and sent by one of the King's own secret servants, which was received very thankfully by the Laird of Buccleuch, who was very glad thereof, to be put to such charges and familiarity with his prince, and did great diligence to perform the King's writing, and to bring the matter to pass as the King desired: And, to that effect, convened all his kin and friends, and all that would do for him, to ride with him to Melross, when he knew of the King's homecoming. And so he brought with him six hundred spears, of Liddesdale, and Annandale, and countrymen, and clans thereabout, and held themselves quiet while that the King returned out of Jedburgh, and came to Melross, to remain there all that night.

"'But when the Lord Hume, Cessfoord, and Fernyherst (the chiefs of the clan of Kerr), took their leave of the King, and returned home, then appeared the Lord of Buccleuch in sight, and his company with him, in an arrayed battle, intending to have fulfilled the King's petition, and therefore came stoutly forward on the back side of Haliden hill. By that the Earl of Angus, with George Douglas, his brother, and sundry other of his friends, seeing this army coming, they marvelled what the matter meant; while at the last they knew the Laird of Buccleuch, with a certain company of the thieves of Annandale. With him they were less affeared, and made them manfully to the field contrary them, and said to the King in this manner, "Sir, yon is Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unbeset your Grace from the gate" (*i. e.* interrupt your passage). "I vow to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this know, and my brother George with you, with any other company you please; and I shall pass, and put yon thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your Grace, or else die for it." The King tarried still, as was devised; and George Douglas with him, and sundry other lords, such as the Earl of Lennox, and the Lord Erskine, and some of the King's own servants; but all the lave (*rest*) past with the Earl of Angus to the field against the Laird of Buccleuch, who joyned and countered cruelly both the said parties in the field of Darnelinver,[1] either against other, with uncertain victory. But at the last, the Lord Hume, hearing word of that matter how it stood, returned again to the King in all possible haste, with him the Lairds of Cessfoord and Fernyhirst, to the number of fourscore spears, and set freshly on the lap and wing of the Laird of Buccleuch's field, and shortly bare them backward to the ground; which caused the Laird of Buccleuch, and the rest of his friends, to go back and flee, whom they followed and chased; and especially the Lairds of Cessfoord and Fernyhirst followed furiouslie, till at the foot of a path the Laird of Cessfoord was slain by the stroke of a spear by an Elliot, who was then servant to the Laird

[1] Darnwick, near Melrose. The place of conflict is still called Skinner's Field, from a corruption of *Skirmish Field.*

of Buccleuch. But when the Laird of Cessfoord was slain, the chase ceased. The Earl of Angus returned again with great merriness and victory, and thanked God that he saved him from that chance, and passed with the King to Melross, where they remained all that night. On the morn they past to Edinburgh with the King, who was very sad and dolorous of the slaughter of the Laird of Cessfoord, and many other gentlemen and yeomen slain by the Laird of Buccleuch, containing the number of fourscore and fifteen, which died in defence of the King, and at the command of his writing.'

"I am not the first who has attempted to celebrate in verse the renown of this ancient baron, and his hazardous attempt to procure his sovereign's freedom. In a Scottish Latin poet we find the following verses:—

'Valterius Scotus Balcluchius,

Egregio suscepto facinore, libertate Regis, ac aliis rebus gestis clarus, sub Jacobo V. A°. Christi, 1526.

Intentata aliis, nullique audita priorum
Audet, nec pavidum morsve metusve quatit,
Libertatem aliis soliti transcribere Reges;
Subreptam hanc Regi restituisse paras:
Si vincis, quanta ô succedunt præmia dextræ!
Sin victus, falsas spes jace, pone animam.
Hostica vis nocuit: stant altæ robora mentis
Atque decus. Vincet, Rege probante, fides.
Insita queis animis virtus, quosque acrior ardor
Obsidet, obscuris nox premat an tenebris?

Heroes ex omni Historia Scotica lectissimi, Auctore Johan. Jonstonio Abredonense Scoto, 1603.'

"In consequence of the battle of Melrose, there ensued a deadly feud betwixt the names of Scott and Kerr, which, in spite of all means used to bring about an agreement, raged for many years upon the Borders. Buccleuch was imprisoned, and his estates forfeited, in the year 1535, for levying war against the Kerrs, and restored by act of Parliament, dated 15th March, 1542, during the regency of Mary of Lorraine. But the most signal act of violence, to which this quarrel gave rise, was the murder of Sir Walter himself, who was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh in 1552. This is the event alluded to in stanza vii.; and the poem is supposed to open shortly after it had taken place.

"The feud between these two families was not reconciled in 1596, when both chieftains paraded the streets of Edinburgh with their followers, and it was expected their first meeting would decide their quarrel. But, on July 14th of the same year, Colvil, in a letter to Mr. Bacon, informs him, 'that there was great trouble upon the Borders, which would continue till order should be taken by the Queen of England and the King, by reason of the two young Scots chieftains, Cesford and Baclugh, and of the present necessity and scarcity of corn amongst the Scots Borderers and riders. That there had been a private quarrel betwixt those two lairds on the Borders, which was like to have turned to blood; but the fear of the general trouble had reconciled them, and the injuries which they thought to have committed against each other

were now transferred upon England: not unlike that emulation in France between the Baron de Biron and Mons. Jeverie, who, being both ambitious of honor, undertook more hazardous enterprises against the enemy, than they would have done if they had been at concord together' (Birch's *Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 67)."

61. *Dunedin.* Edinburgh; of which name it is a Celtic adaptation.

63. *Slogan's.* "The war-cry, or gathering word, of a Border clan" (Scott). Cf. *Marmion*, v. 73:

> "Nor harp nor pipe could please his ear
> Like the loud slogan yell."

69. *No! vainly to each holy shrine*, etc. "Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud betwixt the Scotts and the Kerrs, there was a bond executed in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. This indenture is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards.

"Such pactions were not uncommon in feudal times; and, as might be expected, they were often, as in the present case, void of the effect desired. When Sir Walter Mauny, the renowned follower of Edward III., had taken the town of Ryol in Gascony, he remembered to have heard that his father lay there buried, and offered a hundred crowns to any who could shew him his grave. A very old man appeared before Sir Walter, and informed him of the manner of his father's death, and the place of his sepulture. It seems the Lord of Mauny had, at a great tournament, unhorsed, and wounded to the death, a Gascon knight, of the house of Mirepoix, whose kinsman was Bishop of Cambray. For this deed he was held at feud by the relations of the knight, until he agreed to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella, for the benefit of the soul of the deceased. But as he returned through the town of Ryol, after accomplishment of his vow, he was beset and treacherously slain by the kindred of the knight whom he had killed. Sir Walter, guided by the old man, visited the lowly tomb of his father; and having read the inscription, which was in Latin, he caused the body to be raised and transported to his native city of Valenciennes, where masses were, in the days of Froissart, duly said for the soul of the unfortunate pilgrim" (Scott).

83. *Nor flower.* The 1st. ed. has "nor sigh."[1]

88. *Until, amid his sorrowing clan*, etc. Cf. the Song in Tennyson's *Princess:* "Home they brought her warrior dead," etc. See our ed. p. 179.

Scott's lines, as M. notes, are taken from the ballad, *Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night:*

> "O then bespoke his little son,
> As he sat on his nurse's knee,
> 'If ever I live to be a man
> My father's death revenged shall be.'"

[1] As we have not been able to get hold of a copy of the 1st. ed. we are obliged to depend on Lockhart for its readings in this and other passages.

Similar lines occur in another ballad, *The Lads of Wamphray*. Scott may have regarded them as common ballad property.

105. *Carr*. "The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr,[1] was very powerful on the Border. Fynes Morrison remarks, in his Travels, that their influence extended from the village of Preston-Grange in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cessford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Morebattle, within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills. It has been a place of great strength and consequence, but is now ruinous. Tradition affirms, that it was founded by Halbert, or Habby Kerr, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. The Duke of Roxburghe represents Kerr of Cessford. A distinct and powerful branch of the same name own the Marquis of Lothian as their chief. Hence the distinction betwixt Kerrs of Cessford and Fairnihirst" (Scott).

109. *Lord Cranstoun*. "The Cranstouns, Lord Cranstoun, are an ancient Border family, whose chief seat was at Crailing, in Teviotdale. They were at this time at feud with the clan of Scott; for it appears that the Lady of Buccleuch, in 1557, beset the Laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady" (Scott).

112. *Clerk*. Scholar; or one as learned as the *clergy* (Latin *clericus*).

113. *Bethune's line of Picardie*. "The Bethunes were of French origin, and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighboring province of Picardy; they numbered among their descendants the celebrated Duc de Sully; and the name was accounted among the most noble in France, while aught noble remained in that country.[2] The family of Bethune, or Beatoun, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates; namely, Cardinal Beaton and two successive Archbishops of Glasgow, all of whom flourished about the date of the romance. Of this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleuch, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Branksome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son's clan, after her husband's murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree that the superstition of the vulgar imputed them to supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled, by faction, the foul accusation of her having influenced Queen Mary to the murder of her husband. One of the placards, preserved in Buchanan's Detection, accuses of Darnley's murder 'the Erle of Bothwell, Mr. James Balfour, the persoun of Fliske, Mr. David Chalmers, black Mr. John Spens, who was principal deviser of the murder; and the Quene, assenting thairto, throw the persuasion of the Erle Bothwell, and *the witchcraft of Lady Buckleuch*'" (Scott).

115. *Padua*. "Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of necromancy. The Earl of Gowrie, slain at

[1] The name is spelt differently by the various families who bear it. Carr is selected, not as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading.

[2] In a note to the ed. of 1821 Scott added: "This expression and sentiment were dictated by the situation of France in the year 1803, when the poem was originally written."

Perth, in 1600, pretended, during his studies in Italy, to have acquired some knowledge of the cabala, by which, he said, he could charm snakes and work other miracles; and, in particular, could produce children without the intercourse of the sexes. — See the Examination of Wemyss of Bogie before the Privy Council, concerning Gowrie's Conspiracy" (Scott).

119. *Saint Andrew's cloistered hall.* The University of St. Andrew's, the oldest in Scotland. The 1st ed. has "Saint Kentigerne's hall." This latter saint is the same as St. Mungo, the patron of Glasgow.

120. *His form no darkening shadow traced*, etc. "The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. Glycas informs us, that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit (Heywood's *Hierarchie*, p. 475). The vulgar conceive, that when a class of students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies they are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, where the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of the sage never after throws any shade; and those who have thus *lost their shadow* always prove the best magicians" (Scott).

124. *Till to her bidding*, etc. "The Scottish vulgar, without having any very defined notion of their attributes, believe in the existence of an intermediate class of spirits, residing in the air or in the waters; to whose agency they ascribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere in the affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent purpose, and sometimes with milder views. It is said, for example, that a gallant baron, having returned from the Holy Land to his castle of Drummelziar, found his fair lady nursing a healthy child, whose birth did not by any means correspond to the date of his departure. Such an occurrence, to the credit of the dames of the Crusaders be it spoken, was so rare that it required a miraculous solution. The lady, therefore, was believed, when she averred confidently that the Spirit of the Tweed had issued from the river while she was walking upon its bank, and compelled her to submit to his embraces: and the name of Tweedie was bestowed upon the child, who afterwards became Baron of Drummelziar and chief of a powerful clan. To those spirits were also ascribed, in Scotland, the

> 'airy tongues, that syllable men's names,
> On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.'

"When the workmen were engaged in erecting the ancient church of Old Deer, in Aberdeenshire, upon a small hill called Bissau, they were surprised to find that the work was impeded by supernatural obstacles. At length, the Spirit of the River was heard to say,

> 'It is not here, it is not here,
> That ye shall build the church of Deer;
> But on Taptillery,
> Where many a corpse shall lie.'

The site of the edifice was accordingly transferred to Taptillery, an eminence at some distance from the place where the building had been commenced (*Macfarlane's MSS.*). I mention these popular fables, because the introduction of the River and Mountain Spirits may not, at first sight, seem to accord with the general tone of the romance and the superstitions of the country where the scene is laid" (Scott).

126. *Bower.* See on 2 above.

127. *Lord David's western tower.* "The Castle of Branksome was enlarged and strengthened by Sir David Scott, grandson of Sir William, the first possessor. The Ladye sits in the western tower, from which she could look up the Teviot to the fells on which the moonbeams were playing" (M.).

131. *Scaur.* "A precipitous bank of earth" (Scott).

132. *Is it the wind,* etc. Cf. *Christabel,* 44: "Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?" and *Saint Swithin's Chair* in *Waverley:*

> "Is it the moody owl that shrieks?
> Or is it that sound, 'twixt laughter and scream,
> The voice of the Demon that haunts the stream?"

137. *Ban-dog.* Properly *band-dog,* or watch-dog tied or chained up. Cole, in his *Dict.,* 1679, renders *ban-dog* by "canis catenatus." Cf. 2 *Henry VI.* i 4. 21: "The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl."

147. *Echo.* Perhaps accented on the second syllable, as M. believes. It is possible, however, to give the word its ordinary accent without making the measure more irregular than in other parts of this same stanza.

154. *From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen.* Two high hills on opposite sides of the upper waters of the Teviot. Professor Veitch suggested to M. that Scott may have chosen Craikcross from its occurrence in Thomas the Rymer's lines:

> "Atween Craik Cross and Eildon-tree
> Is a' the safety there shall be."

155. *By every rill.* M. quotes Chaucer, *Wife of Bath's Tale:*

> "In olde dayes of the Kyng Arthour,
> Of which that Britouns speken gret honour,
> Al was this lond fulfilled of fayrie;
> The elf-queen, with her joly compaignye,
> Daunced ful oft in many a greene mede."

156. *Morris.* The morris-dance was one of the sports of May-day, and sometimes of other festivals, in the olden time. Cf. Shakespeare, *A. W.* ii. 2. 25: "As fit as . . . a morris for May-day," etc. The dance was in fashion, it is said, at the court of James IV. of Scotland.

158. *Emerald rings.* The so-called "fairy rings." Cf. Shakespeare, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 86: "To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind."

159. *Deft and merrily.* Apparently for "deftly and merrily," one suffix serving for both adverbs, as not unfrequently in Elizabethan English. Cf. Shakespeare, *J. C.* ii. 1. 224: "look fresh and merrily;" *T. N.* v. 1. 135: "most jocund, apt, and willingly," etc. For a similar

ellipsis of the possessive inflection (also common in Elizabethan writers), see v. 295 below.

170. *Arthur's slow wain.* This is evidently another name for "Charles's Wain," or the "Great Dipper," in the constellation of Ursa Major. Gawain Douglas, in his translation of the *Æneid* (1513) renders "Arcturus" by "Arthury's hufe," or Arthur's chapel.

177. *Deign they shower.* The ellipsis of the *to* of the infinitive is a poetic license. Cf. v. 398 below.

*Influence* is an astrological term, and is rarely used by our early writers except with reference, direct or indirect, to the power of the heavenly bodies. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 1. 119:

> "the moist star
> Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands;"

Milton, *P. L.*, iv. 669:

> "which these soft fires
> Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
> Of various influence foment and warm,
> Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
> Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
> On earth," etc.

See also *Job*, xxxviii. 31.

179. *Till pride be quelled and love be free.* It has been well said that this line "may be taken as the motto of the *Lay*." Cf. v. 413 below.

191. *And your streams ascend.* A very ancient expression for an impossibility. P. quotes the famous ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαί of the chorus in *Medea*, and Horace's "pronos relabi posse rivos."

197. *Moss-trooper.* "This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders; a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by none more actively and successfully than by Buccleuch's clan. Long after the union of the crowns, the moss-troopers, although sunk in reputation, and no longer enjoying the pretext of national hostility, continued to pursue their calling.

"Fuller includes, among the wonders of Cumberland, 'The moss-troopers: so strange in the condition of their living, if considered in their *Original*, *Increase*, *Height*, *Decay*, and *Ruine*.

"'1. *Original.* I conceive them the same called Borderers in Mr. Camden; and characterized by him to be *a wild and warlike people*. They are called *moss-troopers*, because dwelling in the mosses, and riding in troops together. They dwell in the bounds, or meeting, of the two kingdoms, but obey the laws of neither. They come to church as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the kalendar.

"'2. *Increase.* When England and Scotland were united in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by hostile incursions, betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbors. Their sons are free of the trade by their fathers' copy. They are like to Job, not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night, and perchance many again next day. They may give for their motto, *vivitur ex rapto*, stealing from their honest neighbors what they sometimes require. They are a nest

of hornets; strike one, and stir all of them about your ears. Indeed, if they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish janizary; otherwise, woe be to him that falleth into their quarters!

"'3. *Height.* Amounting, forty years since, to some thousands. These compelled the vicinage to purchase their security, by paying a constant rent to them. When in their greatest height, they had two great enemies, — *the Laws of the Land*, and the *Lord William Howard of Naworth*. He sent many of them to Carlisle, to that place where the officer *doth always his work by daylight*. Yet these moss-troopers, if possibly they could procure the pardon for a condemned person of their company, would advance great sums out of their common stock, who, in such a case, *cast in their lots amongst themselves, and all have one purse.*

"'4. *Decay.* Caused by the wisdom, valor, and diligence of the Right Honorable Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who routed these English Tories with his regiment. His severity unto them will not only be excused, but commended, by the judicious, who consider how our great lawyer doth describe such persons, who are solemnly outlawed (Bracton, lib. viii. trac. 2. cap. 11): "*Ex tunc gerunt caput lupinum, ita quod sine judiciali inquisitione rite pereant, et secum suum judicium portent; et merito sine lege pereunt, qui secundum legem vivere recusârunt.*" — "Thenceforward (after that they are outlawed) they wear a wolf's head, so that they lawfully may be destroyed, without any judicial inquisition, as who carry their own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without law, because they refused to live according to law."

"'5. *Ruine.* Such was the success of this worthy lord's severity, that he made a thorough reformation among them; and the ringleaders being destroyed, the rest are reduced to legal obedience, and so, I trust, will continue' (Fuller's *Worthies of England*, p. 216).

"The last public mention of moss-troopers occurs during the civil wars of the 17th century, when many ordinances of Parliament were directed against them" (Scott).

200. *Foray.* "A predatory inroad" (Scott).

207. *Unicorn's.* As Lockhart remarks, Scott's pronunciation of the *r* in this word would make it a quadrisyllable (*Unicoruns*) and thus fill out the measure, which otherwise would be defective.

208. *The Crescents and the Star.* This is the reading of the early eds., and is doubtless what Scott wrote. He has the following note here: "The arms of the Kerrs of Cessford were, *Vert* on a cheveron, betwixt three unicorns' heads erased *argent*, three mullets *sable*; crest, a unicorn's head erased *proper*. The Scotts of Buccleuch bore, *Or*, on a bend azure; a star of six points betwixt two crescents of the first." The ed. of 1821 has "Crescent" — probably a misprint — and has been followed in all the more recent reprints.

214. *William of Deloraine.* "The lands of Deloraine are joined to those of Buccleuch in Ettrick Forest. They were immemorially possessed by the Buccleuch family, under the strong title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the crown until 1545. Like

other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals or kinsmen for Border service. Satchells mentions, among the twenty-four gentlemen-pensioners of the family, 'William Scott, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, who had the lands of Nether Deloraine, for his service.' And again, 'This William of Deloraine, commonly called *Cut-at-the-Black*, was a brother of the ancient house of Haining, which house of Haining is descended from the ancient house of Hassendean.' The lands of Deloraine now give an earl's title to the descendant of Henry, the second surviving son of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. I have endeavored to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterized the Borderers of his day; for which I can only plead Froissart's apology, that, 'it behoveth, in a lynage, some to be folyshe and outrageous, to maynteyne and sustayne the peasable.' As a contrast to my Marchman, I beg leave to transcribe, from the same author, the speech of Amergot Marcell, a captain of the Adventurous Companions, a robber, and a pillager of the country of Auvergne, who had been bribed to sell his strongholds, and to assume a more honorable military life under the banners of the Earl of Armagnac. But 'when he remembered alle this, he was sorrowful; his tresour he thought he wolde not mynysshe; he was wonte dayly to serche for newe pyllages, wherbye encresed his profyte, and then he sawe that alle was closed fro hym. Then he sayde and imagyned, that to pyll and to robbe (all thynge considered) was a good lyfe, and so repented hym of his good doing. On a tyme, he said to his old companyons, "Sirs, there is no sporte nor glory in this worlde amonge men of warre, but to use suche lyfe as we have done in tyme past. What a joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and somtyme found by the way a riche priour or merchaunt, or a route of mulettes of Mountpellyer, of Narbonne, of Lymens, of Fongans, of Besyers, of Tholous, or of Carcasonne, laden with cloth of Brussels, or peltre ware comynge fro the fayres, or laden with spycery fro Bruges, fro Damas, or fro Alysaundre; whatsoever we met, all was ours, or els ransoumed at our pleasures; dayly we gate new money, and the vyllaynes of Auvergne and of Lymosyn dayly provyded and brought to our castell whete mele, good wynes, beffes, and fatte mottons, pullayne, and wylde foule: We were ever furnyshed as tho we had been kings. When we rode forthe, all the countrey trymbled for feare: all was ours goyng and comynge. How tok we Carlast, I and the Bourge of Companye, and I and Perot of Bernoys took Caluset; how dyd we scale, with lytell ayde, the strong castell of Marquell, pertayning to the Erl Dolphyn: I kept it nat past fyve days, but I receyved for it, on a feyre table, fyve thousande frankes, and forgave one thousande for the love of the Erl Dolphyn's children. By my fayth, this was a fayre and a good lyfe! wherefore I repute myselfe sore deceyved, in that I have rendered up the fortress of Aloys; for it wolde have kept fro alle the worlde, and the daye that I gave it up, it was fournyshed with vytaylles, to have been kept seven yere without any re-vytayllinge. This Erl of Armynake hath deceyved me: Olyve Barbe, and Perot le Bernoys, shewed to me how I shulde repente myselfe: certayne I sore repente myselfe of what I have done"'" (Scott).

218. *The paths to cross.* In the introduction to the *Border Minstrelsy*, Scott quotes a passage from Camden's *Britannia* concerning the Borderers, which explains why a knowledge of safe paths through sands and mosses was an important matter for the moss-trooper: "What manner of cattle stealers they are, that inhabit these valleys in the marches of both kingdoms, John Lesley, a Scotchman himself, and bishop of Ross, will inform you. They sally out of their own borders, in the night, in troops, through unfrequented bye-ways, and many intricate windings. All the day time, they refresh themselves and their horses, in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark at those places they have a design upon. As soon as they have seized upon the booty, they, in like manner, return home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists and darkness, his reputation is the greater." *Solway Sands* are described in Letter IV. of *Redgauntlet*.

219. *By wily turns*, etc. Scott remarks: "The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of blood-hounds Barbour informs us that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion, he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overhung the water; thus, leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the scent. The pursuers came up:—

> 'Rycht to the burn thai passyt ware,
> Bot the sleuth-hund made stinting thar,
> And wauerȳt lang tyme ta and fra,
> That he na certain gate couth ga;
> Till at the last that John of Lorne
> Perseuit the hund the sleuth had lorne' (*The Bruce*, Book vii.).

"A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance:—The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdoun, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-Erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border *sleuth-bratch*, or blood-hound.

> 'In Gelderland there was that bratchet bred,
> Siker of scent, to follow them that fled;
> So was he used in Eske and Liddesdail,
> While (i. e. *till*) she gat blood no fleeing might avail.'

"In the retreat, Fawdoun, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no farther. Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger, struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body:—

> 'The sleuth stopped at Fawdon, still she stood,
> Nor farther would fra time she fund the blood.'

"The story concludes with a fine Gothic scene of terror. Wallace took refuge in the solitary tower of Gask. Here he was disturbed at midnight by the blast of a horn. He sent out his attendants by two and two, but no one returned with tidings. At length, when he was left alone, the sound was heard still louder. The champion descended, sword in hand; and, at the gate of the tower, was encountered by the headless spectre of Fawdoun, whom he had slain so rashly. Wallace, in great terror, fled up into the tower, tore open the boards of a window, leapt down fifteen feet in height, and continued his flight up the river. Looking back to Gask, he discovered the tower on fire, and the form of Fawdoun upon the battlements, dilated to an immense size, and holding in his hand a blazing rafter. The Minstrel concludes:

> 'Trust ryght wele, that all this be sooth indeed,
> Supposing it be no point of the creed' (*The Wallace*, Book v.).

"Mr. Ellis (*Specimens of English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 351) has extracted this tale as a sample of Henry's poetry."

223. *Time or tide.* The latter word is used in its old sense of time or season; properly, an allotted time or appointed season. Cf. the compounds, as *noontide*, *eventide*, etc. See also vi. 50 below.

226. *Prime.* The noun, *matin* being here an adjective. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 9. 25: "Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime." As an ecclesiastical term it means "the first canonical hour of the day."

231. *Good at need.* Cf. ii. 178 below. Scott found the expression in the ballad of *The Raid of Redswire*, which he prints in the *Border Minstrelsy*: "Wi' Cranstane, Gladstain, good at need." The repetition is also in the ballad style; and Homeric withal, as M. and P. have noted.

232. *Wightest.* See on 36 above.

238. *The fated hour.* See ii. 162 fol. below.

241. *St. Michael's night.* Michaelmas, September 29th.

243. *The cross*, etc. See ii. 169, 189 below.

249. *Lorn.* Lost. The old participle survives in *forlorn*. Cf. also *lass-lorn* in Shakespeare, *Temp.* iv. i. 68:

> "and thy broom groves,
> Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
> Being lass-lorn."

251. *O swiftly*, etc. The movement of the measure is in keeping with the sense.

253. *Gan.* Scott prints "'gan," but the word is not a contraction of *began*. See Wb. or Skeat.

258. *Were 't my neck-verse*, etc. "*Hairibee* was the place of executing the Border marauders at Carlisle. The *neck-verse* is the beginning of the 51st Psalm, *Miserere mei*, etc., anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy" (Scott). M. adds: "The clergy originally obtained freedom from secular jurisdiction on the strength of the text, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' In process of time this benefit of clergy was claimed for everybody that could read, all such persons being handed over to be dealt with by ecclesiastical authority. If not handed over to the church, the convicted criminal was burnt in the brawn of his left thumb, and not allowed the privilege

a second time. The last remains of the privilege were not abolished till the reign of George IV. With Deloraine's ignorance of letters, compare Dickie of Dryhope in the ballad of *Kinmont Willie:*

> 'Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
> And the never a word o' lear had he.'

Or the boast of the Earl of Angus in *Marmion* (vi. 460):

> 'Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
> Save Gawain, ne'er could spell a line.' "

On *Hairibee*, cf. also *Kinmont Willie:*

> "O haue ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
> O haue ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
> How they haue ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
> On Haribee to hang him up."

The *Critical Review* remarks: "In the rough but spirited sketch of the marauding Borderer, and in the *naïveté* of his last declaration, the reader will recognize some of the most striking features of the ancient ballad."

260. *The steep descent.* "The entrance to a feudal castle from the grated portal inwards was generally steep, and paved with smooth pebbles, making the footing uncertain. The first part of Deloraine's ride was not the least difficult" (M.).

261. *Barbican.* "The defence of the outer gate of a feudal castle" (Scott). As M. remarks, the epithet *sounding* indicates that Scott probably took his idea of a barbican from Alnwick Castle, where there is a very fine gate and barbican of the Edwardian period (see Clark's *Mediæval Military Architecture*, vol. i. p. 180). The barbican is 55 feet long, strong masonry protecting a passage to the gate about 10 feet broad. The outer part of the passage is vaulted to the length of about 20 feet, the rest open to the sky. This explains the *sounding*. The real Branksome Tower in all likelihood had no such magnificent adjunct. It is what Scott would have called a "poetical ornament."

264. *Basnet.* The *basnet*, or *basinet*, was a basin-shaped helmet. Cf. *Marmion*, vi. 627: "My basnet to a prentice cap," etc.

265. *Peel.* "A Border tower" (Scott). Clark (quoted by M.) defines it as "a stronghold of which the tower is the only considerable work, and which stands within a walled base-court or barmkin of moderate area." These simple square towers are characteristic of the Scottish Border. Borthwick Tower in Midlothian is the finest specimen. They depended for their powers of resistance on passive strength. The walls were so thick that very little damage could be done to them by parties of forayers, even if they were captured by surprise. By a Scottish statute of 1535 it was enacted that every barmkin wall must be at least a yard thick, six yards high, and must enclose at least sixty square feet. The tower was built within this outer work. Another name for the peel was "bastle-house," Fr. *bastille.*

267. *The Moat-hill's mound.* "This is a round artificial mount near Hawick, which, from its name (*Mot*, A. S. *Concilium*, *Conventus*), was probably anciently used as a place for assembling a national council of the adjacent tribes. There are many such mounds in Scotland, and they are sometimes, but rarely, of a square form" (Scott).

272. *Hazeldean.* The estate of Hazeldean, corruptly *Hassendean* (the present name of the neighboring village and railway station), belonged formerly to a family of Scotts, thus commemorated by Satchells: —

> "Hassendean came without a call,
> The ancientest house among them all."

282. *The Roman way.* "An ancient Roman road, crossing through part of Roxburghshire" (Scott).

285. *Drew saddle-girth*, etc. In preparation for a possible encounter with *Barnhill;* for so the name is given in all the eds., though in the note on 287 Scott makes it "Barnhills."

287. *Minto-crags.* Scott has the following note here: "A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family-seat from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a projecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed *Barnhills' Bed.* This Barnhills is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name. On the summit of the crags are the fragments of another ancient tower, in a picturesque situation. Among the houses cast down by the Earl of Hertford, in 1545, occur the towers of Easter Barnhills, and of Minto-crag, with Minto town and place. Sir Gilbert Elliot, father to the present Lord Minto,[1] was the author of a beautiful pastoral song, of which the following is a more correct copy than is usually published. The poetical mantle of Sir Gilbert Elliot has descended to his family.

> 'My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
> And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook:
> No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
> Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
> But what had my youth with ambition to do?
> Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
>
> 'Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
> And bid the wide world secure me from love.
> Ah, fool, to imagine, that aught could subdue
> A love so well founded, a passion so true!
> Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore!
> And I 'll wander from love and Amynta no more!
>
> 'Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
> Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine!
> Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
> The moments neglected return not again.
> Ah! what had my youth with ambition to do!
> Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!'"

296. *The warbling Doric reed.* Referring to the pastoral just quoted.

300. *Riddel's fair domain.* "The family of Riddel have been very long in possession of the barony called Riddel, or Ryedale, part of which still bears the latter name. Tradition carries their antiquity to a point extremely remote; and is, in some degree, sanctioned by the discovery of two stone coffins, one containing an earthen pot filled with

[1] Grandfather to the present Earl (1819).

ashes and arms, bearing a legible date, A.D. 727; the other dated 936 and filled with the bones of a man of gigantic size. These coffins were discovered in the foundations of what was, but has long ceased to be, the chapel of Riddel; and as it was argued, with plausibility, that they contained the remains of some ancestors of the family, they were deposited in the modern place of sepulture, comparatively so termed, though built in 1110. But the following curious and authentic documents warrant most conclusively the epithet of 'ancient Riddel:' 1st, A charter by David I. to Walter Rydale, Sheriff of Roxburgh, confirming all the estates of Liliesclive, etc., of which his father, Gervasius de Rydale, died possessed. 2dly, A bull of Pope Adrian IV., confirming the will of Walter de Ridale, knight, in favor of his brother Anschittil de Ridale, dated 8th April, 1155. 3dly, A bull of Pope Alexander III., confirming the said will of Walter de Ridale, bequeathing to his brother Anschittil the lands of Liliesclive, Whitunes, etc., and ratifying the bargain betwixt Anschittil and Huctredus, concerning the church of Liliesclive, in consequence of the mediation of Malcolm II., and confirmed by a charter from that monarch. This bull is dated 17th June, 1160. 4thly, A bull of the same Pope, confirming the will of Sir Anschittil de Ridale, in favor of his son Walter, conveying the said lands of Liliesclive and others, dated 10th March, 1170. It is remarkable that Liliesclive, otherwise Rydale, or Riddel, and the Whittunes, have descended, through a long train of ancestors, without ever passing into a collateral line, to the person of Sir John Buchanan Riddel, Bart. of Riddell, the lineal descendant and representative of Sir Anschittil. These circumstances appeared worthy of notice in a Border work"[1] (Scott).

301. *Aill.* The *Aill* or *Ale* is a small stream flowing into the Teviot near Ancrum. On its banks are several caves, one of which is said to have been a favorite retreat of Thomson the poet.

311. *Barded.* "Applied to a horse accoutred with defensive armor" (Scott). See on 38 above.

313. *Never heavier man and horse,* etc. The weight of a full suit of armor was from 150 to 200 pounds.

319. *March-man.* Borderer; inhabitant of the *march* (= *mark*), or frontier.

321. *Halidon.* "An ancient seat of the Kerrs of Cessford, now demolished. About a quarter of a mile to the northward lay the field of battle betwixt Buccleuch and Angus, which is called to this day the Skirmish Field" (Scott). See on 57 above.

334. *Old Melros'.* Melrose Abbey. Scott has this note here: "The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought. In some of the cloisters, as is hinted in

[1] Since the above note was written, the ancient family of Riddel have parted with all their Scotch estates (Lockhart).

the next Canto, there are representations of flowers, vegetables, etc., carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate that we almost distrust our senses, when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulation. This superb convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the monks were of the Cistertian order. At the time of the Reformation, they shared in the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity, thrown upon the Roman churchmen. The old words of *Galashiels*, a favorite Scottish air, ran thus: —

> 'O the monks of Melrose made gude kale[1]
> On Fridays when they fasted:
> They wanted neither beef nor ale,
> As long as their neighbors' lasted.'"

See also on ii. 16, 113 below.

336. *Abbaye.* The French for *abbey*, used for the sake of the rhyme.

337. *Curfew.* "The name is still given to the eight o'clock bell rung every evening in Scotch towns" (M.).

338. *Lauds.* "The midnight service of the Catholic Church" (Scott).

341. *That wild harp.* The Æolian harp.

352. *Diffident of.* Distrustful or doubtful of. Cf. the only two instances of the adjective in Milton's poems — *P. L.* viii. 562:

> "and be not diffident
> Of wisdom;"

and *Id.* ix. 293: "Not diffident of thee." See also his one use of the noun, in *S. A.* 454: "diffidence of God."

360. *His hand was true*, etc. For the indirect quotation, see on introd. 50 above.

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## CANTO SECOND.

1. *If thou wouldst view*, etc. It is said that Scott, when he wrote these lines, had never seen Melrose Abbey by moonlight.

Jeffrey remarks: "In the description of Melrose which introduces the Second Canto, the reader will observe how skilfully the author calls in the aid of sentimental associations to heighten the effect of the picture which he presents to the eye."

6. *Oriel.* Scott is often inaccurate in his use of the technicalities of Gothic architecture, as here with *oriel*, which apparently means a mullioned window. Cf. Parker, *Glossary of Architecture:* "Any projecting portion of a room or even of a building was called an *oriole*, such as a penthouse, or such as a closet, bower, or private chamber, an upper story, or a gallery; and the term became last of all applied to a projecting window, in which there was often an altar, and it was screened off to form an oratory, as in Linlithgow Palace, Scotland. This name is often erroneously given to the bay-window of a hall for the sideboard, hence *oriel-window*, which we retain to the present day."

[1] *Kale*, Broth.

10. *Ebon.* Ebony. Cf. Drayton, *Barons' Wars*, iv.: "Doth ask a pen of ebon and the night."

11. *Imagery.* "A somewhat archaic use of the word for carved or painted figures" (M.). Cf. Chaucer, *House of Fame*, iii. 100: "ymageries and tabernacles;" and *The Squyr of Lowe Degre*, 93:

> "In her oryall there she was
> Closed well with royal glass.
> Fulfylled it was with ymagery."

12. *And the scrolls*, etc. "The buttresses ranged along the sides of the ruins of Melrose Abbey are, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished" (Scott).

16. *Saint David's ruined pile.* "David I. of Scotland, purchased the reputation of sanctity, by founding, and liberally endowing, not only the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others; which led to the well-known observation of his successor, that he was *a sore saint for the crown*" (Scott). No part of the present Abbey, however, belongs to the time of David I. The original structure, completed in 1146, was destroyed by the English in their retreat under Edward II. in 1322. Four years later it was rebuilt in the most magnificent style of the day, but was again destroyed in the invasion of Scotland by Richard II. in 1385. In the existing edifice there is scarcely anything older than the end of the 14th century. After being a second time rebuilt, it was plundered in 1545 by the English under Evers and Latoun, and soon afterwards received more serious damage from the Earl of Hertford. Further mischief was done it by the Reformers, and later it suffered at the hands of those who despoiled it for the sake of its materials. Finally, in 1618, the nave was disfigured by piers and arches built in converting the abbey into a Presbyterian church. It is now the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, and the ruins are carefully preserved.

17. *Soothly.* Truly. See on introd. 67 above.

28. *Fence.* Defend. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 98: "Oxford, that did ever fence the right," etc.

"The Buccleuch family were great benefactors to the Abbey of Melrose. As early as the reign of Robert II., Robert Scott, Baron of Murdieston and Rankleburn (now Buccleuch), gave to the monks the lands of Hinkery, in Ettrick Forest, *pro salute animæ suæ*" (Scott).

39. *Aventayle.* "The visor of the helmet" (Scott). The word is derived from the Latin *ventus*, and "means the lower part of a helmet before the face which was raised to admit air, turning on hinges at the sides of the head."

51. *And darest thou*, etc. "The use of alliteration in the Monk's speech is worth remarking. It seems intended to heighten the contrast between the old man's scared and ghostly manner and the bluff abruptness of the moss-trooper" (M.).

53. *My breast*, etc. The "absolute" construction is obscured by the semicolon after *thorn* in all the eds.

60. *Drie.* Suffer, endure. Cf. Chaucer, *T. and C.* v. 296:

"'My Pandarus' (quod Troilus) 'the sorow
Which that I drie, I may not long endure.'"

64. *Prayer know I hardly one.* "The Borderers were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters. Colville, in his *Paranesis*, or *Admonition*, states, that the reformed divines were so far from undertaking distant journeys to convert the Heathen, 'as I wold wis at God that ye wold only go bot to the Hielands and Borders of our own realm, to gain our awin countreymen, who, for lack of preching and ministration of the sacraments, must, with tyme, becum either infidells, or atheists.' But we learn, from Lesly, that, however deficient in real religion, they regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition" (Scott). *Prayer* is a dissyllable in this line (as in 68 below), but a monosyllable in the next.

79. *Beneath their feet*, etc. "The cloisters were frequently used as places of sepulture. An instance occurs in Dryburgh Abbey, where the cloister has an inscription bearing *Hic jacet frater Archibaldus*" (Scott). Those who have visited the cloisters of Westminster Abbey will remember the ancient graves and inscriptions there.

88. *So had he seen*, etc. "'"By my faith," sayd the Duke of Lancaster (to a Portuguese squire), "of all the feates of armes that the Castellyans, and they of your countrey doth use, the castynge of their dertes best pleaseth me, and gladly I wolde se it: for, as I hear say, if they strike one aryghte, without he be well armed, the dart will pierce him thrughe." "By my fayth, sir," sayd the squyer, "ye say trouth; for I have seen many a grete stroke given with them, which at one time cost us derely, and was to us great displeasure; for, at the said skyrmishe, Sir John Laurence of Coygne was striken with a dart in such wise, that the head perced all the plates of his cote of mayle, and a sacke stopped with sylke, and passed thrughe his body, so that he fell down dead"' (Froissart, vol. ii. ch. 44). This mode of fighting with darts was imitated in the military game called *Jeugo de las canas*, which the Spaniards borrowed from their Moorish invaders. A Saracen champion is thus described by Froissart: 'Among the Sarazyns, there was a yonge knight called Agadinger Dolyferne; he was always wel mounted on a redy and a lyght horse; it seemed, when the horse ranne, that he did fly in the ayre. The knighte seemed to be a good man of armes by his dedes; he bare always of usage three fethered dartes, and rychte well he could handle them; and, according to their custome, he was clene armed, with a long white towell about his heed. His apparell was blacke, and his own colour browne, and a good horseman. The Crysten men say, they thoughte he dyd such deeds of armes for the love of some yonge ladye of his countrey. And true it was, that he loved entirely the King of Thunes daughter, named the Lady Azala; she was inherytour to the realme of Thunes, after the discease of the kyng, her father. This Agadinger was sone to the Duke of Olyferne. I can nat telle if they were married together after or nat; but it was shewed me, that this knyght, for love of the sayd ladye, during the siege, did many feates of armes. The knyghtes of France wold fayne have taken hym;

but they colde never attrape nor inclose him; his horse was so swyft, and so redy to his hand, that alwaies he escaped'" (Scott).

90. *Jennet.* A small Spanish horse.

98. *The keystone*, etc. "The carved bosses at the intersection of the ribs of a vaulted ceiling cannot fairly be called keystones. If they could be so called, it is not the 'aisles' that they lock. By *quatre-feuille*, the poet means the four-leaved flower which is so common an ornament in the Decorated style. I do not know any authority for this use of the word. *Quatrefoil* is applied to an opening pierced in four foils, much used in ornaments, but quite different from a four-leaved boss. A *corbel* is a projecting stone or piece of timber supporting a superincumbent weight, such as the shaft or small column which supports the ribs of a vault. They are carved and moulded in a great variety of ways, often, as in Melrose Abbey, in the form of heads and faces" (M.).

Grose (*Antiq. of Scotland*, i. 129) thus describes the Abbey: "We entered at the south door, and no expression can convey an idea of the solemn magnificence which struck the eye. The roof of the north and south ends of the transepts remains, supported by intersecting groins, of the lightest order; the joinings ornamented with knots, some sculptured with figures, and others of pierced work in flowers and foliage; the arching of the interstices constructed of thin stones, closely jointed; over the choir, part of the roof of like workmanship still remains. The side aisles are formed by light clustered pillars, richly capitalled, with garlands of flowers and foliage dispersed delicately in the mouldings; in some the figures of animals are interspersed."

102. *With base.* The 1st ed. has "With plinth."

109. *O gallant chief of Otterburne!* "The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, betwixt Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals in military fame; so that Froissart affirms, 'Of all the battayles and encounterynge that I have made mencion of here before in all this hystory, great or smalle, this battayle that I treat of nowe was one of the sorest and best foughten, without cowardes or faynte hertes: for there was neyther knyghte nor squyer but that dyde his devoyre, and foughte hande to hande. This batayle was lyke the batayle of Becherell, the which was valiauntly fought and endured.' The issue of the conflict is well known: Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose beneath the high altar. 'His obsequye was done reverently, and on his bodye layde a tombe of stone, and his baner hangyng over hym'" (Scott).

110. *Dark Knight of Liddesdale.* "William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II., and was so distinguished by his valor that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. The King had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of

this preference, the Knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, while he was administering justice at Hawick, seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. It is said the miserable captive prolonged his existence for several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined.[1] So weak was the royal authority, that David, although highly incensed at this atrocious murder, found himself obliged to appoint the Knight of Liddesdale successor to his victim, as Sheriff of Teviotdale. But he was soon after slain, while hunting in Ettrick Forest, by his own godson and chieftain, William, Earl of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder; although a popular tradition, preserved in a ballad quoted by Godscroft, and some parts of which are still preserved, ascribes the resentment of the Earl to jealousy. The place where the Knight of Liddesdale was killed is called, from his name, William-Cross, upon the ridge of a hill called William-hope, betwixt Tweed and Yarrow. His body, according to Godscroft, was carried to Lindean church the first night after his death, and thence to Melrose, where he was interred with great pomp, and where his tomb is still shown" (Scott).

113. *The east oriel.* See on 6 above. Scott says here: "It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey. Sir James Hall of Dunglas, Bart. has, with great ingenuity and plausibility, traced the Gothic order through its various forms and seemingly eccentric ornaments, to an architectural imitation of wicker work; of which, as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest Christian churches were constructed. In such an edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is traced to a set of round posts, begirt with slender rods of willow, whose loose summits were brought to meet from all quarters, and bound together artificially, so as to produce the frame-work of the roof: and the tracery of our Gothic windows is displayed in the meeting and interlacing of rods and hoops, affording an inexhaustible variety of beautiful forms of open work. This ingenious

[1] There is something affecting in the manner in which the old Prior of Lochleven turns from describing the death of the gallant Ramsay, to the general sorrow which it excited: —

"To tell you there of the manere,
It is bot sorrow for til here;
He wes the grettast menyd man
That ony cowth have thowcht of than,
Of his state, or of mare be fare;
All menyt him, bath bettyr and war:
The ryche and pure him menyde bath,
For of his dede was mekil skath."

Some years ago, a person digging for stones, about the old castle of Hermitage, broke into a vault, containing a quantity of chaff, some bones, and pieces of iron; amongst others, the curb of an ancient bridle, which the author has since given to the Earl of Dalhousie, under the impression that it possibly may be a relic of his brave ancestor. The worthy clergyman of the parish has mentioned this discovery in his *Statistical Account of Castletown.*

system is alluded to in the romance. Sir James Hall's Essay on Gothic Architecture is published in *The Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions.*"

130. *A Scottish monarch*, etc. "A large marble stone, in the chancel of Melrose, is pointed out as the monument of Alexander II., one of the greatest of our early kings; others say it is the resting-place of Waldeve, one of the early abbots, who died in the odor of sanctity" (Scott).

138. *Michael Scott.* "Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the thirteenth century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496: and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchemy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he remembers to have heard in his youth that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who were thereby invoked. — *Dempsteri Historia Ecclesiastica*, 1627, lib. xii. p. 495. Lesly characterizes Michael Scott as 'singulariter philosophiæ, astronomiæ, ac medicinæ laude prestans; dicebatur penitissimos magiæ recessus indagasse.' Dante (*Inferno*, xx.) also mentions him as a renowned wizard:

> 'Quell altro che ne' fianchi è così poco
> Michele Scotto fu, che veramente
> Delle magiche frodè seppe il giuoco.'

"A personage, thus spoken of by biographers and historians, loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labor and antiquity is ascribed either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial; some contend for Holme Coltrame, in Cumberland, others for Melrose Abbey. But all agree, that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died" (Scott). Michael Scott, as M. notes, is also mentioned honorably by Roger Bacon, *Opus Majus*, pp. 36, 37. The tradition about his wonderful book of spells is used by Leyden in his ballad of *Lord Soulis* in the *Border Minstrelsy*. The book is there put in possession of Thomas of Ercildoun:

> "The black spae-book from his breast he took,
> Impressed with many a warlock spell;
> And the book it was wrote by Michael Scott,
> Who held in awe the fiends of hell.
> They buried it deep, where his bones they sleep,
> That mortal man might never it see;
> But Thomas did save it from the grave,
> When he returned from Faerie."

140. *Salamanca's cave.* Scott says: "Spain, from the relics, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favorite

residence of magicians. Pope Sylvester, who actually imported from Spain the use of the Arabian numerals, was supposed to have learned there the magic for which he was stigmatized by the ignorance of his age (*William of Malmsbury*, lib. ii. cap. 10). There were public schools where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city, they were held in a deep cavern; the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand (D'Autun *On Learned Incredulity*, p. 45). These Spanish schools of magic are celebrated also by the Italian poets of romance:

'Questo città di Tolleto solea
Tenere studio di negromanzía,
Quivi di magica arte si leggea
Pubblicamente, e di peromanzía;
E molti geomanti sempre avea,
E sperimenti assai d'idromanzía
E l' altre false opinion' di sciocchi
C -me è fatture, o spesso batter gli occhi'
(*Il Morgante Maggiore*, canto xxv. st. 259).

"The celebrated magician Maugis, cousin to Rinaldo of Montalban, called, by Ariosto, Malagigi, studied the black art at Toledo, as we learn from *L'Histoire de Maugis D'Aygremont*. He even held a professor's chair in the necromantic university; for so I interpret the passage, '*qu'en tous les sept ars d'enchantement, des charmes et conjurations, il n'y avoit meillieur maistre que lui; et en tel renom qu'on le laissoit en chaise, et l'appelloit on maistre Maugis.*' This Salamancan Domdaniel is said to have been founded by Hercules. If the classic reader enquires where Hercules himself learned magic, he may consult '*Les faicts et proesses du noble et vaillant Hercules*,' where he will learn that the fable of his aiding Atlas to support the heavens arose from the said Atlas having taught Hercules, *the noble knight-errant*, the seven liberal sciences, and in particular that of judicial astrology. Such, according to the idea of the middle ages, were the studies, '*maximus quæ docuit Atlas.*'—In a romantic history of Roderic, the last Gothic King of Spain, he is said to have entered one of those enchanted caverns. It was situated beneath an ancient tower near Toledo; and when the iron gates which secured the entrance were unfolded, there rushed forth so dreadful a whirlwind that hitherto no one had dared to penetrate into its recesses. But Roderic, threatened with an invasion of the Moors, resolved to enter the cavern, where he expected to find some prophetic intimation of the event of the war. Accordingly, his train being furnished with torches, so artificially composed that the tempest could not extinguish them, the king, with great difficulty, penetrated into a square hall, inscribed all over with Arabian characters. In the midst stood a colossal statue of brass, representing a Saracen wielding a Moorish mace, with which it discharged furious blows on all sides, and seemed thus to excite the tempest which raged around. Being conjured by Roderic, it ceased from striking until he read, inscribed on the right hand, '*Wretched monarch, for thy evil hast thou come hither;*' on the left hand, '*Thou shalt be dispossessed by a strange people;*' on one shoul-

der, '*I invoke the sons of Hagar;*' on the other, '*I do mine office.*' When the king had deciphered these ominous inscriptions, the statue returned to its exercise, the tempest commenced anew, and Roderic retired, to mourn over the predicted evils which approached his throne. He caused the gates of the cavern to be locked and barricaded; but in the course of the night the tower fell with a tremendous noise, and under its ruins concealed for ever the entrance to the mystic cavern. The conquest of Spain by the Saracens, and the death of the unfortunate Don Roderic, fulfilled the prophecy of the brazen statue (*Historia verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo por el sabio Alcayde Abulcacim, traduzeda de la lengua Arabiga por Miquel de Luna*, 1654, cap. vi.)."

141. *Him listed.* It pleased him. For the old impersonal use, cf. Surrey, *Æneid*, iv.:

"to whatsoever land
By sliding seas me listed them to lede;"

Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 9. 35: "In milder tearmes, as list them to devise," etc.

142. *The bells would ring in Notre Dame.* That is, in the cathedral at Paris. "'Tantamne rem tam negligenter?' says Tyrwhitt, of his predecessor, Speight; who, in his commentary on Chaucer, had omitted, as trivial and fabulous, the story of Wade and his boat Guingelot, to the great prejudice of posterity, the memory of the hero and the boat being now entirely lost. That future antiquaries may lay no such omission to my charge, I have noted one or two of the most current traditions concerning Michael Scott. He was chosen, it is said, to go upon an embassy, to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, opened his book and evoked a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil insidiously asked his rider what it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time. A less experienced wizard might have answered that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, 'What is that to thee? Mount, Diabolus, and fly!' When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador, with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy, was not received with much respect, and the king was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the infernal steed had lifted his hoof to give the third stamp, when the king rather chose to dismiss Michael, with the most ample concessions, than to stand to the probable consequences. Another time, it is said that when residing at the Tower of Oakwood, upon the Ettrick, about three miles above Selkirk, he heard of the fame of a sorceress, called the Witch of Falsehope, who lived on the opposite side of the river. Michael went one morning to put her

skill to the test, but was disappointed by her denying positively any knowledge of the necromantic art. In his discourse with her, he laid his wand inadvertently on the table, which the hag observing suddenly snatched up, and struck him with it. Feeling the force of the charm, he rushed out of the house; but, as it had conferred on him the external appearance of a hare, his servant, who waited without, hallooed upon the discomfited wizard his own greyhounds, and pursued him so close, that, in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the charm, Michael, after a very fatiguing course, was fain to take refuge in his own *iawhole* (*Anglice*, common sewer). In order to revenge himself of the witch of Falsehope, Michael, one morning in the ensuing harvest, went to the hill above the house with his dogs, and sent down his servant to ask a bit of bread from the goodwife for his greyhounds, with instructions what to do if he met with a denial. Accordingly, when the witch had refused the boon with contumely, the servant, as his master had directed, laid above the door a paper which he had given him, containing, amongst many cabalistical words, the well-known rhyme, —

'Maister Michael Scott's man
Sought meat, and gat nane.'

"Immediately the good old woman, instead of pursuing her domestic occupation, which was baking bread for the reapers, began to dance round the fire, repeating the rhyme, and continued this exercise till her husband sent the reapers to the house, one after another, to see what had delayed their provision; but the charm caught each as they entered, and, losing all idea of returning, they joined in the dance and chorus. At length the old man himself went to the house; but as his wife's frolic with Mr. Michael, whom he had seen on the hill, made him a little cautious, he contented himself with looking in at the window, and saw the reapers at their involuntary exercise, dragging his wife, now completely exhausted, sometimes round, and sometimes through, the fire, which was, as usual, in the midst of the house. Instead of entering, he saddled a horse, and rode up the hill, to humble himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell; which the good-natured warlock immediately granted, directing him to enter the house backwards, and, with his left hand, take the spell from above the door; which accordingly ended the supernatural dance. — This tale was told less particularly in former editions, and I have been censured for inaccuracy in doing so. — A similar charm occurs in *Huon de Bourdeaux*, and in the ingenious Oriental tale called the *Caliph Vathek*.

"Notwithstanding his victory over the witch of Falsehope, Michael Scott, like his predecessor, Merlin, fell at last a victim to female art. His wife, or concubine, elicited from him the secret, that his art could ward off any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth made of the flesh of a *breme* sow. Such a mess she accordingly administered to the wizard, who died in consequence of eating it; surviving, however, long enough to put to death his treacherous confidante" (Scott).

145. *Eildon Hills*. The *Trimontium* of the Romans, to the south of Melrose. The summit of the highest is 1385 feet above the level of the sea.

"Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honor to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand" (Scott).

178. *Good at need.* See on i. 231 above.

186. *That lamp*, etc. Scott has the following note here: "Baptista Porta, and other authors who treat of natural magic, talk much of eternal lamps, pretended to have been found burning in ancient sepulchres. Fortunius Licetus investigates the subject in a treatise, *De Lucernis Antiquorum Reconditis*, published at Venice, 1621. One of these perpetual lamps is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero. The wick was supposed to be composed of asbestos. Kircher enumerates three different recipes for constructing such lamps; and wisely concludes, that the thing is nevertheless impossible (*Mundus Subterraneus*, p. 72). Delrio imputes the fabrication of such lights to magical skill (*Disquisitiones Magicæ*, p. 58). In a very rare romance, which 'treateth of the lyfe of Virgilius, and of his deth, and many marvayles that he dyd in his lyfe-time, by wyche-crafte and nygramancye, throughe the helpe of the devyls of hell,' mention is made of a very extraordinary process, in which one of these mystical lamps was employed. It seems that Virgil, as he advanced in years, became desirous of renovating his youth by magical art. For this purpose he constructed a solitary tower, having only one narrow portal, in which he placed twenty-four copper figures, armed with iron flails, twelve on each side of the porch. These enchanted statues struck with their flails incessantly, and rendered all entrance impossible, unless when Virgil touched the spring, which stopped their motion. To this tower he repaired privately, attended by one trusty servant, to whom he communicated the secret of the entrance, and hither they conveyed all the magician's treasure. 'Then sayde Virgilius, my dere beloved frende, and he that I above alle men truste and knowe mooste of my secret;' and then he led the man into a cellar, where he made a *fayer lamp at all seasons burnynge*. 'And then sayd Virgilius to the man, "Se you the barrel that standeth here?" and he sayd, yea: "Therein must thou put me: fyrst ye must slee me, and hewe me smalle to pieces, and cut my hed in iiii pieces, and salte the heed under in the bottom, and then the pieces there after, and my herte in the myddel, and then set the barrel under the lampe, that nyghte and day the fat therein may droppe and leake; and ye shall ix dayes long, ones in the day, fyll the lampe, and fayle nat. And when this is all done, then shall I be renued, and made yonge agen."' At this extraordinary proposal, the confidant was sore abashed, and made some scruple of obeying his master's commands. At length, however, he complied, and Virgil was slain, pickled, and barrelled up, in all respects according to his own

direction. The servant then left the tower, taking care to put the copper thrashers in motion at his departure. He continued daily to visit the tower with the same precaution. Meanwhile, the emperor, with whom Virgil was a great favorite, missed him from the court, and demanded of his servant where he was. The domestic pretended ignorance, till the emperor threatened him with death, when at length he conveyed him to the enchanted tower. The same threat extorted a discovery of the mode of stopping the statues from wielding their flails. 'And then the emperour entered into the castle with all his folke, and sought all aboute in every corner after Virgilius; and at the laste they soughte so longe, that they came into the seller, where they sawe the lampe hang over the barrell, where Virgilius lay in deed. Then asked the emperour the man, who had made hym so herdy to put his mayster Virgilius so to dethe; and the man answered no worde to the emperour. And then the emperour, with great anger, drewe out his sworde, and slewe he there Virgilius' man. And when all this was done, then sawe the emperour, and all his folke, a naked child iii tymes rennynge about the barrell, saynge these wordes, "Cursed be the tyme that ye ever came here." And with those words vanyshed the chylde awaye, and was never sene ageyn; and thus abyd Virgilius in the barrell deed' (*Virgilius*, bl. let., printed at Antwerpe by John Doesborcke). This curious volume is in the valuable library of Mr. Douce, and is supposed to be a translation from the French, printed in Flanders for the English market. See Goujet, *Biblioth. Franc.* ix. 225. *Catalogue de la Bibliothèque Nationale*, tom. ii. p. 5. *De Bure*, No. 3857."

189. *Traced upon.* That is, by the moonlight. Cf. 169 above.

191. *An iron bar*, etc. The first reading was "A bar from thence the warrior took."

198. *Passing.* Surpassing; as often in earlier English. So often adverbially; as in *Marmion*, i. 101: "love-ditties passing rare," etc. See also iv. 62 below.

214. *A palmer's amice.* A *palmer* was a pilgrim; though the names were sometimes discriminated. Blount, in his *Glossography*, says: "A palmer and a pilgrim differed thus: a pilgrim had some dwelling-place, the palmer none; the pilgrim travelled to some certain place, the palmer to all, and not to any one in particular; the pilgrim might go at his own charge, the palmer must profess wilful poverty; the pilgrim might give over his profession, the palmer must be constant till he had the *palm*, that is, victory over his ghostly enemies and life by death."

The *amice* was a flowing cloak worn by palmers; not to be confounded with the amice worn about the neck by priests. P. gives the latter explanation here, but such an amice could not have *wrapped him round.*

215. *Baldric.* Belt; as in iii. 218 below. Cf. *Marmion*, v. 221:

> "His trusty blade, Toledo right,
> Descended from a baldric bright."

Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 7. 29: "Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he wore," etc.

224. *Often had William*, etc. "The agitation of the monk at the sight of the man whom he had loved with brotherly affection — the

horror of Deloraine, and his belief that the corpse frowned as he withdrew the magic volume from its grasp, are circumstances not more happily conceived than exquisitely wrought" (*Critical Review*).

245. *He thought*, etc. Scott says: "William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. When the body of that famous Christian champion was sitting in state by the high altar of the cathedral church of Toledo, where it remained for ten years, a certain malicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard; but he had no sooner touched the formidable whiskers, than the corpse started up, and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite fled; and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became Christian (Heywood's *Hierarchie*, p. 480, quoted from *Sebastian Cobarruvias Orozee*)."

269. *Sped.* Hurried through, performed in haste.

287. *The Carter's side.* "A mountain on the border of England, above Jedburgh" (Scott). It is one of the Cheviot Hills.

288. *And soon*, etc. Miss Seward remarks: "How lovely and exhilarating is the fresh cool morning landscape which relieves the mind after the horrors of the spell-guarded tomb!" and just below: "How true, sweet, and original, is this description of Margaret — the trembling haste with which she attires herself, descends, and speeds to the bower!"

299. *Kirtle.* Gown; as in vi. 56 below. Cf. *Marmion*, v. 100:

> "Brown Maudlin of that doublet pied
> Could make a kirtle rare."

For *hastilie*, see on i. 2 above.

341. *And half consenting*, etc. Cf. the old ballad (we quote from memory):

> "As maids that know themselves beloved,
> And yieldingly resist."

343. *Yet, might*, etc. That is, *if* it might, etc.

353. *The Baron's dwarf.* On the introduction of this character, see p. 142 above. Scott says here: "The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared, and made some stay, at a farmhouse among the Border-mountains. A gentleman of that country has noted down the following particulars concerning his appearance:—

'The only certain, at least most probable account, that ever I heard of Gilpin Horner, was from an old man, of the name of Anderson, who was born, and lived all his life, at Todshaw-hill, in Eskedale-muir, the place where Gilpin appeared and staid for some time. He said there were two men, late in the evening, when it was growing dark, employed in fastening the horses upon the uttermost part of their ground (that is, tying their forefeet together, to hinder them from travelling far in the night), when they heard a voice, at some distance, crying, "*Tint! tint! tint!*"[1] One of the men, named Moffat, called out, "What deil has tint you? Come here." Immediately a creature, of something like a human form, appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in

[1] *Tint* signifies *lost*.

features, and misshapen in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly, they ran home in a great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and staid there a long time; but I cannot say how long. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and, when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once abusing a child belonging to the same Moffat, who had been so frightened by its first appearance; and he, in a passion, struck it so violent a blow upon the side of the head, that it tumbled upon the ground; but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, "Ah hah, Will o' Moffat, you strike sair!" (viz. *sore*.) After it had staid there long, one evening, when the women were milking the cows in the loan, it was playing among the children near by them, when suddenly they heard a loud shrill voice cry, three times, "*Gilpin Horner!*" It started, and said, "*That is me, I must away*," and instantly disappeared, and was never heard of more. Old Anderson did not remember it, but said, he had often heard his father, and other old men in the place, who were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger years I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with any who had the remotest doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thinking there must be some misrepresentation in it.' To this account, I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word *tint! tint!* Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Be-te-ram, as he pronounced the word; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram: who seems therefore to have been the devil who had *tint*, or lost, the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner on account of his being supposed rather a device of the author than a popular superstition, I can only say, that no legend which I ever heard seemed to be more universally credited, and that many persons of very good rank and considerable information are well known to repose absolute faith in the tradition."

360. *Lost! lost! lost!* The question has often been asked, "What or who was lost?" The answer, as M. remarks, "is that it was the goblin himself that was lost, or strayed from his supernatural master, the wizard Michael Scott."

366. *Some whit.* Somewhat. *No whit* is more common. Cf. iii. 31 below.

367. *Rade.* An old form of the past tense of *ride*, used here for the rhyme. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* v. 2. 13: "And eke the courser whereupon he rad" (rhyming with "had" and "bestrad").

372. *The elfish dwarf with the Baron staid.* "The idea of the imp domesticating himself with the first person he met, and subjecting himself to that one's authority, is perfectly consonant to old opinions. Ben Jonson, in his play of *The Devil is an Ass*, has founded the leading incident of that comedy upon this article of the popular creed. A fiend, styled *Pug*, is ambitious of figuring in the world, and petitions his su-

perior for permission to exhibit himself upon earth. The devil grants him a day-rule, but clogs it with this condition:

> '*Satan.* Only thus more, I bind you
> To serve the first man that you meet; and him
> I 'll show you now; observe him, follow him;
> But, once engaged, there you must stay and fix.'

"It is observable, that in the same play, *Pug* alludes to the spareness of his diet. Mr. Scott's goblin, though 'waspish, arch, and litherlie,' proves a faithful and honest retainer to the lord, into whose service he had introduced himself. This sort of inconsistency seems also to form a prominent part of the diabolic character. Thus, in the romances of the Round Table, we find Merlin, the son of a devil, exerting himself most zealously in the cause of virtue and of religion, the friend and counsellor of King Arthur, the chastiser of wrongs, and the scourge of the infidels" (Lockhart). Cf. v. 203 fol. below.

377. *Litherlie.* Mischievous, vicious. See *Imp. Dict.* and cf. *lither* in Chaucer, *Cuckow and Nightingale*, 14:

> "For he may do all that he woll devise,
> And lither folke to destroyen vice,
> And proud hertes he can make agrise."

381. *For his ministry.* The early eds. omit *for*.

382. *Between Home and Hermitage.* That is, throughout the Border. Home Castle being to the northeast near Kelso and Hermitage Castle to the southwest in Liddesdale. The ruins of both still remain. For *Hermitage*, cf. p. 173 above (note on 110), and see also v. 193 below.

386. *Mary's Chapel of the Lowes.* The Chapel of Saint Mary of the Lowes, on the eastern side of the Loch of the Lowes, which is connected with St. Mary's Loch, out of which the Yarrow flows. It is referred to in *Marmion*, ii. introd. 177. See our ed. p. 260.

390. *But the Ladye of Branksome*, etc. "'Upon 25th June, 1557, Dame Janet Beatoune, Lady Buccleuch, and a great number of the name of Scott, delaitit (accused) for coming to the kirk of St. Mary of the Lowes, to the number of two hundred persons bodin in feire of weire (arrayed in armour), and breaking open the door of the said kirk, in order to apprehend the Laird of Cranstoune for his destruction.' On the 20th July, a warrant from the Queen is presented, discharging the justice to proceed against the Lady Buccleuch while new calling (*Abridgement of Books of Adjournal, in Advocates' Library*). — The following proceedings upon this case appear on the record of the Court of Justiciary: On the 25th of June, 1557, Robert Scott, in Bowhill parish, priest of the kirk of St. Mary's, accused of the convocation of the Queen's lieges, to the number of 200 persons, in warlike array, with jacks, helmets, and other weapons, and marching to the chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes for the slaughter of Sir Peter Cranstoun, out of ancient feud and malice prepense, and of breaking the doors of the said kirk, is repledged by the Archbishop of Glasgow. The bail given by Robert Scott of Allanhaugh, Adam Scott of Burnfute, Robert Scott in Howfurde, Walter Scott in Todshawhaugh, Walter Scott younger of Synton, Thomas Scott of Hayning, Robert Scott, William Scott, and James Scott, brothers of

the said Walter Scott, Walter Scott in the Woll, and Walter Scott, son of William Scott of Harden, and James Wemyss in Eckford, all accused of the same crime, is declared to be forfeited. On the same day, Walter Scott of Synton, and Walter Chisholme of Chisholme, and William Scott of Harden, became bound, jointly and severally, that Sir Peter Cranstoun, and his kindred and servants, should receive no injury from them in future. At the same time, Patrick Murray of Fallohill, Alexander Stuart, uncle to the Laird of Trakwhare, John Murray of Newhall, John Fairlye, residing in Selkirk, George Tait, younger of Pirn, John Pennycuke of Pennycuke, James Ramsay of Cokpen, the Laird of Fassyde, and the Laird of Henderstoune, were all severally fined for not attending as jurors; being probably either in alliance with the accused parties, or dreading their vengeance. Upon the 20th of July following, Scott of Synton, Chisholme of Chisholme, Scott of Harden, Scott of Howpaslie, Scott of Burnfute, with many others, are ordered to appear at next calling, under the pains of treason. But no farther procedure seems to have taken place. It is said, that, upon this rising, the kirk of St. Mary was burnt by the Scotts" (Scott).

411. *Cushat-dove.* "Wood-pigeon" (Scott).

421. *The blood of Velez' scorched vine.* That is, Malaga wine. Velez Malaga is a town in Spain, 14 miles to the northeast of Malaga, near the mouth of the river Velez. For the metaphor in *blood*, cf. *Deut.* xxxii. 14. As P. remarks, the gift of the wine here reminds us of Goethe's ballad, *Der Sänger.*

## CANTO THIRD.

24. *Pricking.* Spurring. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 1.: "A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine," etc. See also iv. 101 below.

33. *The crane on the Baron's crest.* "The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto, *Thou shalt want ere I want*" (Scott).

34. *In his rest.* With the butt of the spear in the projection on the side of the armor called the *rest;* that is, in position for use in attack or defence. To *couch* a spear (cf. 49 below) was another term for thus *laying it in rest.* See also v. 56 below.

47. *Nor prayed.* See on ii. 64 above.

61. *Shield and jack and acton.* "Scott is somewhat indefinite in his description of the Border Knight's armor. The exact meaning of such a word as *jack* is very difficult to ascertain, probably because the name was applied to considerably different pieces of armor. Ritson describes a jack as 'a jacket, or short coat, plated or institched with small pieces of iron, and usually worn by the peasantry of the Border in the journeys from place to place, as well as in the occasional skirmishes with the moss-troopers, who are most probably equipped with the same sort of harness.' But it was not every peasant that had so serviceable a defence. In the ballad *Dick o' the Cow,* Johnnie Armstrong borrows 'the laird's jack,' which is described as a 'steel jack,' and afterwards becomes the prey of the lucky Dick. The jack so called was generally not

plated or mailed: it was a thickly padded garment worn sometimes under plate or mail armor, sometimes without armor, its buckskin being considered protection for men-at-arms, though not for knights. The *acton*, *aketon*, or *haqueton*, made of buckram, was almost always worn under armor" (M.).

66. *On a heap.* Cf. Shakespeare, *Hen. V.* v. 2. 39: "And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps," etc. See also *Exod.* viii. 14.

69. *His foe lay stretched*, etc. "Sir William of Deloraine and his steed, after riding for forty miles in complete armor, make a very good fight. It was natural that the steed should 'stumble in the mortal shock.' The simplicity and verisimilitude of Scott's description of the combat may be compared with the powerful but more forced and fantastic style of Lord Tennyson's description of such encounters. For example, take the combat between Gareth and the Morning Star:

> 'All at fiery speed the two
> Shock'd on the central bridge, and either spear
> Bent but not brake, and either knight at once,
> Hurl'd as a stone from out of a catapult,
> Beyond his horse's crupper and the bridge,
> Fell, as if dead; but quickly rose and drew,' etc.

"Scott follows rather the simplicity of the old romancers. For example, Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, book ix. c. 34: 'Then Sir Launcelot cried, The Knight with the black shield, make thee ready to just with me. When Sir Tristram heard him say so, he gat his spear in his hand, and either abashed down their heads, and came together as thunder, and Sir Tristram's spear brake in pieces, and Sir Launcelot by malfortune struck Sir Tristram on the side a deep wound nigh to the death. But yet Sir Tristram avoided not his saddle, and so the spear brake.' Coming together like thunder is a very common simile in romance" (M.). Cf. 52 above.

82. *Short shrift will be.* Brief time for confession will be allowed.

90. *A book-bosomed priest.* Scott quotes from the *Account of Parish of Ewes* in Macfarlane's MSS.: "At Unthank, two miles N. E. from the church (of Ewes) there are the ruins of a chapel for divine service, in time of Popery. There is a tradition, that friars were wont to come from Melrose, or Jedburgh, to baptize and marry in this parish; and from being in use to carry the mass-book in their bosoms, they were called, by the inhabitants, *Book-a-bosomes*. There is a man yet alive, who knew old men who had been baptized by these Book-a-bosomes, and who says one of them, called Hair, used this parish for a very long time."

103. *Glamour.* Scott says here: "*Glamour*, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. The transformation of Michael Scott by the witch of Falsehope, already mentioned, was a genuine operation of glamour. To a similar charm the ballad of *Johnny Fa'* imputes the fascination of the lovely Countess who eloped with that gypsy leader:—

> 'Sae soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,
> They cast the *glamour* o'er her.'

"It was formerly used even in war. In 1381, when the Duke of Anjou lay before a strong castle, upon the coast of Naples, a necromancer offered to 'make the ayre so thycke, that they within shall thynke that there is a great bridge on the see (by which the castle was surrounded) for ten men to go a front; and whan they within the castle se this bridge, they will be so afrayde, that they shall yelde them to your mercy. The Duke demanded, "Fayre Master, on this bridge that ye speke of, may our people assuredly go thereon to the castell to assayle it?" "Syr," quod the enchantour, "I dare not assure you that; for if any that passeth on the bridge make the signe of the crosse on hym, all shall go to noughte, and they that be on the bridge shall fall into the see." Then the Duke began to laugh; and a certain of young knightes, that were there present, said, "Syr, for godsake, let the mayster essay his cunning: we shal leve making of any signe of the crosse on us for that tyme."' The Earl of Savoy, shortly after, entered the tent, and recognized in the enchanter the same person who had put the castle into the power of Sir Charles de la Payx, who then held it, by persuading the garrison of the Queen of Naples, through magical deception, that the sea was coming over the walls. The sage avowed the feat, and added that he was the man in the world most dreaded by Sir Charles de la Payx. '"By my fayth," quod the Earl of Savoy, "ye say well; and I will that Syr Charles de la Payx shall know that he hath gret wronge to fear you. But I shall assure hym of you; for ye shall never do enchantment to deceyve hym, nor yet none other. I wolde nat that in tyme to come we shulde be reproached that in so hygh an enterprise as we be in, wherein there be so many noble knyghtes and squyres assembled, that we shulde do any thyng be enchantment, nor that we shulde wyn our enemys be suche crafte." Than he called to him a servaunt, and said, "Go and get a hangman, and let him stryke of this mayster's heed without delay;" and as sone as the Erle had commanded it, incontynent it was done, for his heed was stryken of before the Erle's tent' (Froissart, vol. i. ch. 391, 392).

"The art of glamour, or other fascination, was anciently a principal part of the skill of the *jongleur*, or juggler, whose tricks formed much of the amusement of a Gothic castle. Some instances of this art may be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iv. p. 106. In a strange allegorical poem, called the *Houlat*, written by a dependent of the house of Douglas, about 1452–3, the jay, in an assembly of birds, plays the part of the juggler. His feats of glamour are thus described:—

'He gart them see, as it semyt in samyn houre,
Hunting at herdis in holtis so hair;
Some sailand on the see schippis of toure,
Bernis battalland on burd brim as a bare;
He coulde carye the coup of the kingis des,
Syne leve in the stede,
Bot a black bunwede;
He could of a henis hede
Make a man mes.

'He gart the Emproure trow, and trewlye behald,
That the *corncraik*, the pundare at hand,
Had poyndit all his pris hors in a poynd fald,
Because thai ete of the corn in the kirkland

He could wirk windaris, quhat way that he wald,
Mak a gray gus a gold garland,
A lang spere of a bittile, for a berne bald,
Nobilis of nutschelles, and silver of sand.
Thus joukit with juxters the janglane ja,
Fair ladyes in ringis,
Knychtis in caralyngis,
Bayth dansis and singis,
It semyt as sa.'"

M. refers to the story of Aurelius in Chaucer's *Franklin's Tale* as a familiar example of this form of enchantment. Aurelius, in his distress, bethinks him of a book of "magic natural," which he saw lying in the study of a fellow-student at Orleans:

"As yonge clerkes, that ben likerous
To reden artes that ben curious,
Seken in every halke and every herne
Particular sciences for to lerne"—

and resolves to get this young clerk to help him in his love-making by producing illusions. "For," he says to himself—

"For I am siker that ther ben sciences
By which men maken dyverse apparences,
Which as the subtile tregetoures playen.
For ofte at festes have I herd seyen,
That tregetoures, withinne an halle large,
Had made in come water and a barge,
And in the halle rowen up and doun.
Som tyme hath semed come a grym leoun;
Some tyme a castel al of lym and ston,
And when hem liked, voyded it anon."

It was a spell of exactly the same kind that the goblin page learned from Michael Scott's mighty book.

108. *A sheeling.* "A shepherd's hut" (Scott).

118. *Thou smitest sore.* Cf. p. 181 above: "Ah, hah, Will o' Moffat, you strike sair!"

124. *Now, if you ask,* etc. "Dr. Henry More, in a letter prefixed to Glanville's *Saducismus Triumphatus*, mentions a similar phenomenon:

"'I remember an old gentleman in the country, of my acquaintance, an excellent justice of peace, and a piece of a mathematician; but what kind of a philosopher he was, you may understand from a rhyme of his own making, which he commended to me at my taking horse in his yard, which rhyme is this:—

"Ens is nothing till sense finds out:
Sense ends in nothing, so naught goes about."

Which rhyme of his was so rapturous to himself, that, on the reciting of the second verse, the old man turned himself about upon his toe as nimbly as one may observe a dry leaf whisked round the corner of an orchard-walk by some little whirlwind. With this philosopher I have had many discourses concerning the immortality of the soul and its distinction; when I have run him quite down by reason, he would but laugh at me, and say, this is logic, H. (calling me by my Christian name); to which I replyed, this is reason, father L. (for so I used and

some others to call him); but it seems you are for the new lights, and immediate inspiration, which I confess he was as little for as for the other; but I said so only in the way of drollery to him in those times, but truth is, nothing but palpable experience would move him; and being a bold man, and fearing nothing, he told me he had used all the magical ceremonies of conjuration he could, to raise the devil or a spirit, and had a most earnest desire to meet with one, but never could do it. But this he told me, when he did not so much as think of it, while his servant was pulling off his boots in the hall, some invisible hand gave him such a clap upon the back, that it made all ring again; "so," thought he now, "I am invited to the converse of my spirit," and therefore, so soon as his boots were off, and his shoes on, out he goes into the yard and next field, to find out the spirit that had given him this familiar clap on the back, but found none neither in the yard nor field next to it.

"'But though he did not feel this stroke, albeit he thought it afterwards (finding nothing came of it) a mere delusion; yet not long before his death, it had more force with him than all the philosophical arguments I could use to him, though I could wind him and nonplus him as I pleased; but yet all my arguments, how solid soever, made no impression upon him; wherefore, after several reasonings of this nature, whereby I would prove to him the soul's distinction from the body, and its immortality, when nothing of such subtile consideration did any more execution on his mind than some lightning is said to do, though it melts the sword, on the fuzzy consistency of the scabbard, — "Well," said I, "father L., though none of these things move you, I have something still behind, and what yourself has acknowledged to be true, that may do the business: Do you remember the clap on your back when your servant was pulling off your boots in the hall? Assure yourself, says I, father L., that goblin will be the first to bid you welcome into the other world." Upon that his countenance changed most sensibly, and he was more confounded with this rubbing up his memory, than with all the rational or philosophical argumentations that I could produce'" (Scott).

125. *Mot.* More commonly *mote* (to indicate the pronunciation), an archaic form, properly present (*must* being the original preterite of it), but also used by Spenser and others as past. Cf. *F. Q.* iv. 7. 42: "Seeking adventures where he mote [that is, might] heare tell."

140. *Gramarye.* "Magic" (Scott). As M. notes, the word is merely a form of *grammar* (Fr. *grammaire*), and points to a time when all book-learning was viewed with suspicion.

146. *Train.* Entice. Cf. Shakespeare, *L. L. L.* i. 1. 71:

> "These be the stops that hinder study quite,
> And train our intellects to vain delight."

147. *At a word.* In a word; as often in Elizabethan English. Cf. *Coriolanus*, i. 3. 122: "No, at a word, madam," etc.

149. *Seemed.* The ellipsis of *it* is a poetic archaism.

152. *Lurcher.* A dog that lies in wait (*lurches*, or lurks) for game.

155. *The running stream*, etc. Scott says: "It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay,

if you can interpose a brook betwixt you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns's inimitable *Tam o' Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton informs us that certain Irish wizards could, by spells, convert earthen clods or stones into fat pigs, which they sold in the market, but which always reassumed their proper form when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream. But Brompton is severe on the Irish for a very good reason: 'Gens ista spurcissima non solvunt decimas' (*Chronicon Johannis Brompton apud decem Scriptores*, p. 1076)."

157. *Vilde*. A corruption of *vile* common in Elizabethan and earlier writers. *Vild*, *vil'd*, and *vilde* occur about as often as *vile* in the early eds. of Shakespeare; and *vildly* and *vildely* are almost the only forms of the adverb. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 6. 3: "And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde," etc.

175. *Grisly*. Grim, terrible; not to be confounded with *grizzly*. Cf. Shakespeare, *R. of L.* 926: "grisly care;" Gray, *Eton College*, 82: "A grisly troop;" *The Bard*, 44: "a grisly band," etc.

188. *Wildered*. See on introd. 69 above.

189. *Furiouslie*. Of course there is no more reason for the old spelling here than in *manfully* five lines below. Cf. v. 460, 463.

202. *Hoy!* An interjection = *ho!* We find the word in Scottish as a verb = incite, urge on.

206. *Ban-dog*. See on i. 137 above. Here the bloodhound is called a ban-dog, but in 404 below they are spoken of as different kinds of dogs.

210. *Him fro*. From him. *Fro* is an old and simpler form of *from*. It survives in *to and fro*. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 3. 28: "Far be it from my thought, and fro my wil," etc. See also several examples on p. 163 above.

216. *Barret-cap*. Cloth cap. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, vi. 234:

> "The vacant purse shall be my share,
> Which in my barret-cap I 'll bear."

218. *Baldric*. Belt. Cf. ii. 215 above.

221. *Kirtle*. Tunic. See ii. 299 above, where it is used, as is more common, of female dress.

226. *Fence*. Defence; as in iv. 65 below. Cf. the verb in ii. 28 above.

227. *He never counted*, etc. Scott has this note here "Imitated from Drayton's account of Robin Hood and his followers (*Polyolbion*, Song 26):—

> 'A hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
> Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good:
> All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
> His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew.
> When setting to their lips their bugles shrill,
> The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;
> Their bauldrics set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,
> To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
> A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
> Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.

All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,
They not an arrow drew but was a clothyard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft.'

"To wound an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, was reckoned contrary to the law of arms. In a tilt betwixt Gawain Michael, an English squire, and Joachin Cathore, a Frenchman, 'they met at the speare poyntes rudely: the French squyer justed right pleasantly; the Englishman ran too lowe, for he strak the Frenchman depe into the thigh. Wherewith the Erle of Buckingham was right sore displeased, and so were all the other lords, and sayde how it was shamefully done' (Froissart, vol. i. chap. 366). Upon a similar occasion, 'the two knyghts came a fote eche against other rudely, with their speares low couched, to stryke eche other within the foure quarters. Johan of Castell-Morant strake the English squyer on the brest in such wyse, that Syr Wyllyam Fermetone stombled and bowed, for his fote a lyttel fayled him. He helde his speare lowe with both his handes, and coude nat amende it, and strake Syr Johan of the Castell-Morant in the thighe, so that the speare went clene throughe, that the heed was sene a handfull on the other syde. And Syr Johan with the stroke reled, but he fell nat. Than the Englyshe knyghtes and squyers were ryghte sore displeased, and sayde how it was a foule stroke. Syr Wyllyam Fermetone excused himselfe, and sayde how he was sorie of that adventure, and howe that yf he had knowen that it shulde have bene so, he wolde never have begon it; sayenge how he could nat amende it, by cause of glaunsing of his fote by constraynt of the great stroke that Syr Johan of the Castell-Morant had given him' (Froissart, vol. i. chap. 373)."

239. *Show.* The early eds. have "Shews."

244. *Walter of Harden.* See on iv. 120 below, and cf. iv. 457.

250. *Gramercy.* A corruption of the Fr. *grand merci*, great thanks.

270. *Maudlin.* A corruption of *Magdalen.* Cf. the Fr. *Madeleine.* *Tire* = head-dress.

272. *Bandelier.* "Belt for carrying ammunition" (Scott); also spelt *bandoleer.*

273. *Hackbuteer.* Man armed with the *hackbut* (*hagbut, arquebus*, or *harquebuss*, as it is variously spelt), a kind of heavy musket.

291. *And with a charm*, etc. Scott says: "See several charms for this purpose in Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, p. 273.

'Tom Potts was but a serving man,
But yet he was a doctor good;
He bound his handkerchief on the wound,
And with some kinds of words he stanched the blood.'
(*Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, Lond. 1791, p. 131)."

296. *And salved the splinter*, etc. Scott has the following note here: "Sir Kenem Digby, in a discourse upon the cure by sympathy, pronounced at Montpellier before an assembly of nobles and learned men, translated into English by R. White, gentleman, and published in 1658, gives us the following curious surgical case:

"'Mr. James Howel (well known in France for his public works, and particularly for his *Dendrologie*, translated into French by Mons.

Baudouin) coming by chance, as two of his best friends were fighting in duel, he did his endeavour to part them; and, putting himselfe between them, seized, with his left hand, upon the hilt of the sword of one of the combatants, while, with his right hand, he laid hold of the blade of the other. They, being transported with fury one against the other, struggled to rid themselves of the hinderance their friend made, that they should not kill one another; and one of them roughly drawing the blade of his sword, cuts to the very bone the nerves and muscles of Mr. Howel's hand; and then the other disengaged his hilts, and gave a crosse blow on his adversarie's head, which glanced towards his friend, who heaving up his sore hand to save the blow, he was wounded on the back of his hand as he had been before within. It seems some strange constellation reigned then against him, that he should lose so much bloud by parting two such dear friends, who, had they been themselves, would have hazarded both their lives to have preserved his; but this involuntary effusion of bloud by them, prevented that which they sholde have drawn one from the other. For they, seeing Mr. Howel's face besmeared with bloud, by heaving up his wounded hand, they both ran to embrace him; and, having searched his hurts, they bound up his hand with one of his garters, to close the veins which were cut, and bled abundantly. They brought him home, and sent for a surgeon. But this being heard at court, the King sent one of his own surgeons; for his Majesty much affected the said Mr. Howel.

"'It was my chance to be lodged hard by him; and four or five days after, as I was making myself ready, he came to my house, and prayed me to view his wounds; "for I understand," said he, "that you have extraordinary remedies on such occasions, and my surgeons apprehend some fear that it may grow to a gangrene, and so the hand must be cut off." In effect, his countenance discovered that he was in much pain, which he said was insupportable, in regard of the extreme inflammation. I told him I would willingly serve him; but if haply he knew the manner how I would cure him, without touching or seeing him, it may be he would not expose himself to my manner of curing, because he would think it, peradventure, either ineffectual or superstitious. He replied, "The wonderful things which many have related unto me of your way of medicament, makes me nothing doubt at all of its efficacy; and all that I have to say unto you is comprehended in the Spanish proverb, *Hagase el milagro y hagalo Mahoma* — Let the miracle be done, though Mahomet do it."

"'I asked him then for any thing that had the blood upon it; so he presently sent for his garter, wherewith his hand was first bound; and as I called for a bason of water, as if I would wash my hands, I took a handful of powder of vitriol, which I had in my study, and presently dissolved it. As soon as the bloudy garter was brought me, I put it within the bason, observing, in the interim, what Mr. Howel did, who stood talking with a gentleman in a corner of my chamber, not regarding at all what I was doing; but he started suddenly, as if he had found some strange alteration in himself. I asked him what he ailed? "I know not what ailes me; but I finde that I feel no more pain. Me-thinks that a pleasing kinde of freshnesse, as it were a wet cold napkin,

did spread over my hand, which hath taken away the inflammation that tormented me before." I replied, "Since then that you feel already so good effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your playsters; only keep the wound clean, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold." This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the king, who were both very curious to know the circumstance of the businesse, which was, that after dinner I took the garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a great fire. It was scarce dry, but Mr. Howel's servant came running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more; for the heat was such as if his hand were 'twixt coles of fire. I answered, although that had happened at present, yet he should find ease in a short time; for I knew the reason of this new accident, and would provide accordingly; for his master should be free from that inflammation, it may be before he could possibly return to him; but in case he found no ease, I wished him to come presently back again; if not, he might forbear coming. Thereupon he went; and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water, thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterward; but within five or six dayes the wounds were cicatrized, and entirely healed.'

"The king (James VI.) obtained from Sir Kenelm the discovery of his secret, which he pretended had been taught him by a Carmelite friar, who had learned it in Armenia, or Persia. Let not the age of animal magnetism and metallic tractors smile at the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby. Reginald Scot mentions the same mode of cure in these terms: 'And that which is more strange . . . they can remedie anie stranger with that verie sword wherewith they are wounded. Yea, and that which is beyond all admiration, if they stroke the sword upward with their fingers, the partie shall feele no pain; whereas, if they draw their fingers downwards, thereupon the partie wounded shall feele intolerable pain.' I presume that the success ascribed to the sympathetic mode of treatment might arise from the pains bestowed in washing the wound, and excluding the air, thus bringing on a cure by the first intention. It is introduced by Dryden in the *Enchanted Island*, a (very unnecessary) alteration of the *Tempest* (v. 2):

> '*Ariel.* Anoint the sword which pierced him with this
> Weapon-salve, and wrap it close from air,
> Till I have time to visit him again.'

"Again, in scene 4th, Miranda enters with Hippolito's sword wrapt up:—

> '*Hip.* O my wound pains me!
> *Mir.* I am come to ease you. [*She unwraps the Sword*
> *Hip.* Alas, I feel the cold air come to me;
> My wound shoots worse than ever.
> *Mir.* Does it still grieve you? [*She wipes and anoints the Sword*
> *Hip.* Now, methinks, there 's something laid just upon it.
> *Mir.* Do you find no ease?
> *Hip.* Yes, yes; upon the sudden all this pain
> Is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am eased!' "

305. *The evening fell*, etc. M. compares Byron's *Don Juan*, iii. 102 fol.: "Ave Maria! blessed be the hour," etc. P. refers to the opening

lines of the same poet's *Parisina:* "It is the hour when from the boughs," etc.; and on 320 below he cites the "Vesper adest," etc of Catullus, and Campbell's verses *To the Evening Star:* "Gem of the crimson-colored even," etc. Other parallels might easily be found in the poets, with whom the theme is a favorite one.

321. *Penchryst Pen.* A height southeast from Branksome. *Pen* and *Ben* (Celtic for *head*) are common in the names of hills and mountains in Scotland and Wales.

324. *Shakes its loose tresses*, etc. Cf. 1 *Henry VI.* i. 1. 2:

> "Comets importing change of times and states,
> Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;"

and Milton, *P. L.* ii. 710, where the comet

> "from his horrid hair
> Shakes pestilence and war."

326. *The beacon-blaze of war.* Scott has the following note on 345 below: "*Bale*, beacon-fagot. The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh. The Act of Parliament, 1455, c. 48, directs, that one bale or fagot shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales, that they are *coming indeed;* four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force. 'The same taikenings to be watched and maid at Eggerhope (Eggerstand) Castell, fra they se the fire of Hume, that they fire right swa. And in like manner on Sowtra Edge, sall se the fire of Eggerhope Castell, and mak taikening in like manner: And then may all Louthaine be warned, and in special the Castell of Edinburgh; and their four fires to be made in like manner, that they in Fife, and fra Striveling east, and the east part of Louthaine, and to Dunbar, all may se them, and come to the defence of the realme.' These beacons (at least in latter times) were a 'long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar-barrel' (*Stevenson's History*, vol. ii. p. 701)."

336. *Cresset.* In a note on *Marmion*, ii. 350 ("A cresset in an iron chain"), Scott defines the word as "an antique chandelier," which it often means. Here it refers to the lamps or fire-pans hung on pivots, and carried at the end of long poles. This portable cresset was usually a hollow vessel filled with a coil of rope saturated with tar, resin, or other combustible substance.

337. *Confusedly.* A trisyllable; as in *Lady of the Lake*, i. 272: "Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled;" and *Id.* ii. 161: "Confusedly bound in memory's ties."

340. *Reeds beside a frozen brook.* "The cutting wintry wind that shakes the reeds is implied in the *frozen*" (P.).

341. *The seneschal.* The high steward, or chief official of a castle or barony, the representative of his lord in all respects, empowered to punish offences, determine controversies, and direct and record all proceedings in the Courts of the Manor.

346. *Priesthaughswire.* Another beacon-hill and stronghold (cf. quotation in next note) to the south of Branksome. Many of these local

names are not to be found in the gazetteers or guide-books, nor on the ordinary maps.

349. *Mount*, etc. "*Mount for Branksome* was the gathering word of the Scotts" (Scott). M. quotes the ballad of *Jamie Telfer* in the *Border Minstrelsy*, where there is a similar hurried gathering of the clan:

> "Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons,
> Wi' them will Borthwick Water ride;
> Warn Goldilands, and Allanhaugh,
> And Gilmans-cleuch, and Commonside.
>
> "Ride by the gates o' Priesthaughswire,
> And warn the Currors o' the Lea;
> As ye come doun the Hermitage Slack,
> Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinberry.
>
> "The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,
> Sae starkly and sae steadilie!
> And aye the ower-word o' the thrang
> Was 'Rise for Branksome readilie!'"

350. *Thou, Todrig*, etc. "The speed with which the Borderers collected great bodies of horse, may be judged of from the following extract, when the subject of the rising was much less important than that supposed in the romance. It is taken from Carey's *Memoirs*:—

"'Upon the death of the old Lord Scroop, the Queen gave the west wardenry to his son, that had married my sister. He having received that office, came to me with great earnestness, and desired me to be his deputy, offering me that I should live with him in his house; that he would allow me half a dozen men, and as many horses, to be kept at his charge; and his fee being 1000 merks yearly, he would part it with me, and I should have the half. This his noble offer I accepted of, and went with him to Carlisle; where I was no sooner come, but I entered into my office. We had a stirring time of it; and few days past over my head but I was on horseback, either to prevent mischief, or take malefactors, and to bring the Border in better quiet than it had been in times past. One memorable thing of God's mercy shewed unto me, was such as I have good cause still to remember it.

'I had private intelligence given me, that there were two Scottishmen that had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Græmes relieved. This Græme dwelt within five miles of Carlisle. He had a pretty house, and close by it a strong tower, for his own defence in time of need. About two o'clock in the morning, I took horse in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots were gotten in the strong tower, and I could see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him; I little suspecting what it meant. But Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me, that if I did not presently prevent it, both myself and all my company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, "Do you see that boy that rideth away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this half hour; and he is gone to let them know, that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you; and that if they

will make haste, on a sudden they may surprise us, and do with us what they please." Hereupon we took advice what was best to be done. We sent notice presently to all parts to raise the country, and to come to us with all the speed they could; and withall we sent to Carlisle to raise the townsmen; for without foot we could do no good against the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company; and within short time after the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse; and, after some longer stay, the foot of Carlisle came to us, to the number of three or four hundred men; whom we presently set to work, to get to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof; and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and by that means to win the tower. The Scots, seeing their present danger, offered to parley, and yielded themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate, and yielded themselves my prisoners, but we might see 400 horse within a quarter of a mile coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company; but of a sudden they stayed, and stood at gaze. Then had I more to do than ever; for all our Borderers came crying, with full mouths, "Sir, give us leave to set upon them; for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers, and uncles, and our cousins; and they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they could get on a sudden; and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours." I desired they would be patient a while, and bethought myself, if I should give them their will, there would be few or none of the Scots that would escape unkilled (there was so many deadly feuds among them); and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them, that if I were not there myself, they might then do what they pleased themselves; but being present, if I should give them leave, the blood that should be spilt that day would lie very hard upon my conscience. And therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear; and, if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could, upon my sending to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. They were ill satisfied with my answer, but durst not disobey. I sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could; for if they stayed the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own home. They made no stay; but they were returned homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy, I escaped a great danger; and, by my means, there were a great many men's lives saved that day'" (Scott). The *Johnstones*, *Elliots*, and *Armstrongs* were important Border families or clans.

372. *And warn their vassals.* Cf. the sending abroad of the Fiery Cross in *Lady of the Lake*, iii. 179 fol.

373. *The ready page*, etc. "We absolutely see the fires kindling, one after another, in the following animated description" (*Annual Review*, 1804).

374. *Need-fire.* "Beacon" (Scott).

385. *Tarn.* "Mountain lake" (Scott).

386. ***Earn.*** "A Scottish eagle" (Scott).

387. *Cairn.* "The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with some very rude ornaments; his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture" (Scott).

389. *Dunedin.* See on i. 61 above.

390. *Soltra and Dumpender Law.* See *Addenda*, p. 237 below.

392. *Bowne.* "Make ready" (Scott). Cf. *Marmion*, iv. 487:

> "Each ordering that his band
> Should bowne them with the rising day,
> To Scotland's camp, to make their way," etc.

Cf. also the adjective *boune*, or *bown* (= ready, prepared); as in *Lady of the Lake*, iv. 157: "Will see them here for battle boune," etc.

398. *Massy.* See on introd. 33 above.

407. *Smile.* Note the rhyme with *toil*, and see on introd. 98 above.

416. *Black-mail.* "Protection-money exacted by freebooters" (Scott). The word has become a familiar one since Scott's day.

417. *With small avail.* With little gain or profit; referring to the following *them*, not to *Liddesdale*.

418. *Agen.* An old spelling of *again*.

431. *Withal.* Here, as often, simply equivalent to *with*. Sometimes it is = *with it*, etc. Cf. Shakespeare, *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 139: "I came hither to acquaint you withal." See Abbott, *Shakes. Gr.* § 196.

Miss Seward remarks: "Nothing can excel the simple concise pathos of the close of this Canto — nor the touching picture of the Bard when, with assumed *business*, he tries to conceal real sorrow. How well the poet understands the art of contrast — and how judiciously it is exerted in the exordium of the next Canto, where our mourning sympathy is exchanged for the thrill of pleasure!"

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## CANTO FOURTH.

"THE first two stanzas may serve as a reminder of the change that Scott introduced upon the reflective poetry of the eighteenth century. 'The Minstrel's strain of reflection is an echo of Rogers's 'Pleasures of Memory,' whose elegant musings on the past had some share in form

ing Scott's historic sentiment. But the reflections of Rogers are abstract, detached from individual human interest, common to humanity. Here, on the other hand, we have not merely reflections in general on the changes that time brings, but personal emotion, the touching retrospect of an individual man, with joys and griefs of his own to remember, awakened as in real life by casual incidents. This exhibition of warm personal emotion, set in a moving stream of life, was one of the novelties of the Lay, and one of the main secrets of its effect" (M.).

4. *Along thy wild and willowed shore.* An exquisite example of alliteration, and a singularly musical line.

8. *Rolled upon the Tweed.* The original reading was "rolled their way to Tweed."

20. *Great Dundee.* "The viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killiecrankie" (Scott); otherwise known as Graham of Claverhouse. The date of the battle was July 29, 1689.

Jeffrey says of these opening stanzas: "Some of the most interesting passages of the poem are those in which the author drops the business of his story to moralize, and apply to his own situation the images and reflections it has suggested. After concluding one Canto with an account of the warlike array which was prepared for the reception of the English invaders, he opens the succeeding one with the following beautiful verses. . . . There are several other detached passages of equal beauty, which might be quoted in proof of the effect which is produced by this dramatic interference of the narrator."

28. *For pathless marsh*, etc. Scott says: "The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army (*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i. p. 393). Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunlaws, upon the Ale at Ancram, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Eske, at Gorton and Hawthornden, are hollowed into similar recesses. But even these dreary dens were not always secure places of concealment. 'In the way as we came, not far from this place (Long Niddry), George Ferres, a gentleman of my Lord Protector's . . . happened upon a cave in the grounde, the mouth whereof was so worne with the fresh printe of steps, that he seemed to be certayne thear wear some folke within; and gone doune to trie, he was redily receyved with a hakebut or two. He left them not yet, till he had known wheyther thei wold be content to yield and come out; which they fondly refusing, he went to my lorde's grace, and upon utterance of the thynge, gat licence to deale with them as he coulde; and so returned to them, with a skore or two of pioners. Three ventes had their cave, that we wear ware of, whereof he first stopt up on; anoother he fill'd full of strawe, and set it a fyer, whereat they within cast water apace; but it was so wel mayn teyned without, that the fyer prevayled, and thei within fayn to get them belyke into anoother parler. Then devysed we (for I hapt to be with him) to stop the same up, whereby we should eyther smoother them, or fynd out their ventes, if thei hadde any moe: as this was done at another issue, about xii score of, we moughte see the fume of their smoke to

come out: the which continued with so great a force, and so long a while, that we could not but thinke they must needs get them out, or smoother within: and forasmuch as we found not that they dyd the tone, we thought it for certain thei wear sure of the toother' (Patten's *Account of Somerset's Expedition into Scotland*, apud Dalyell's *Fragments*)."

31. *Peel's.* See on i. 265 above.

37. *Showed Southern ravage*, etc. Scott says here: "From the following fragment of a letter from the Earl of Northumberland to King Henry VIII., preserved among the Cotton MSS. Calig. B. vii. 179, the reader may estimate the nature of the dreadful war which was occasionally waged upon the Borders, sharpened by mutual cruelties, and the personal hatred of the wardens, or leaders:

"Some Scottish Barons, says the Earl, had threatened to come within 'three miles of my pore house of Werkworth, where I lye, and gif me light to put on my clothes at mydnight; and alsoo the said Marke Carr said there opynly, that, seyng they had a governor on the Marches of Scotland, as well as they had in Ingland, he shulde kepe your highness instructions, gyffyn unto your garyson, for making of any day-forrey; for he and his friends wolde burne enough on the nyght, lettyng your counsaill here defyne a notable acte at theyre pleasures. Upon whiche, in your highnes name, I comaundet dewe watche to be kepte on your Marchies, for comyng in of any Scotts. Neuertheles, upon Thursday at night last, came thyrty light horsemen into a litil village of myne, called Whitell, having not past sex houses, lying towards Ryddisdaill, upon Shilbotell More, and there wold have fyred the said howses, but ther was no fyre to get there, and they forgate to brynge any withe theyme; and took a wyf being great with chylde, in the said towne, and said to hyr, Wher we can not gyve the lard lyght, yet we shall doo this in spyte of hym; and gyve her iii mortall wounds upon the heid, and another in the right side, with a dagger: whereupon the said wyf is deede, and the childe in her bely is loste. Beseeching your most gracious highness to reduce unto your gracious memory this wylful and shamefull murder, done within this your highnes realme, notwithstanding all the inhabitants thereabout rose unto the said fray, and gave warnynge by becons into the countrey afore theyme, and yet the Scottsmen dyde escape. And uppon certeyne knowledge to my brother Clyfforthe and me, had by credible persons of Scotland, this abomynable act not only to be done by dyverse of the Mershe, but also the afore named persons of Tyvidaill, and consented to, as by appearance, by the Erle of Murey, upon Friday at night last, let slyp C of the best horsemen of Glendaill, with a parte of your highnes subjects of Berwike, together with George Dowglas, whoo came into Ingland agayne, in the dawning of the day; but afore theyre retorne, they dyd mar the Earl of Murreis provisions at Coldingham; for they did not only burne the said town of Coldingham, with all the corne thereunto belonging, which is esteemed wurthe cii marke sterling; but alsoo burned twa townes nye adjoining thereunto, called Branerdergest and the Black Hill, and toke xxiii persons, lx horse, with cc hed of cataill, which, nowe as I am informed, hathe not only been a staye of the said Erle of Murreis not

coming to the Bordure as yet, but alsoo, that none inlande man will adventure theyr self uppon the Marches. And as for the tax that shulde have been grauntyd for finding of the said iii hundred men, is utterly denyed. Upon which the King of Scotland departed from Edynburgh to Stirling, and as yet there doth remayn. And also I, by the advice of my brother Clyfforth, have devysed, that within this iii nyghts, Godde willing, Kelsey, in like case, shall be brent, with all the corn in the said town; and then they shall have noo place to lye any garyson in nygh unto the Borders. And as I shall atteigne further knowledge, I shall not faill to satisfye your highnes, according to my most bounden dutie. And for this burnyng of Kelsey is devysed to be done secretly, by Tyndaill and Ryddisdale. And thus the holy Trynite and . . . your most royal estate, with long lyf, and as much increase of honour as your most noble heart can desire. *At Werkworth the* xxiid *day of October*' (1522)."

40. *Watt Tinlinn.* Scott remarks: "This person was, in my younger days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a *sutor*, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon one occasion, the captain of Bewcastle, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, is said to have made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated and forced to fly. Watt Tinlinn pursued him closely through a dangerous morass; the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Tinlinn dismounted, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult: 'Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots; the heels *risp* [creak], and the seams *rive*.' 'If I cannot sew,' retorted Tinlinn, discharging a shaft, which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle, 'if I cannot sew, I can *yerk*.'"[1] With Tinlinn's arrival at Branksome, compare Jamie Telfer's (*Border Minstrelsy*): —

> "And when they cam to Branksome Ha'
> They shouted a' baith loud and hie,
> Till up and spak him auld Buccleuch,
> Said — 'Whae 's this brings the fraye to me?'
> 'It 's I, Jamie Telfer o' the Fair Dodhead,
> And a harried man I think I be!
> There 's naught left in the Fair Dodhead
> But a greeting wife and bairnies three.'"

44. *Saint Barnabright.* St. Barnabas' day, the 11th of June, was reckoned in Old Style the longest day of the year; and hence it was called "Barnaby bright" or "long Barnaby." Cf. Spenser, *Epithal.* 266:

> "This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
> With Barnaby the bright;"

Eachard, *Cont. Clergy*, 32 (1670): "Barnaby-bright would be much too short for him to tell you all that he could say," etc.

47. *Yew.* For the *yew* as a material for bows, cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 9: "The Eugh, obedient to the benders will."

51. *A Warden-Raid.* "An inroad commanded by the Warden in person" (Scott).

[1] "*Yerk*, to twitch, as shoemakers do in securing the stitches of their work" (Scott).

52. *While thus he spake*, etc. *The Critical Review* (1805) remarks: "The dawn displays the smoke of ravaged fields and shepherds, with their flocks, flying before the storm. Tidings brought by a tenant of the family, not used to seek a shelter on light occasions of alarm, disclose the strength and object of the invaders. This man is a character of a lower and of a rougher cast than Deloraine. The portrait of the rude retainer is sketched with the same masterly hand. Here, again, Mr. Scott has trod in the footsteps of the old romancers, who confine not themselves to the display of a few personages who stalk over the stage on stately stilts, but usually reflect all the varieties of character that marked the era to which they belong. The interesting example of manners thus preserved to us, is not the only advantage which results from this peculiar structure of their plan. It is this, amongst other circumstances, which enables them to carry us along with them, under I know not what species of fascination, and to make us, as it were, credulous spectators of their most extravagant scenes. In this they seem to resemble the painter, who, in the delineation of a battle, while he places the adverse heroes of the day combating in the front, takes care to fill his background with subordinate figures, whose appearance adds at once both spirit and an air of probability to the scene."

55. *Hag.* "The broken ground in a bog" (Scott).

56. *Billhope stag.* "There is an old rhyme, which thus celebrates the places in Liddesdale remarkable for game:

> 'Billhope bráes for bucks and raes,
> And Carit haugh for swine,
> And Tarras for the good bull trout,
> If he be ta'en in time.'

"The bucks and roes, as well as the old swine, are now extinct; but the good bull-trout is still famous" (Scott).

60. *Of silver brooch and bracelet proud.* "As the Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plundered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendor in decorating and ornamenting their females. — See Lesly, *de Moribus Limitaneorum*" (Scott).

62. *Passing.* See on ii. 198 above.

64. *Morion.* A steel cap, or helmet without a beaver. See our ed. of *Marmion*, p. 247, note on 130.

65. *Jack.* See on iii. 61 above; and for *fence*, on iii. 226.

74. *Belted Will Howard.* "Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George Lord Dacre, who died without heirs-male, in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches; and, from the rigor with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions. In the castle of Naworth, his apartments, containing a bedroom, oratory, and library, are still shown. They impress us with an unpleasing idea of the life of a Lord Warden of the Marches. Three

or four strong doors, separating these rooms from the rest of the castle, indicate the apprehensions of treachery from his garrison; and the secret winding passages, through which he could privately descend into the guard-room, or even into the dungeons, imply the necessity of no small degree of secret superintendence on the part of the governor. As the ancient books and furniture have remained undisturbed, the venerable appearance of these apartments, and the armor scattered around the chamber, almost lead us to expect the arrival of the warden in person Naworth Castle is situated near Brampton in Cumberland. Lord William Howard is ancestor of the Earls of Carlisle" (Scott).

75. *Lord Dacre.* "The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard Cœur-de-Lion. There were two powerful branches of that name. The first family, called Lord Dacres of the South, held the castle of the same name, and are ancestors to the present Lord Dacre. The other family, descended from the same stock, were called Lord Dacres of the North, and were barons of Gilsland and Graystock. A chieftain of the latter branch was warden of the West Marches during the reign of Edward VI. He was a man of a hot and obstinate character, as appears from some particulars of Lord Surrey's letter to Henry VIII., giving an account of his behavior at the siege and storm of Jedburgh. It is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Appendix to the Introduction" (Scott).

76. *The German hackbut-men.* See on iii. 273 above. Scott says here: "In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky, there were in the English army six hundred hackbutters on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners. On the 27th of September, 1549, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, writes to the Lord Dacre, warden of the West Marches: 'The Almains, in number two thousand, very valiant soldiers, shall be sent to you shortly from Newcastle, together with Sir Thomas Holcroft, and with the force of your wardenry (which we would were advanced to the most strength of horsemen that might be), shall make the attempt to Loughmaben, being of no such strength but that it may be skailed with ladders, whereof, beforehand, we would you caused secretly some number to be provided; or else undermined with the pyke-axe, and so taken: either to be kept for the King's Majesty, or otherwise to be defaced, and taken from the profits of the enemy. And in like manner the house of Carlaverock to be used.' Repeated mention occurs of the Almains, in the subsequent correspondence; and the enterprise seems finally to have been abandoned, from the difficulty of providing these strangers with the necessary 'victuals and carriages in so poor a country as Dumfries-shire' (*History of Cumberland*, vol. i. introd. p. lxi). From the battle-pieces of the ancient Flemish painters, we learn, that the Low Country and German soldiers marched to an assault with their right knees bared. And we may also observe, in such pictures, the extravagance to which they carried the fashion of ornamenting their dress with knots of ribbon. This custom of the Germans is alluded to in the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, p. 121:

'Their pleited garments therewith well accord,
All jagde and frounst, with divers colours deckt.''

87. *Scrogg.* "A shady wood" (P.).

91. *Fastern's night.* The eve of the great *Fast* of Lent. "The day was kept as a carnival; hence the Borderer is aptly represented as doing his last bit of stealing before the Fast came on" (P.).

100–103. *There was saddling*, etc. These four lines were not in the 1st ed.

101. *Pricking.* See on iii. 24 above.

104. *Saint Mary's silver wave.* St. Mary's Lake. Cf. ii. 399 above.

105. *Gamescleuch's dusky height.* A hill across the Ettrick from Thirlestane Castle. An old tower still marks the place.

106. *Thirlestane.* "Sir John Scott of Thirlestane flourished in the reign of James V., and possessed the estates of Thirlestane, Gamescleuch, etc., lying upon the river of Ettrick, and extending to St. Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. It appears, that when James had assembled his nobility, and their feudal followers, at Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the King wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleurs-de-luce, similar to the tressure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest; motto, *Ready, aye ready.* The charter itself is printed by Nisbet; but his work being scarce, I insert the following accurate transcript from the original, in the possession of the Right Honorable Lord Napier, the representative of John of Thirlestane.

'James Rex.

'We, James, be the grace of God, King of Scottis, considerand the ffaith and guid servis of of[1] right traist friend John Scott of Thirlestane, quha cummand to our hoste at Soutra-edge, with three score and ten launcieres on horseback of his friends and followers, and beand willing to gang with ws into England, when all our nobles and others refuised, he was ready to stake all at our bidding; ffor the quhilk cause, it is our will, and we doe straitlie command and charg our lion herauld and his deputies for the time beand, to give and to graunt to the said John Scott, ane Border of ffleure ide lises about his coatte of armes, sik as is on our royal banner, and alsua ane bundell of launces above his helmet, with thir words, Readdy, ay Readdy, that he and all his aftercummers may bruik the samine, as a pledge and taiken of our guid will and kyndnes for his true worthines; and thir our letters seen, ye nae wayes failzie to doe. Given at Ffalla Muire, under our hand and privy cashet, the xxvii day of July, m c and xxxii zeires. By the King's graces speciall ordinance.

Jo. Arskine.'

On the back of the charter is written,

'Edin. 14 January, 1713. Registred, conform to the act of parliament made anent probative writs, per M'Kaile, pror. and produced by

[1] Sic in orig.

Alexander Borthwick, servant to Sir William Scott of Thirlestane. M. L. J.'" (Scott).

120. *An aged knight,* etc. Cf. iii. 244 above. Scott says here: "The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the Laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of Murdieston was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress, in 1296. Hence they bear the cognizance of the Scotts upon the field; whereas those of the Buccleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in consequence of that marriage. — See *Gladstaine of Whitelawe's MSS.*, and *Scott of Stokoe's Pedigree*, Newcastle, 1783.

"Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary, was a renowned Border freebooter, concerning whom tradition has preserved a variety of anecdotes, some of which have been published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;* others in Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy;* and others, more lately, in *The Mountain Bard*, a collection of Border ballads by Mr. James Hogg. The bugle-horn, said to have been used by this formidable leader, is preserved by his descendant, the present Mr. Scott of Harden. His castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his spoil, which served for the daily maintenance of his retainers, until the production of a pair of clean spurs, in a covered dish, announced to the hungry band that they must ride for a supply of provisions. He was married to Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and called in song the Flower of Yarrow. He possessed a very extensive estate, which was divided among his five sons. There are numerous descendants of this old marauding Baron. The following beautiful passage of Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy*, is founded on a tradition respecting an infant captive, whom Walter of Harden carried off in a predatory incursion, and who is said to have become the author of some of our most beautiful pastoral songs:

'Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,
Through slaty hills, whose sides are shagg'd with thorn,
Where springs in scatter'd tufts the dark-green corn,
Towers wood-girt Harden, far above the vale,
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.
A hardy race, who never shrunk from war,
The *Scott*, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fixed his mountain-home; — a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain;
But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more bless'd his fearless arm supplied.

'The waning harvest-moon shone cold and bright;
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night;
And as the massy portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.
What fair, half-veil'd, leans from her latticed hall,
Where red the wavering gleams of torchlight fall?
'T is Yarrow's fairest Flower, who, through the gloom,
Looks, wistful, for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil that strew'd the ground,
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew.
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew

'Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
While beauteous Mary soothed in accents mild
His fluttering soul, and clasp'd her foster child.
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nor loved the scenes that scared his infant view;
In vales remote, from camps and castles far,
He shunn'd the fearful shuddering joy of war;
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

'His are the strains whose wandering echoes thrill
The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill,
When evening brings the merry folding hours,
And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.
He lived o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly leaves o'er Harden's bier:
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom:
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, and left his own unsung.'"

122. *Azure in a golden field.* Heraldic phraseology, like *bend* just below. See the preceding note.

125. *Oakwood Tower.* In the vale of Ettrick, four miles southwest of Selkirk. It was once the residence of Michael Scott the wizard.

140. *Dinlay.* A mountain in Liddesdale.

143. *A braver knight*, etc. Scott was himself descended from Wat of Harden. A satirical piece, entitled "The Town Eclogue," which made much noise in Edinburgh shortly after the appearance of the *Minstrelsy* (in which there is another long note on Wat), has these lines:

"A modern author spends a hundred leaves,
To prove his ancestors notorious thieves."

145. *Scotts of Eskdale*, etc. This and the next two stanzas (lines 145–223) were not in the 1st ed. Scott says in a note: "In this and the following stanzas, some account is given of the mode in which the property in the valley of Esk was transferred from the Beattisons, its ancient possessors, to the name of Scott. It is needless to repeat the circumstances, which are given in the poem literally as they have been preserved by tradition. Lord Maxwell, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, took upon himself the title of earl of Morton. The descendants of Beattison of Woodkerrick, who aided the earl to escape from his disobedient vassals, continued to hold these lands within the memory of man, and were the only Beattisons who had property in the dale. The old people give locality to the story, by shewing the Galliard's Haugh, the place where Buccleuch's men were concealed, etc."

157. *Into fair Eskdale.* The early eds. have "to fair Eskdale."

159. *Galliard.* The word (Fr. *gaillard*) means gay or gallant.

On *heriot*, Scott says: "The feudal superior, in certain cases, was entitled to the best horse of the vassal, in name of Heriot, or Herezeld." M. quotes Wharton's *Law Lexicon*, in which the word is defined thus: "Originally a tribute to the lord of a manor of the horse or habiliments of the deceased tenants, in order that the *militiæ apparatus* might continue to be used for the purpose of national defence by each succeeding

tenant. On the decline of the military tenures, the heriot was commuted for a money payment, or for the tenant's best beast (*averium*), or dead chattel, which is most commonly compounded for."

170. *Muir.* Moor, or heath.

177. *Cast.* Pair; used only of hawks. In Scottish a *cast* of herrings means four, or as many as are thrown into a vessel at once.

179. *Beshrew thy heart.* That is, may evil befall it. *Beshrew* was "originally a mild, indeed very mild form of imprecation = woe to: sometimes so far from implying a curse as to be uttered coaxingly, nay even with some tenderness" (Schmidt). Cf. Shakespeare, *M. of V.* ii 6. 52: "Beshrew me, but I love her heartily," etc.

206. *Far Craikcross.* The reading of the early eds. All the recent ones misprint "fair Craikcross."

226–229. *From Yarrow-cleugh*, etc. These four lines are not in the 1st ed.

"*Bellenden* is situated near the head of Borthwick Water, and being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word (*Survey of Selkirkshire*, in *Macfarlane's MSS.*, Advocates' Library). Hence Satchells calls one part of his genealogical account of the families of that clan, his Bellenden" (Scott). But on this occasion, as M. notes, the place of rendezvous would seem to have been Branksome itself.

249. *Plained.* Complained (but not a contraction of that word), wailed. Cf. Shakespeare, *C. of E.* i. 1. 73: "The piteous plainings of the pretty babes," etc.

251. *Some fairy, sure, had changed the child.* As often happened, according to popular belief. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 10. 65:

> "From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
> There as thou slepst in tender swadling band;
> And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
> Such men do Chaungelings call, so chaung'd by Faeries theft."

258. *Rangleburn's.* A quadrisyllable, like *Unicorn's* in i. 207 above. See note on that word.

The *Rangleburn*, or *Rankleburn*, flows into the Ettrick not far from *Buccleuch*, the old estate of the Scotts, whence they took their title. See on p. 149 above.

267. *Mickle.* An old and Northern form for *much*. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 31: "A noble peer of mickle trust and power" (the only instance in which he uses the word in verse).

269. *As a shallow brook*, etc. See on iii. 155 above.

274. *A cloth-yard shaft.* "An arrow of a cloth-yard long," as the old ballad of *Chevy-Chace* has it. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 88: "Draw me a clothier's yard." See also quotation in note on iii. 227 above.

289. *A measured*, etc. The early eds. all have "And measured," etc. The change may be a misprint.

291. *The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum.* As M. notes, *Almayn*, or German, mercenaries were often employed in mediæval wars, especially in Italy and France. But indeed, "free companies," as they were called, whose services were at the disposal of the highest bidder, were formed

of all nationalities. They were active on both sides in the fourteenth-century wars between France and England, some of the leaders being prominent figures in the politics of the period. Cf. 76 above.

292. *Sheen.* Bright, shining. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 1. 10: "So faire and sheene," etc.

299. *Kendal archers.* From Kendal in Westmoreland.

303. *Billmen.* Armed with the *bill* (310), a kind of battle-axe fixed to a long pole. Cf. *Marmion*, i. 103:

> "Four men-at-arms came at their backs,
> With halbert, bill, and battle-axe."

304. *On Irthing.* On the banks of the Irthing, a river of Cumberland, flowing into the Eden.

305. *Kirtles.* See on iii. 221 above.

307. *Acre's conquered wall.* See on 75 above.

317. *They knew no country*, etc. Scott says here: "The mercenary adventurers, whom, in 1380, the Earl of Cambridge carried to the assistance of the King of Portugal against the Spaniards, mutinied for want of regular pay. At an assembly of their leaders, Sir John Soltier, a natural son of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them: '"I counsayle, let us be alle of one alliance, and of one accorde, and let us among ourselves reyse up the baner of St. George, and let us be frendes to God, and enemyes to alle the worlde; for without we make ourselfe to be feared, we gette nothynge." "By my fayth," quod Sir William Helmon, "ye saye right well, and so let us do." They all agreed with one voyce, and so regarded among them who shulde be their capitayne. Then they advysed in the case how they coude nat have a better capitayne than Sir John Soltier. For they sulde than have good leyser to do yvel, and they thought he was more metelyer thereto than any other. Then they raised up the penon of St. George, and cried, "A Soltier! a Soltier! the valyaunt bastarde! frendes to God, and enemies to all the worlde!"' (*Froissart*, vol. i. ch. 393)."

319. *Levin-darting guns.* "There is, strange to say, the greatest uncertainty about the exact date of the introduction of hand-guns into warfare. The earliest known use of them in England was in 1471, when Edward IV. landed in Yorkshire, having in his train 300 Flemings armed with hand-guns. They are also known to have been used at the siege of Berwick in 1521. The English government was slow in adopting the new invention, though Scott is perhaps not strictly accurate in arming English soldiers with the bow only as late as 1559. The slow spread of firearms was probably due more to the scarcity of gunpowder than to anything else. Till the discovery of nitre in India in the seventeenth century, gunpowder was not plentiful" (M.).

For *levin* = lightning (obsolete, except in poetry), cf. *Marmion*, i. 400: "Mid thunder-dint and flashing levin," etc. See also vi. 429 below.

320. *Frounced.* Plaited. Cf. Milton, *Il Pens.* 123: "Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont," etc.

321. *Morsing-horns.* "Powder-flasks" (Scott).

322. *Better knee.* Right knee. Cf. note on 76 above.

330. *Glaive.* Broadsword; as in 413 below. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, iv 274: "The hand that held the glaive," etc.

331. *Battle's.* Army's. Cf. *Henry V.* iv. prol. 9: "Each battle sees the other's umber'd face," etc.

333. *To gain his spurs.* That is, to win the badge of knighthood. Cf. *Marmion*, i. 95: "They burned the gilded spurs to claim," etc.

334. *Glove.* In the same construction as *favor*. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 3. 18:

> "And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
> And wear it as a favour," etc.

339. *And cried*, etc. The *Critical Review* remarks: "The stanzas describing the march of the English forces, and the investiture of the Castle of Branxholm, display a great knowledge of ancient costume, as well as a most picturesque and lively picture of feudal warfare."

344. *Bartizan.* A small overhanging turret.

345. *Partisan.* A kind of halberd, or long-handled battle-axe. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 1. 140: "Shall I strike at it with my partisan?"

346. *Falcon and culver.* Small cannon, which were in use for a century before hand firearms were introduced.

351. *Seething pitch*, etc. For pouring upon the heads of the besiegers. Towers had projecting galleries with slits through which the hot shower could be let fall.

365. *A gauntlet on a spear.* "A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded. See Lesly" (Scott).

374. *Gilsland.* A town and district in Cumberland, not far from the Border.

377. *Reads.* Counsels; an old sense of the word. We still say "read one a lesson." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 13: "Therefore I read beware," etc. See also the noun in *F. Q.* vi. 2. 30: "To whose wise read she hearkning;" *Hamlet*, i. 3. 51: "And recks not his own rede," etc.

*Swith.* Quickly. Cf. *Gammer Gurton*, ii. 47: "Hence swythe to Dr. Rat hye thee;" *King Estmere* (Percy's *Reliques*): "And swithe he drew his brand," etc.

387. *Pursuivant-at-arms.* "Literally, 'one who follows,' that is, upon a herald; an officer-at-arms of the degree below a herald. The herald had to pass through this stage on his way to the higher dignity, and, while a pursuivant, wore his tabard with the sleeves turned round to back and breast. See note to Strutt's *Dress and Habits*, Planché's edition, p. 188. It is doubtful whether Scott was right in dressing the pursuivant in Lord Howard's livery (393): he was a state official" (M.).

394. *The lion argent.* The badge of the Howards. Cf. 505 below.

400. *Irks.* The verb was at first used personally; as in Surrey's *Æneid*, ii. 18: "The Grekes chieftaines all irked with the war," Udall, *Jonah*, xii.: "ignominie irketh them muche," etc. Afterwards it came to be used only impersonally; as often in the Elizabethan writers. Cf. *F. Q.* vi. 10. 29:

> "Sayd Calidore: 'Now sure it yrketh mee,
> That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,'" etc.

407. *Flemens-firth.* "An asylum for outlaws" (Scott).

409. *March-treason pain.* Scott says: "Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country during the time of truce. Thus, in an indenture made at the water of Eske, beside Salom, on the 25th day of March, 1334, betwixt noble lords and mighty, Sirs Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, a truce is agreed upon until the 1st day of July; and it is expressly accorded, 'Gif ony stellis authir on the ta part, or on the tothyr, that he shall be hanget or heofdit; and gif ony company stellis any gudes within the trieux beforesayd, ane of that company sall be hanget or heofdit, and the remanant sall restore the gudys stolen in the dubble' (*History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, introd. p. xxxix.)."

410. *Saint Cuthbert's even.* The festival of this saint (for whom see *Marmion*, ii. 254 fol. and note in our ed. p. 266) occurs on the 20th of March.

411. *Pricked.* See on iii. 24 above.

412. *Harried.* "Plundered" (Scott). Cf. Tennyson, *The Coming of Arthur*, 9:

> "And still from time to time the heathen host
> Swarmed overseas, and harried what was left."

413. *Glaive.* See on 330 above.

418. *Warrison.* Scott defines this as "note of assault;" but there seems to be no other authority for this sense. In Chaucer and other old writers, *warison* = guerdon, reward.

426. *Cheer.* Face, look; its original sense. Cf. Shakespeare, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 96: "pale of cheer;" *Lady of the Lake*, iii. 332: "With changed cheer," etc.

434. *Your lords.* The 1st ed. has "Thy lords." *Emprise* = enterprise; as in *Lady of the Lake*, i. 478: "I'll lightly front each high emprise," etc.

437. *Will cleanse him by oath.* Scott says: "In dubious cases, the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath. The form of excusing bills, or indictments, by Border-oath, ran thus: 'You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you are whart out sackless of art, part, way, witting, ridd, kenning, having, or recetting of any of the goods and cattels named in this bill. So help you God' (*History of Cumberland*, introd. p. xxv.)."

442. *Knighthood he took*, etc. "The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honor of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights bannerets after or before an engagement. Even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Essex highly offended his jealous sovereign by the indiscriminate exertion of this privilege.

Among others, he knighted the witty Sir John Harrington, whose favor at court was by no means enhanced by his new honors. See the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, edited by Mr. Park. But probably the latest instance of knighthood, conferred by a subject, was in the case of Thomas Ker, knighted by the Earl of Huntley, after the defeat of the Earl of Argyle in the battle of Belrinnes. The fact is attested, both by a poetical and prose account of the engagement, contained in an ancient MS. in the Advocates' Library, and edited by Mr. Dalyell, in *Godly Sangs and Ballets*, Edin. 1802" (Scott).

443. *Ancram ford.* "The battle of Ancram Moor, or Penielheuch, was fought A. D. 1545. The English, commanded by Sir Ralph Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesley" (Scott).

444. *And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight.* The early eds. have "And but that," etc. For *wight*, see on i. 36 above.

447. *For the young heir*, etc. *As* for, etc.

453. *Slogan.* See on i. 63 above. *Lyke-wake* = "the watching of a corpse previous to interment" (Scott).

458. "*Pensils*, or pensels, is used by Lord Berners for the *pennonceaux*, little pennons or streamers in the form of a swallow's tail, attached to the lance of a knight. When the Black Prince created Sir John Chandos a knight banneret before the battle of Navaretta, he cut off the tails of his pennoncel to make it a banner" (M.).

470. *What make you*, etc. What do you, etc. Cf. Shakespeare, *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 31: "What make you here?" The phrase is very common in the plays, and is quibbled upon in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 190 fol. and *Rich. III.* i. 3. 164 fol., as well as in the context of the passage just quoted.

474. *Ruberslaw.* A mountain not far from Hassendean (see on i. 272 above) and Denholm, the birthplace of Scott's friend, John Leyden, who describes the height as one

> "that lifts its head sublime
> Ragged and hoary with the wrecks of time."

475. *Weapon-schaw.* "The military array of a county" (Scott); literally, show of weapons.

481. *Rood.* Cross. See on introd. 80 above.

498. *Harquebuss.* See on 76 above. *On row* = in a row.

505. *The Blanche Lion.* "This was the cognizance of the noble house of Howard in all its branches. The crest, or bearing, of a warrior, was often used as a *nomme de guerre*. Thus Richard III. acquired his well-known epithet, *The Boar of York*. In the violent satire on Cardinal Wolsey, written by Roy, commonly, but erroneously, imputed to Dr. Bull, the Duke of Buckingham is called the *Beautiful Swan*, and the Duke of Norfolk, or Earl of Surrey, the *White Lion*. As the book is extremely rare, and the whole passage relates to the emblematical interpretation of heraldry, it shall be here given at length:

*" The description of the Armes.*

'Of the proud Cardinal this is the shelde,
Borne up betweene two angels of Sathan;
The six bloudy axes in a bare felde,
Sheweth the cruelte of the red man,
Which hath devoured the Beautiful Swan,
Mortal enemy unto the Whyte Lion,
Carter of Yorke, the vyle butcher's sonne.
The six bulles heddes in a felde blacke,
Betokeneth his stordy furiousness,
Wherefore, the godly lyght to put abacke,
He bryngeth in his dyvlish darcness;
The bandog in the middes doth expresse
The mastiff curre bred in Ypswich towne,
Gnawynge with his teth a kinges crowne.
The cloubbe signifieth playne his tiranny,
Covered over with a Cardinals hatt,
Wherein shall be fulfilled the prophecy,
Aryse up, Jacke, and put on thy salatt,
For the tyme is come of bagge and walatt.
The temporall chevalry thus thrown doune,
Wherefor, prest, take hede, and beware thy crowne.'

"There were two copies of this very scarce satire in the library of the late John, Duke of Roxburghe. See an account of it also in Sir Egerton Brydges' curious miscellany, the *Censura Literaria*" (Scott).

509. *Certes.* Certainly. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 30: "For, certes, these are people of the island," etc. It was nearly obsolete in the time of Shakespeare, who uses it only five times. It was a favorite archaism with Spenser.

512. *Let Musgrave*, etc. Scott has this note here: "It may easily be supposed, that trial by single combat, so peculiar to the feudal system, was common on the Borders. In 1558, the well-known Kirkaldy of Grange fought a duel with Ralph Evre, brother to the then Lord Evre, in consequence of a dispute about a prisoner said to have been ill treated by the Lord Evre. Pitscottie gives the following account of the affair: 'The Lord of Ivers his brother provoked William Kircaldy of Grange to fight with him, in singular combat, on horseback, with spears; who, keeping the appointment, accompanied with Monsieur d'Ossel, lieutenant to the French King, and the garrison of Haymouth, and Mr. Ivers, accompanied with the governor and garrison of Berwick, it was discharged, under the pain of treason, that any man should come near the champions within a flight-shot, except one man for either of them, to bear their spears, two trumpets, and two lords to be judges. When they were in readiness, the trumpets sounded, the heralds cried, and the judges let them go. They then encountered very fiercely; but Grange struck his spear through his adversary's shoulder, and bare him off his horse, being sore wounded: But whether he died, or not, it is uncertain' (p. 202).

"The following indenture will shew at how late a period the trial by combat was resorted to on the Border, as a proof of guilt or innocence: —

"'It is agreed between Thomas Musgrave and Lancelot Carleton, for the true trial of such controversies as are betwixt them, to have it openly tried by way of combat, before God and the face of the world, to

try it in Canonbyholme, before England and Scotland, upon Thursday in Easter-week, being the eighth day of April next ensuing, A. D. 1602, betwixt nine of the clock, and one of the same day, to fight on foot, to be armed with jack, steel cap, plaite sleeves, plaite breaches, plaite sockes, two basleard swords, the blades to be one yard and half a quarter of length, two Scotch daggers. or dorks, at their girdles, and either of them to provide armour and weapons for themselves, according to this indenture. Two gentlemen to be appointed, on the field, to view both the parties, to see that they both be equal in arms and weapons, according to this indenture; and being so viewed by the gentlemen, the gentlemen to ride to the rest of the company, and to leave them but two boys, viewed by the gentlemen, to be under sixteen years of age, to hold their horses. In testimony of this our agreement, we have both set our hands to this indenture, of intent all matters shall be made so plain, as there shall be no question to stick upon that day. Which indenture, as a witness, shall be delivered to two gentlemen. And for that it is convenient the world should be privy to every particular of the grounds of the quarrel, we have agreed to set it down in this indenture betwixt us, that, knowing the quarrel, their eyes may be witness of the trial.

THE GROUNDS OF THE QUARREL.

"'1. Lancelot Carleton did charge Thomas Musgrave before the Lords of her Majesty's Privy Council, that Lancelot Carleton was told by a gentleman, one of her Majesty's sworn servants, that Thomas Musgrave had offered to deliver her Majesty's Castle of Bewcastle to the King of Scots; and to witness the same, Lancelot Carleton had a letter under the gentleman's own hand for his discharge.

"'2. He chargeth him, that whereas her Majesty doth yearly bestow a great fee upon him, as captain of Bewcastle, to aid and defend her Majesty's subjects therein: Thomas Musgrave hath neglected his duty, for that her Majesty's Castle of Bewcastle was by him made a den of thieves, and an harbour and receipt for murderers, felons, and all sorts of misdemeanors. The precedent was Quintin Whitehead and Runion Blackburne.

"'3. He chargeth him, that his office of Bewcastle is open for the Scotch to ride in and through, and small resistance made by him to the contrary.

"'Thomas Musgrave doth deny all this charge; and saith, that he will prove that Lancelot Carleton doth falsely bely him, and will prove the same by way of combat, according to this indenture. Lancelot Carleton hath entertained the challenge; and so, by God's permission, will prove it true as before, and hath set his hand to the same.

(Signed) THOMAS MUSGRAVE.
LANCELOT CARLETON.'"

518. *Brook.* A pet word with Scott. Cf. 489 just above and 576 below.

540. *Falls.* Befalls, turns out. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, i. 317: "Or fall the worst that may betide," etc.

555. *Lists.* The field of combat, perhaps so called from the *lists*, or strips of cloth enclosing it. See Skeat, and cf. v. 153 below.

568. *Whenas.* When; often printed as two words in old books. Cf *Marmion*, i. 472: "Whenas the Palmer came in hall," etc.

570. *The jovial harper.* Scott says: "The person here alluded to, is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Rattling Roaring Willie. This *sobriquet* was probably derived from his bullying disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy as is frequently mentioned in old plays. While drinking at Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule Water so called. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air, called 'Rattling Roaring Willie.' Ramsay, who set no value on traditionary lore, published a few verses of this song in the *Tea-table Miscellany*, carefully suppressing all which had any connexion with the history of the author and origin of the piece. In this case, however, honest Allan is in some degree justified, by the extreme worthlessness of the poetry. A verse or two may be taken, as illustrative of the history of Roaring Willie, alluded to in the text:

'Now Willie 's gane to Jeddart,
And he 's for the *rood-day*;[1]
But Stobs and young Falnash[2]
They follow'd him a' the way;
They follow'd him a' the way,
They sought him up and down,
In the links of Ousenam water
They fand him sleeping sound.

'Stobs light aff his horse,
And never a word he spak,
Till he tied Willie's hands
Fu' fast behind his back;
Fu' fast behind his back,
And down beneath his knee,
And drink will be dear to Willie,
When sweet milk[3] gars him die.

'Ah wae light on ye, Stobs!
An ill death mot ye die;
Ye 're the first and foremost man
That e'er laid hands on me;
That e'er laid hands on me,
And took my mare me frae:
Wae to you, Sir Gilbert Elliot!
Ye are my mortal fae!

'The lasses of Ousenam water
Are rugging and riving their hair,
And a' for the sake of Willie,
His beauty was so fair:

[1] The day of the Rood-fair at Jedburgh.
[2] Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, and Scott of Falnash.
[3] A wretched pun on his antagonist's name.

His beauty was so fair,
And comely for to see,
And drink will be dear to Willie,
When sweet milk gars him die.'"

574. *Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws.* "The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulations runs thus: 'Be it remembered, that, on the 18th day of December, 1468, Earl *William Douglas* assembled the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had, at the college of *Linclouden;* and there he caused these lords and Borderers bodily to be sworn, the Holy Gospel touched, that they, justly and truly, after their cunning, should decrete, decern, deliver, and put in order and writing, the statutes, ordinances, and uses of marche, that were ordained in *Black Archibald of Douglas's* days, and Archibald his son's days, in time of warfare; and they came again to him advisedly with these statutes and ordinances, which were in time of warfare before. The said Earl *William*, seeing the statutes in writing decreed and delivered by the said lords and Borderers, thought them right speedful and profitable to the Borders; the which statutes, ordinances, and points of warfare, he took, and the whole lords and Borderers he caused bodily to be sworn, that they should maintain and supply him at their goodly power, to do the law upon those that should break the statutes underwritten. Also, the said Earl *William*, and lords, and eldest Borderers, made certain points to be treason in time of warfare to be used, which were no treason before his time, but to be treason in his time, and in all time coming'" (Scott).

591. *Air.* The word means sand-bank.

614. *Minion.* Favorite; the earlier meaning of the word. Cf. Sylvester's *Du Bartas* (1605): "God's disciple and his dearest minion;" Stirling's *Domes-day:* "Immortal minions in their Maker's sight," etc.

616. *In sooth.* See on introd. 67 above.

617. *Hearse.* Tomb. The *herse*, or *hearse*, was originally a temporary canopy covered with candles, which was placed over the coffin during the funeral ceremonies; afterwards the word came to mean a permanent canopy over a tomb, or (at least in poetry) the tomb itself

620. *Smile.* For the rhyme, cf. 267, 268 above, and see on introd. 98.

## CANTO FIFTH.

29. *Antique.* Accented on the first syllable, as often in Scott and regularly in Elizabethan poetry. Cf. *Marmion*, iv. introd. 171: "The legend of that antique knight;" *Id.* v. 559: "The antique buildings, climbing high;" Shakespeare, *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 31: "Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out," etc.

36. *Impel the rill.* That is, add to its flow. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 42:

"Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears."

49. *Vails.* It avails, or profits. See on iii. 149 above.

51. *The Bloody Heart*, etc. "The chief of this potent race of heroes, about the date of the poem, was Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of

Angus, a man of great courage and activity. The Bloody Heart was the well-known cognizance of the House of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart, to be carried to the Holy Land" (Scott).

53. *Vails not to tell*, etc. Lines 53–58 were inserted in the 2d ed. The 1st reads:

> "Vails not to tell what hundreds more
> From the rich Merse and Lammermore," etc.

*Spurn.* Kick up their heels. The word properly means to kick with the *spur* (whence it is derived), as in vi. 172 below.

54. *The Seven Spears*, etc. "Sir David Home, of Wedderburn, who was slain in the fatal battle of Flodden, left seven sons by his wife Isabel, daughter of Hoppringle of Galashiels (now Pringle of Whitebank). They were called the Seven Spears of Wedderburne" (Scott).

56. *Laid the lance in rest.* See on iii. 34 above.

58. *Clarence's Plantagenet.* "At the battle of Beauge, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V., was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swinton, who distinguished him by a coronet set with precious stones, which he wore around his helmet. The family of Swinton is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and produced many celebrated warriors" (Scott). Sir John Swinton was one of the poet's ancestors.

62. *Beneath the crest*, etc. "The Earls of Home, as descendants of the Dunbars, ancient Earls of March, carried a lion rampant, argent; but, as a difference, changed the color of the shield from gules to vert, in allusion to Greenlaw, their ancient possession. The slogan, or war-cry, of this powerful family, was, 'A Home! a Home!' It was anciently placed in an escrol above the crest. The helmet is armed with a lion's head erased gules, with a cap of state gules, turned up ermine. The *Hepburns*, a powerful family in East Lothian, were usually in close alliance with the Homes. The chief of this clan was Hepburn, Lord of Hailes, a family which terminated in the too famous Earl of Bothwell" (Scott).

110. *The football play.* "The football was anciently a very favorite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, Warden of the Middle Marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of the Armstrongs, returning from a football match. Sir Robert Carey, in his Memoirs, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Scotch riders to be held at Kelso for the purpose of playing at football, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present, the football is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggle" (Scott).

119. *Whingers.* "A sort of knife or poniard" (Scott).

122. *'Twixt truce and war*, etc. "Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual inroads, the inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity, which might have been expected. On the contrary, like the outposts of hos-

tile armies, they often carried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostilities; and it is evident, from various ordinances against trade and intermarriages, between English and Scottish Borderers, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connexion. Froissart says of both nations, that 'Englyshmen on the one party, and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre; for when they meet, there is a harde fight without sparynge. There is no hoo [*truce*] between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers, will endure, but lay on eche upon uther; and whan they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtained the victory, they then gloryfye so in theyre dedes of armies, and are so joyfull, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed, or that they go out of the felde; so that shortly eche of them is so content with other, that, at their departynge, curtyslye they will say, God thank you' (Berners's *Froissart*, vol. ii. p. 153). The Border meetings of truce which, although places of merchandise and merriment, often witnessed the most bloody scenes, may serve to illustrate the description in the text. They are vividly portrayed in the old ballad of the *Reidsquair* [see *Minstrelsy*]. Both parties came armed to a meeting of the wardens, yet they intermixed fearlessly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse, until a casual fray arose:

'Then was there nought but bow and spear,
And every man pulled out a brand.'

"In the 29th stanza of this canto, there is an attempt to express some of the mixed feelings, with which the Borderers on each side were led to regard their neighbors" (Scott).

128. *Wassail gay.* "Geoffrey of Monmouth's story of the meeting of Vortigern and Rowena is well known. Hengist, Rowena's father, invited Vortigern to a feast, and 'when that was over, the young lady came out of her chamber bearing a golden cup full of wine, and making a low courtesy, said to him, "Lord King, *wæs hæl!*" The King, at the sight of the lady's face, was on a sudden surprised and inflamed with her beauty; and calling to his interpreter, asked him what she said and what answer he should make her. "She called you Lord King," said the interpreter, "and offered to drink your health. Your answer to her must be *Drinc hæl!*" Vortigern accordingly answered *Drinc hæl!* and bade her drink; after which he took the cup from her hand, kissed her, and drank himself. From that time to this, it has been the custom in Britain that he who drinks to any one says *Wæs hæl!* and he that pledges him answers *Drinc hæl!*' *Wæs hæl* means simply 'be hale or whole,' and *Drinc hæl* (Drink, hale), 'drink, and health be with you!' See Skeat" (M.).

139. *The shrill watchword*, etc. Scott has this note here: "Patten remarks, with bitter censure, the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers, who attended the Protector Somerset on his expedition against Scotland. 'As we wear then a setling, and the tents a setting up, among all things els commendable in our hole journey, one thing scemed to me an intollerable disorder and abuse: that whereas always, both in all tounes of war, and in all campes of armies, quietness and stilnes, without nois, is, principally in the night, after the watch is set,

observed, (I nede not reason why,) our northern prikers, the Borderers, notwithstandyng, with great enormitie, (as thought me,) and not unlike (to be playn) unto a masterles hounde howlying in a hie way when he hath lost him he waited upon, sum hoopynge, sum whistlyng, and most with crying, A Berwyke, a Berwyke! A Fenwyke, a Fenwyke! A Bulmer, a Bulmer! or so ootherwise as theyr captains names wear, never lin'de these troublous and dangerous noyses all the nyghte longe. They said, they did it to find their captain and fellows; but if the souldiers of our oother countreys and sheres had used the same maner, in that case we should have oft tymes had the state of our campe more like the outrage of a dissolute huntyng, than the quiet of a well ordered armye. It is a feat of war, in mine opinion, that might right well be left. I could reherse causes (but yf I take it, they are better unspoken than uttred, unless the faut wear sure to be amended) that might shew thei move alweis more peral to our armie, but in their one nyght's so doynge, than they shew good service (as some sey) in a hoole vyage' (*Apud* Dalzell's *Fragments*, p. 75)."

152. *Strong pales*, etc. This line is not in the 1st ed.

163. *Bower*. Chamber. See on introd. 16 above.

165. *By times*. Betimes (in which *be-* = *by*); by the proper time, or in good time.

179. *Ousenam bowers*. Ousenam, or Oxnam, the seat of the Cranstouns, was near Jedburgh.

190. *Urchin*. The word is often = mischievous elf. Cf. Shakespeare, *M. W.* iv. 4. 49: "urchins, ouphes [elves], and fairies." They were probably so called because they sometimes took the form of urchins, or hedgehogs. Cf. Caliban's account of Prospero's spirits in *Temp.* ii. 2. 9:

> "Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
> And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
> Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
> Their pricks at my footfall," etc.

193. *Hermitage*. The Castle of Hermitage, the grand stronghold of the Douglases, is one of the most interesting historic edifices on the Border. It is about thirty miles from Carlisle, and four miles from the Steele Road station on the railway between that city and Edinburgh. It is believed to have been built in 1244 by Walter Comyn, Earl of Monteith; and the exterior, with its four rectangular towers, is still quite perfect. It was taken by the English in the reign of David II., but was recovered by William Douglas, the Black Knight of Liddesdale. Queen Mary, accompanied by Murray, visited Bothwell here, while he was suffering from a wound soon after Rizzio's murder. Cf. ii. 382 above.

196. *Vassalage*. Vassals; the abstract for the concrete. This use of the word is rare; but cf. Shakespeare, *T. and C.* iii. 2. 40:

> "Like vassalage at unawares encountering
> The eye of majesty."

224. *Silver link*. The 1st ed. has "silver cord."

229. *Blasts*. The early eds. (down to 1821) have "blast."

230. *Port.* "A martial piece of music, adapted to the bagpipes" (Scott).

242. *'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlestane.* Lockhart reminds us that Harden was an ancestor of Scott, and Thirlestane of Lord Napier, Lord Lieutenant of the county of which Scott was Sheriff when the *Lay* was written. For the use of *'twixt* cf. 442 below.

243. *Gan.* See on i. 253 above.

250. *Her charm.* Cf. iii. 290 fol. above.

259. *Buff.* "A material so thick as often to resist a blow from a sword" (P.).

260. *Slashed.* That is, cut so as to shew the satin lining through the openings.

264. *Bilboa blade.* Bilboa in Spain was famous for the manufacture of iron and steel; hence a fine Spanish blade was often called a *bilbo*. Cf. Shakespeare, *M. W.* iii. 5. 112: "like a good bilbo;" Drayton, *Battle of Agincourt:* "And forth their bilbows drew," etc.

271. *Wimple.* A kind of plaited kerchief. Cf. *F. Q.* i. 12. 22: "And widow-like sad wimple," etc. See also *Isaiah*, iii. 22. We also find *wimple* as a verb = plait, or fold; as in *F. Q.* i. 1. 4: "Under a vele, that wimpled was full low," etc.

280. *Cause of terror*, etc. Cranstoun had of course made her the confidant of his plan, which is *unguessed* by the others until he makes himself known in 390 below.

286. *Scarce rued the boy*, etc. A "touch of nature."

292, 293. *While to each knight*, etc. This couplet was added in the 2d ed.

301. *Till thus the alternate heralds spoke.* For the speeches of the heralds, and the other formalities of the occasion, cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. Jeffrey remarks: "The whole scene of the duel, or judicial combat, is conducted according to the strictest ordinances of chivalry, and delineated with all the minuteness of an ancient romancer. The modern reader will probably find it rather tedious; all but the concluding stanzas, which are in a loftier measure — 'T is done! 't is done,' etc."

305. *Despiteous scathe.* Despiteful injury. Cf. *K. John*, i. 4. 34: "Turning dispiteous torture out of door" (the only instance of the word in Shakespeare); and *Id.* ii. 1. 75: "To do offence and scath in Christendom," etc.

311. *Strain.* Stock, race. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1. 59: "O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain," etc.

313. *His coat.* That is, his coat-of-arms, or the honor of his name.

319–324. *Then, Teviot*, etc. For these six lines the 1st ed. has only the couplet:

> "At the last words, with deadly blows,
> The ready warriors fiercely close."

334. *Claymore.* "A large sword" (Gaelic *claidheamh*, sword, and *more*, great).

344. *Gorget.* A piece of armor to defend the throat. Cf. Shakespeare, *T. and C.* i. 3. 174:

> "to cough and spit,
> And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
> Shake in and out the rivet."

346. *O bootless aid!* The 1st ed. has "In vain — in vain!"
348. *Shriven.* Absolved after confession. Cf. *shrift* in iii. 82 above
366. *The death-pang's o'er.* The 1st ed. has "'t is o'er, 't is o'er!"
371. *Beaver.* The movable mouthpiece of the helmet. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 2. 230: "he wore his beaver up;" 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 120: "their beavers down," etc. For *did he not*, some eds. have "he did not"
400. *Me lists.* See on ii. 141 above.
411. *Influence.* See on i. 177 above.
413. *For pride*, etc. See on i. 179 above.
430. *Dight.* See on i. 42 above.
441. *Needs not.* It needs not. See on 49 above.
442. *'Twixt.* For the repetition, cf. 242 above.
456. *Wraith.* "The spectral apparition of a living person" (Scott
460. *Heartilie.* We should expect "courtesie" in the rhyming word, but cf. iii. 189, 194 above.
474. *His foeman's epitaph.* "Deloraine's respect for his enemy is in the best spirit of chivalry. Compare Prince Hal's epitaph on Hotspur, 1 *Henry IV.* v. 4. 87. Froissart's account of the behavior of the Earl of Montfort over the dead body of Charles de Blois at the battle of Auray is another parallel: 'All the knights then present accompanied him to the spot where he was lying apart from the others, covered by a shield, which he ordered to be taken away, and looked at him very sorrowfully. After having paused a while, he exclaimed, "Ah, my lord Charles, sweet cousin, how much mischief has happened to Brittany from your having supported by arms your pretensions. God help me, I am truly unhappy at finding you in this situation, but at present this cannot be amended." Upon which he burst into tears'" (M.).
481. *A thousand mark.* Good old English. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 91 "Bid her send me presently a thousand pound," etc. See Mätzner, vol i. pp. 230, 240.
482. *It was long of thee.* Also good English. Cf. *Coriolanus*, v. 4 31: "all this is long of you," etc. See Wb.
487. *Rest thee God!* See on introd. 50 above. Here M. retains Scott's pointing, which is the only proper one.
490. *Whose word*, etc. Scott quotes Drayton, *Polyolbion*, song 13.

> "The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear
> Have for their blazon had, the snaffle, spur and spear."

491. *The best to follow gear.* M. quotes *The Fray of Suport* in the *Border Minstrelsy*:

> "Doughty Dan o' the Houlet Hirst,
> Thow was aye gude at a birst;
> Gude wi' a bow, and better wi' a speir,
> The bauldest Marchman that e'er follow'd gear."

494. *Cheer the dark bloodhound*, etc. "The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the injured party and his friends with bloodhounds and bugle-horn, and was called the *hot-trod*. He was entitled, if his dog could trace the scent, to follow the invaders into the opposite kingdom; a privilege which often occasioned bloodshed. In addition

to what has been said of the bloodhound, I may add, that the breed was kept up by the Buccleuch family on their Border estates till within the 18th century. A person was alive in the memory of man, who remembered a bloodhound being kept at Eldinhope, in Ettrick Forest, for whose maintenance the tenant had an allowance of meal. At that time the sheep were always watched at night. Upon one occasion, when the duty had fallen on the narrator, then a lad, he became exhausted with fatigue, and fell asleep upon a bank, near sun-rising. Suddenly he was awakened by the tread of horses, and saw five men, well mounted and armed, ride briskly over the edge of the hill. They stopped and looked at the flock; but the day was too far broken to admit the chance of their carrying any of them off. One of them, in spite, leaped from his horse, and coming to the shepherd, seized him by the belt he wore round his waist; and, setting his foot upon his body, pulled it till it broke, and carried it away with him. They rode off at the gallop; and the shepherd giving the alarm, the bloodhound was turned loose and the people in the neighborhood alarmed. The marauders, however, escaped, notwithstanding a sharp pursuit. This circumstance serves to shew how very long the license of the Borderers continued in some degree to manifest itself" (Scott).

496. *I 'd give*, etc. The *Critical Review* remarks: "The style of the old romances has been very successfully imitated in the whole of this scene; and the speech of Deloraine, who, roused from his bed of sickness, rushes into the lists and apostrophizes his fallen enemy, brought to our recollection, as well from the peculiar turn of expression in its commencement as in the tone of sentiments which it conveys, some of the *funebres orationes* of the *Morte d'Arthur*."

499. *Bowning*. Making ready to go. See on iii. 392 above.

506. *Stole*. The ecclesiastical scarf. Cf. vi. 516 below.

512. *Holme Coltrame's lofty nave*. The church of Holme Coltrame (or Cultram), a parish in Cumberland. Cf. note on ii. 138 above.

527. *Poor and thankless soil*. The Scottish Border. Cf. p. 144 above.

535. *Misprized*. Undervalued, slighted. Cf. Shakespeare, *A. Y. L.* I. 2. 192: "your reputation shall not therefore be misprized;" *T. and C.* iv. 5. 74:

> "'T is done like Hector; but securely done,
> A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
> The knight oppos'd," etc.

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## CANTO SIXTH.

In a letter to Miss Seward, Scott says in reply to a criticism of hers: "The Sixth Canto is altogether redundant; for the poem should certainly have closed with the union of the lovers, when the interest, if any, was at an end. But what could I do? I had my book and my page still on my hands, and must get rid of them at all events. Manage them as I would, their catastrophe must have been insufficient to

occupy an entire canto; so I was fain to eke it out with the songs of the minstrels."

On this letter M. comments thus: "I have already argued [see p. 142 above] that the last canto is no more redundant than the first; that it is a necessary part of the scheme of the poem, essential to carrying it out with the proportion assigned to the supernatural element at the beginning. But if Scott himself said that it was redundant, surely he must have known best? The answer to this is, that we must not attach too much importance to a writer's half-serious criticism of his own work, when he is called upon to defend it, in answer to the objections of so pertinacious a lady as the good Miss Seward. Scott at least must have been of a different opinion about the Sixth Canto when he wrote it, and we must take the work as it stands, not as seen by the author himself through the colored medium of a casual passing mood.

"George Ellis, the editor of *Specimens of Early English Poetry and Metrical Romances*, one of the most learned of Scott's contemporaries in mediæval poetry and romance, 'entertained some doubts about the propriety of dwelling so long on the minstrel songs in the last canto,' but this was because he was not aware of any 'ancient authority for such a practice.' To the canto on its own merits he did not object. It is to be remarked that, although the songs are episodical as regards the action of the poem, they are closely interwoven with the sentiment. The subjects of them are such as would naturally occur at the close of a tale in which three of the moving powers are love, magic, and supernatural agency. The first is a love ballad, a congratulation of the happy lovers, and serves to dismiss them gracefully from the stage: the last two put the reader in tune for the wonders of the final incident."

1. *Breathes there the man*, etc. M. remarks that two or three small coincidences, in idea and diction, seem to show that certain lines from Rogers's *Pleasures of Memory* (near middle of Part II.) were in Scott's mind when he wrote these famous patriotic stanzas: —

> "And as the sparks of social love expand,
> As the heart opens in a foreign land,
> And with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,
> The stranger greets each native of his isle.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Above, below, aerial murmurs swell,
> From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A blithe and blooming Forester explored
> Those loftier scenes Salvator's soul adored;
> The rocky pass half-hung with shaggy wood,
> And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood."

4. *Whose heart*, etc. Cf. *Luke*, xxiv. 32.

26. *Seems*. It seems. See on iii. 149 above.

30. *By Yarrow's stream*, etc. "Scott proved the genuineness of this sentiment in a very touching way. When he was on a cruise in the Mediterranean, undertaken with the hope of recruiting his shattered health, and felt that his end could not long be delayed, he hurried across Europe that he might draw his last breath at home. This was

his last object of interest; on the journey down from London he lay in the carriage in a kind of stupor till his beloved Borderland was reached. Lockhart says: 'As we descended the vale of the Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognizing the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two — *Gala Water, surely, Buckholm, Torwoodlee.* As we rounded the hill at Ladhofe, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited, and when turning himself on the couch his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight'" (M.).

We follow the reading of the early eds., which we do not believe Scott altered subsequently. All the more recent eds. have "By Yarrow's streams," etc.

34. *Still lay my head*, etc. This line was not in the 1st ed.

41. *Alike for feast and fight prepared*, etc. Cf. the description of Cœur-de-Lion in Praed's *Troubadour:*

> "So fiddling here, and fighting there,
> And murdering time and tune,
> With sturdy limb, and listless air,
> And gauntleted hand, and jewelled hair,
> Half monarch, half buffoon,
> He turned away from feast to fray,
> From quarrelling to quaffing," etc.

50. *Me lists.* See on ii. 141 above.

54. *Owches.* Jewels; otherwise spelt *nowches* or *nouches*, which seems to be the original form. See Skeat. Cf. *adder, auger, orange*, and other words that have lost an initial *n*.

56. *Kirtles.* See on ii. 299 above. *Miniver* = ermine. Cf. 78 below.

68. *She wrought not*, etc. Scott remarks: "Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the Church, made a favorable distinction betwixt magicians and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with, those enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the demons were manifold; sometimes the fiends were actually swindled by the magicians, as in the case of the bargain betwixt one of their number and the poet Virgil. The classical reader will doubtless be curious to peruse this anecdote:

"'Virgilius was at scole at Tolenton, where he stodyed dylygently, for he was of great understandynge. Upon a tyme, the scolers had lycense to go to play and sporte them in the fyldes, after the usance of the old tyme. And there was also Virgilius therbye, also walkynge among the hylles alle about. It fortuned he spyed a great hole in the syde of a great hyll, wherein he went so depe, that he culd not see no more lyght; and than he went a lytell farther therein, and than he saw some lyght agayne, and than he went fourth streyghte, and within a lytell wyle after he harde a voyce that called, "Virgilius! Virgilius!" and looked aboute, and he colde nat see no body. Than sayd he (i.e. the *voice*), "Virgilius, see ye not the lytyll borde lying bysyde you there marked with that word?" Than answered Virgilius, "I see that borde well anough." The voyce said, "Doo awaye that borde, and lette me out

there atte." Than answered Virgilius to the voice that was under the lytell borde, and sayd, "Who art thou that callest me so?" Than answered the devyll, "I am a devyll conjured out of the bodye of a certeyne man, and banysshed here tyll the day of judgmend, without that I be delyvered by the handes of men. Thus, Virgilius, I pray the, delyver me out of this payn, and I shall shewe unto the many bokes of negromancye, and how thou shalt come by it lyghtly, and know the practyse therein, that no man in the scyence of negromancye shall passe the. And moreover, I shall shewe and enforme the so, that thou shalt have alle thy desyre, whereby methinke it is a great gyfte for so lytyll a doyng. For ye may also thus all your power frendys helpe and make ryche your enemyes." Thorough that great promyse was Virgilius tempted; he badde the fynd show the bokes to hym, that he might have and occupy them at his wyll; and so the fynde shewed him. And than Virgilius pulled open a borde, and there was a lytell hole, and thereat wrang the devyll out like a yell, and cam and stode before Virgilius lyke a bygge man; whereof Virgilius was astonied and marveyled greatly thereof, that so great a man myght come out at so lytyll a hole. Than sayd Virgilius, "Shulde ye well passe into the hole that ye cam out of?" "Yea, I shall well," said the devyl. "I holde the best plegge that I have, that ye shall not do it." "Well," sayd the devyll, "thereto I consent." And than the devyll wrange himselfe into the lytyll hole ageyne; and as he was therein, Virgilius kyvered the hole ageyne with the borde close, and so was the devyll begyled, and myght nat there come out agen, but abydeth shytte styll therein. Than called the devyll dredefully to Virgilius, and said, "What have ye done, Virgilius?" Virgilius answered, "Abyde there styll to your day appoynted;" and fro thens forth abydeth he there. And so Virgilius became very connynge in the practyse of the black scyence.'

"This story may remind the reader of the Arabian tale of the Fisherman and the imprisoned Genie; and it is more than probable that many of the marvels narrated in the life of Virgil are of Oriental extraction. Among such I am disposed to reckon the following whimsical account of the foundation of Naples, containing a curious theory concerning the origin of the earthquakes with which it is afflicted. Virgil, who was a person of gallantry, had, it seems, carried off the daughter of a certain Soldan, and was anxious to secure his prize.

"'Than he thought in his mynde how he myghte marye hyr, and thought in his mynde to founde in the middes of the see a fayer towne, with great landes belongynge to it; and so he did by his cunnynge, and called it Napells. And the fandacyon of it was of egges, and in that town of Napells he made a tower with iiii corners, and in the toppe he set an apell upon an yron yarde, and no man culde pull away that apell without he brake it; and thoroughe that yren set he a bolte, and in that bolte set he a egge. And he henge the apell by the stauke upon a cheyne, and so hangeth it still. And when the egge styrreth, so shulde the towne of Napells quake; and whan the egge brake, than shulde the towne sinke. Whan he had made an ende, he lette call it Napells.' This appears to have been an article of current belief during the middle ages, as appears from the statutes of the order *Du Saint Esprit au*

*droit desir*, instituted in 1352. A chapter of the knights is appointed to be held annually at the Castle of the Enchanted Egg, near the grotto of Virgil (Montfaucon, vol. ii. p. 329)."

78. *Guarded.* Edged, trimmed. Cf. Shakespeare, *M. of V.* ii. 2. 165: "Give him a livery more guarded than his fellows';" *Much Ado*, v. 1. 288: "The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither." The trimming *guarded* (protected) the cloth from wear.

79. *A merlin.* "A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was actually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight or baron. See Latham *On Falconry*. Godscroft relates that when Mary of Lorraine was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a royal garrison into his Castle of Tantallon. To this he returned no direct answer; but, as if apostrophizing a goss-hawk, which sat on his wrist, and which he was feeding during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed, 'The devil 's in this greedy glede, she will never be full' (Hume's *History of the House of Douglas*, 1743, vol. ii. p. 131). Barclay complains of the common and indecent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches" (Scott).

84. *The gorgeous festival.* M. remarks: "Scott's description of the feast differs from the style of the metrical romances which he imitated chiefly in being more select in its particulars. The ancient 'minstrel' generally put on the board every animal known to him. Hence the courtly Chaucer passes over such details as vulgar:

> 'I wol nat tellen of her strange sewes,
> Ne of her swannes, ne of her heronsewes.'"

89. *Heron-shew.* Young heron.

90. *Peacock's gilded train.* "The peacock, it is well known, was considered, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted, it was again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge, dipped in lighted spirits of wine, was placed in its bill. When it was introduced on days of grand festival, it was the signal for the adventurous knights to take upon them vows to do some deed of chivalry, 'before the peacock and the ladies'" (Scott).

91. *The boar-head.* Scott says: "The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendor. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colors and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served (Pinkerton's *History*, vol. i. p. 432)."

*Garnished brave.* That is, bravely, or finely; the original sense of the word. Cf. the Scottish *braw*.

92. *From Saint Mary's wave.* "There are often flights of swans upon St. Mary's Lake, at the head of the river Yarrow" (Scott). Cf. Wordsworth's *Yarrow Visited:*

> "The swan on still Saint Mary's lake
> Floats double, swan and shadow."

98. *Shalm.* More commonly spelt *shawm;* an ancient wind-instrument, resembling the clarionet. Cf. *F. Q.* i. 12. 13: "With shaumes, and trompets, and with Clarions sweet."

The *psaltery* was a kind of harp. Cf. *Psalms*, xxxiii. 2, lvii. 8, lxxi. 22, etc.

103. *Hooded hawks.* The hawks were hooded till let fly at the game. The *bells* hung round their necks were supposed to frighten the birds hawked at. Cf. Shakespeare, *R. of L.* 511: "With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcons' bells," etc.

109. *Sewers.* Servants who served up the dishes. Cf. Barclay, *Ecl.* ii.:

> "Slow be the sewers in serving in alway,
> But swift be they after, in taking meat away;"

Marston, *Fawn*, ii. 1: "Here the sewer has friended a country gentleman with a sweet green goose," etc.

120. *Stout Hunthill.* Scott says: "The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill, remarkable for leading into battle nine sons, gallant warriors, all sons of the aged champion. Mr. Rutherford, late of New York, in a letter to the editor, soon after these songs were first published, quoted, when upwards of eighty years old, a ballad apparently the same with the *Raid of the Reidsquare*, but which apparently is lost, except the following lines:—

> 'Bauld Rutherfurd he was fu' stout,
> With all his nine sons him about,
> He brought the lads of Jedbrught out,
> And bauldly fought that day.'"

Scott's mother was a Rutherford.

123. *Saye.* Say, assertion. There is no good reason for the peculiar spelling.

128. *Bit his glove.* "To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion, with whom he had quarrelled? And, learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting, that though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721" (Scott). The reference to Shakespeare is to the first scene of *R. and J.*

132. *Lyme-dog.* A hound lead by a *leam*, or band. Cf. *F. Q.* v. 2. 25: "But Talus, that could like a lime-hound wind her;" and Harrington, *Orlando Furioso*, xli. 30:

> "His cosin had a Lyme hound argent bright,
> His Lyme laid on his back, he couching down."

The *lym* of *Lear*, iii. 6. 72 ("Hound or spaniel, brach or lym"), where the word is a conjectural emendation for the "Hym" of the folios, is the same animal.

136. *A Cologne blade.* Such as the German Conrad might have had Cf. the English ballad of *The Battle of Otterbourne:*

> "The Percy and the Douglas mette,
> That ether of other was fayne:
> They schapped together whyll that they sweette,
> With swords of fine Collayne,
> Tyll the bloode from their bassonets ran,
> As the brooke doth in the rayne."

Here "Collayne" = Cologne steel.

142. *Selle.* Seat; commonly = saddle (Fr. *selle*).

144. *Arthur Fire-the-Braes.* "The person bearing this redoubtable *nom de guerre* was an Elliot, and resided at Thorleshope, in Liddesdale. He occurs in the list of Border riders, in 1597" (Scott).

146. *Quit.* Requite, repay. Cf. *Hamlet*, v. 2. 68: "To quit him with this arm," etc.

154. *Since old Buccleuch*, etc. "A tradition preserved by Scott of Satchells, who published, in 1688, *A true History of the Right Honourable name of Scott*, gives the following romantic origin of that name. Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot, or insurrection, came to Rankleburn, in Ettrick Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth MacAlpin, then King of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck from Ettrickheuch to the glen now called Buckcleuch, about two miles above the junction of Rankleburn with the river Ettrick. Here the stag stood at bay; and the king and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot; and now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracra-Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet.[1]

> 'The deer being curee'd in that place,
> At his Majesty's demand,
> Then John of Galloway ran apace,
> And fetched water to his hand.
> The King did wash into a dish,
> And Galloway John he wot;
> He said, "Thy name now after this
> Shall ever be called John Scott.
>
> '"The forest and the deer therein,
> We commit to thy hand;
> For thou shalt sure the ranger be,
> If thou obey command;

[1] Froissart relates, that a knight of the household of the Comte de Foix exhibited a similar feat of strength. The hall-fire had waxed low, and wood was wanted to mend it. The knight went down to the court-yard, where stood an ass laden with fagots, seized on the animal and burden, and, carrying him up to the hall on his shoulders, tumbled him into the chimney with his heels uppermost: a humane pleasantry, much applauded by the Count and all the spectators.

**And for the buck thou stoutly brought**
**To us up that steep heuch,**
**Thy designation ever shall**
**Be John Scott in Bucksheuch."**

. . . . . .

**'In Scotland no Buckcleuch was then,**
**Before the buck in the cleuch was slain;**
**Night's men[1] at first they did appear,**
**Because moon and stars to their arms they bear.**
**Their crest, supporters, and hunting-horn,**
**Shews their beginning from hunting came;**
**Their name, and stile, the book doth say,**
**John gained them both into one day'**
(Watt's *Bellenden*).

"The Buccleuch arms have been altered, and now allude less pointedly to this hunting, whether real or fabulous. The family now bear *Or*, upon a bend azure, a mullet betwixt two crescents of the field; in addition to which they formerly bore in the field a hunting-horn. The supporters, now two ladies, were formerly a hound and buck, or, according to the old terms, a *hart of leash* and a *hart of greece*. The family of Scott of Howpasley and Thirlestaine long retained the bugle-horn; they also carried a bent bow and arrow in the sinister cantle, perhaps as a difference. It is said the motto was, *Best riding by moonlight*, in allusion to the crescents on the shield, and perhaps to the habits of those who bore it. The motto now given is *Amo*, applying to the female supporters" (Scott).

157. *Remembered him.* For the old reflexive use, cf. Shakespeare, *T. N.* v. i. 286:

"And yet, alas! now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract."

For *Tinlinn's yew*, cf. iv. 275 above.

162. *Solway strife.* In 1542, at Solway Moss, when a large Scotch army is said to have fled on being charged by some English Borderers.

172. *Spurned.* Kicked. See on v. 53 above.

174. *Riot and clamor wild began.* The *Critical Review*, 1805, comments on this part of the poem as follows: "The appearance and

[1] "Minions of the moon," as Falstaff would have said. The vocation pursued by our ancient Borderers may be justified on the authority of the most polished of the ancient nations: "For the Grecians in old time, and such barbarians as in the continent lived neere unto the sea, or else inhabited the islands, after once they began to crosse over one to another in ships, became theeves, and went abroad under the conduct of their more puissant men, both to enrich themselves, and to fetch in maintenance for the weak; and falling upon towns unfortified, or scatteringly inhabited, rifled them, and made this the best means of thear living; being a matter at that time no where in disgrace, but rather carrying with it something of glory. This is manifest by some that dwell upon the continent, amongst whom, so it be performed nobly, it is still esteemed as an ornament. The same is also proved by some of the ancient poets, who introduced men questioning of such as sail by, on all coasts alike, whether they be theeves or not; as a thyng neyther scorned by such as were asked, nor upbraided by those who were desirous to know. They also robbed one another, within the main land; and much of Greece useth that old custome, as the *Locrians*, the *Acarnanians*, and those of the continent in that quarter, unto this day. Moreover, the fashion of wearing iron remaineth yet with the people of that continent, from their old trade of theeving" (Hobbes *Thucydides*, p. 4. Lond.).

dress of the company assembled in the chapel, and the description of the subsequent feast, in which the hounds and hawks are not the least important personages of the drama, are again happy imitations of those authors from whose rich but unpolished ore Mr. Scott has wrought much of his most exquisite imagery and description. A society, such as that assembled in Branxholm Castle, inflamed with national prejudices and heated with wine, seems to have contained in itself sufficient seeds of spontaneous disorder; but the goblin page is well introduced, as applying a torch to this mass of combustibles. Quarrels, highly characteristic of Border manners, both in their cause and the manner in which they are supported, ensue, as well among the lordly guests, as the yeomen assembled in the buttery."

176. *Darkling*. Dark; a poetical word, used both as an adjective and as an adverb. Cf. *Lear*, i. 4. 227: "So out went the candle and we were left darkling;" *Lady of the Lake*, iv. 283: "For darkling was the battle tried," etc.

181. *Albert Græme*. "John Grahame, second son of *Malice*, Earl of *Monteith*, commonly sirnamed *John with the Bright Sword*, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English Borders, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves; and many of their posterity have continued there ever since. Mr. Sandford, speaking of them, says (which indeed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides): 'They were all stark moss-troopers, and arrant thieves: Both to England and Scotland outlawed; yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland. A saying is recorded of a mother to her son, (which is now become proverbial,) *Ride, Rowley, hough 's i' the pot:* that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more' (*History of Cumberland*, introd.).

"The residence of the Græmes being chiefly in the Debateable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their depredations extended both to England and Scotland, with impunity; for as both wardens accounted them the proper subjects of their own prince, neither inclined to demand reparation for their excesses from the opposite officers, which would have been an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over them. See a long correspondence on this subject betwixt Lord Dacre and the English Privy Council, in introduction to *History of Cumberland*. The Debateable Land was finally divided betwixt England and Scotland, by commissioners appointed by both nations" (Scott).

190. *His simple song*, etc. Jeffrey remarks: "It is the author's object, in these songs, to exemplify the different styles of ballad narrative which prevailed in this island at different periods, or in different conditions of society. The first (Albert's) is conducted upon the rude and simple model of the old Border ditties, and produces its effect by the direct and concise narrative of a tragical occurrence."

192. *The sun shines fair*, etc. Scott says: "This burden is adopted, with some alteration, from an old Scottish song, beginning thus:

'She lean'd her back against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa :
And there she has her young babe born,
And the lyon shall be lord of a'.'"

215. *The cross divine.* The cross of the Crusaders.

229. *The gentle Surrey.* "The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honor to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1546; a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII., who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.

"The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, shewed him, in a looking-glass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as ill-disposed, and reclining upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper" (Scott).

237. *Even.* The early eds. have "evening."

243. *So sweet,* etc. The 1st ed. has "So sweet their harp and voices join."

251. *Naworth's iron towers.* Cf. i. 51 above, and see cut on p. 117. The castle is still the seat of the Howards, Earls of Carlisle. It has been carefully preserved in its ancient condition, though it suffered seriously from a fire in 1844.

257. *All-souls' eve.* The evening before All-souls' Day, November 2d.

Jeffrey remarks: "The second song, that of Fitzraver, the bard of the accomplished Surrey, has more of the richness and polish of the Italian poetry, and is very beautifully written in a stanza resembling that of Spenser."

263. *Hight.* Promised; commonly = called, named. Cf. *F. Q.* i. 9. 32: "I, that hight Trevisan;" *Childe Harold,* i. 3. 1: "Childe Harold was he hight," etc.

272. *Almagest.* Originally the name of an astronomical treatise by Ptolemy (A. D. 140), the word became a common noun by being applied to other works of the same kind.

277. *Gan.* See on i. 253 above.

282. *Agra.* A city in British India.

289. *Eburnine.* Of ivory.

308. *Saint Clair.* "The St. Clairs are of Norman extraction, being descended from William de St. Clair, second son of Walderne Compte de St. Clair, and Margaret, daughter to Richard Duke of Normandy. He was called, for his fair deportment, the Seemly St. Clair, and, settling in Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Ceanmore, obtained large grants of land in Mid-Lothian. These domains were increased by the liberality of succeeding monarchs to the descendants of the family, and comprehended the baronies of Rosline, Pentland, Cowsland, Cardaine, and several others. It is said a large addition was obtained from Robert Bruce, on the following occasion. The king, in following the chase upon Pentland-hills had often started a 'white

faunch deer,' which had always escaped from his hounds; and he asked the nobles, who were assembled around him, whether any of them had dogs which they thought might be more successful. No courtier would affirm that his hounds were fleeter than those of the king, until Sir William St. Clair of Rosline unceremoniously said, he would wager his head that his two favorite dogs, *Help* and *Hold*, would kill the deer before she could cross the March-burn. The king instantly caught at his unwary offer, and betted the forest of Pentland-moor against the life of Sir William St. Clair. All the hounds were tied up, except a few ratches, or slow-hounds, to put up the deer; while Sir William St. Clair, posting himself in the best situation for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St. Katherine. The deer was shortly after roused, and the hounds slipped; Sir William following on a gallant steed, to cheer his dogs. The hind, however, reached the middle of the brook, upon which the hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment, however, Hold stopped her in the brook; and Help, coming up, turned her back, and killed her on Sir William's side. The king descended from the hill, embraced Sir William, and bestowed on him the lands of Kirkton, Logan-house, Earncraig, etc., in free forestrie. Sir William, in acknowledgment of St. Katherine's intercession, built the chapel of St. Katherine in the Hopes, the churchyard of which is still to be seen. The hill, from which Robert Bruce beheld this memorable chase, is still called the King's Hill; and the place where Sir William hunted, is called the Knight's Field.[1] (*MS. History of the Family of St. Clair*, by Richard Augustin Hay, Canon of St. Genevieve).

"This adventurous huntsman married Elizabeth, daughter of Malice Spar, Earl of Orkney and Stratherne, in whose right their son Henry was, in 1379, created Earl of Orkney, by Haco, king of Norway. His title was recognized by the Kings of Scotland, and remained with his successors until it was annexed to the crown, in 1471, by act of Parliament. In exchange for this earldom, the castle and domains of Ravenscraig, or Ravensheuch, were conferred on William Saintclair, Earl of Caithness" (Scott). See on 358 below.

315. *Fair Kirkwall.* Scott says: "The Castle of Kirkwall was built by the St. Clairs, while Earls of Orkney. It was dismantled by the Earl of Caithness about 1615, having been garrisoned against the government by Robert Stewart, natural son to the Earl of Orkney.

[1] The tomb of Sir William St. Clair, on which he appears sculptured in armor, with a greyhound at his feet, is still to be seen in Roslin chapel. The person who shows it always tells the story of his hunting-match, with some addition to Mr. Hay's account; as that the Knight of Rosline's fright made him poetical, and that in the last emergency, he shouted,

"Help, Haud, an ye may,
Or Roslin will lose his head this day."

If this couplet does him no great honor as a poet, the conclusion of the story does him still less credit. He set his foot on the dog, says the narrator, and killed him on the spot, saying, he would never again put his neck in such a risk. As Mr. Hay does not mention this circumstance, I hope it is only founded on the couchant posture of the hound on the monument.

"Its ruins afforded a sad subject of contemplation to John, Master of St. Clair, who, flying from his native country, on account of his share in the insurrection 1715, made some stay at Kirkwall:

"'I had occasion to entertain myself at Kirkwall with the melancholie prospect of the ruins of an old castle, the seat of the old Earls of Orkney, my ancestors; and of a more melancholy reflection, of so great and noble an estate as the Orkney and Shetland Isles being taken from one of them by James the Third, for faultrie, after his brother, Alexander, Duke of Albany, had married a daughter of my family, and for protecting and defending the said Alexander against the King, who wished to kill him, as he had done his youngest brother, the Earl of Mar; and for which, after the forfaultrie, he *gratefully* divorced my forfaulted ancestor's sister; though I cannot persuade myself that he had any misalliance to plead against a familie in whose veins the blood of Robert Bruce ran as fresh as in his own; for their title to the crowne was by a daughter of David Bruce, son to Robert; and our alliance was by marrying a grandchild of the same Robert Bruce, and daughter to the sister of the same David, out of the familie of Douglass, which at that time did not much sullie the blood, more than my ancestor's having not long before had the honour of marrying a daughter of the King of Denmark's, who was named Florentine, and has left in the town of Kirkwall a noble monument of the grandeur of the times, the finest church ever I saw entire in Scotland. I then had no small reason to think, in that unhappy state, on the many not inconsiderable services rendered since to the royal familie, for these many years bygone, on all occasions, when they stood most in need of friends, which they have thought themselves very often obliged to acknowledge by letters yet extant, and in a style more like friends than souveraigns; our attachment to them, without any other thanks, having brought upon us considerable losses, and among others, that of our all in Cromwell's time; and left in that condition without the least relief except what we found in our own virtue. My father was the only man of the Scots nation who had courage enough to protest in Parliament against King William's title to the throne, which was lost, God knows how: and this at a time when the losses in the cause of the royall familie, and their usual gratitude, had scarce left him bread to maintain a numerous familie of eleven children, who had soon after sprung up on him, in spite of all which, he had honourably persisted in his principle. I say, these things considered, and after being treated as I was, and in that unluckie state, when objects appear to men in their true light, as at the hour of death, could I be blamed for making some bitter reflections to myself, and laughing at the extravagance and unaccountable humour of men, and the singularitie of my own case, (an exile for the cause of the Stuart family), when I ought to have known, that the greatest crime I, or my family, could have committed, was persevering, to my own destruction, in serving the royal family faithfully, though obstinately, after so great a share of depression, and after they had been pleased to doom me and my familie to starve' (*MS. Memoirs of John, Master of St. Clair*)." Of this castle a mere ivy-covered fragment is now left; but the grand old Cathedral, founded in 1138, is still well preserved, and is the chief object of interest in the town. See cut on p. 107 above.

316. *Pentland.* The Pentland Firth.

317. *Odin.* The chief of the Northern gods, from whose name, also spelled *Woden*, our *Wednesday* is derived. Cf. *Marmion*, vi. introd. 23: "The boisterous joys of Odin's hall."

327. *The raven's food.* Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, iv. 492:

> "I shout to scare
> Yon raven from his dainty fare;"

P. quotes the Song in *The Pirate*, chap. xv.:

> "From his cliff the eagle sallies,
> Leaves the wolf his darksome valleys;
> In the midst the ravens hover,
> Peep the wild dogs from the cover,
> Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,
> Each in his wild accents telling
> Soon we feast on dead and dying,
> Fair-haired Harold's flag is flying."

328. *Kings of the main.* "The chiefs of the *Vikingr*, or Scandinavian pirates, assumed the title of *Sækonungr*, or Sea-kings. Ships, in the inflated language of the Scalds, are often termed the serpents of the ocean" (Scott).

331. *The Scald.* The Norse bard.

332. *Runic column.* Column with Runic, or Norse, inscription. The characters of the Northern alphabet were called *runes*.

335. *Saga.* Norse epic or poetic chronicle. Cf. Longfellow, *Skeleton in Armor*:

> "I was a Viking old!
> My deeds, though manifold,
> No Skald in song has told,
> No Saga taught thee!"

336. *That Sea-Snake*, etc. "The *jormungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnarockr*, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part" (Scott).

338. *Those dread Maids.* "These were the *Valkyriur*, or Selectors of the Slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute the contest. They are well known to the English reader as Gray's Fatal Sisters" (Scott).

340. *Of chiefs*, etc. Scott says: "The Northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms and their other treasures. Thus Angantyr, before commencing the duel in which he was slain, stipulated, that if he fell, his sword Tyrfing should be buried with him. His daughter, Hervor, afterwards took it from his tomb. The dialogue which passed betwixt her and Angantyr's spirit on this occasion has been often translated. The whole history may be found in the Hervarar-Saga. Indeed, the ghosts of the Northern warriors were not wont tamely to suffer their tombs to be plundered; and hence the mortal heroes had an additional temptation to attempt such adventures; for they held nothing more worthy of their valor than to encounter supernatural beings (Bartholinus *De causis contemptæ a Danis mortis*, lib. i. cap. 2, 9, 10, 13)."

347 *Roslin's bowers.* "The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1446, by William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburgh, Earl of Caithness and Stratherne, Lord St. Clair, Lord Niddesdale, Lord Admiral of the Scottish Seas, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden of the three Marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, Pentland-moor, etc., Knight of the Cockle, and of the Garter (as is affirmed), High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godscroft, might weary a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendor, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid style of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carving on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name, with which, however, the flower has no connexion; the etymology being Rosslinnhe, the promontory of the linn, or water-fall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, noticed by Slezer in his *Theatrum Scotiæ*, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian dominions. The tomb-fires of the north are mentioned in most of the Sagas.

"The Barons of Roslin were buried in a vault beneath the chapel floor. The manner of their interment is thus described by Father Hay in the MS. history already quoted.

"'Sir William Sinclair, the father, was a leud man. He kept a miller's daughter, with whom, it is alleged, he went to Ireland; yet I think the cause of his retreat was rather occasioned by the Presbyterians, who vexed him sadly, because of his religion being Roman Catholic. His son, Sir William, died during the troubles, and was interred in the chapel of Roslin the very same day that the battle of Dunbar was fought. When my good-father was buried, his (*i. e.* Sir William's) corpse seemed to be entire at the opening of the cave; but when they came to touch his body, it fell into dust. He was laying in his armour, with a red velvet cap on his head, on a flat stone; nothing was spoiled except a piece of the white furring that went round the cap, and answered to the hinder part of the head. All his predecessors were buried after the same manner, in their armour: late Rosline, my good-father, was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James the Seventh, who was then in Scotland, and several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried after that manner. The great expenses she was at in burying her husband, occasioned the sumptuary acts which were made in the following parliament'" (Scott).

352. *O, listen*, etc. Jeffrey remarks: "The third song is intended to represent that wild style of composition which prevailed among the bards of the Northern Continent, somewhat softened and adorned by the Minstrel's residence in the South. We prefer it, upon the whole, to either of the two former, and shall give it entire to our readers, who will probably be struck with the poetical effect of the dramatic form into which it is thrown, and of the indirect description by which everything is most expressively told, without one word of distinct narrative."

355. *Rosabelle.* "This was a family name in the house of St. Clair. Henry St. Clair, the second of the line, married Rosabelle, fourth daughter of the Earl of Stratherne" (Scott).

358. *Castle Ravensheuch.* "A large and strong castle, now ruinous, situated betwixt Kirkaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag, washed by the Frith of Forth. It was conferred on Sir William St. Clair as a slight compensation for the earldom of Orkney, by a charter of King James III., dated in 1471, and is now the property of Sir James St. Clair Erskine, (now Earl of Rosslyn,) representative of the family. It was long a principal residence of the Barons of Roslin" (Scott).

361. *Inch.* "Isle" (Scott). The word occurs in the names of many Scotch islands; as *Inchkeith*, *Inch-mahome*, etc.

365. *Swathed.* The 1st ed. has "rolled."

381. *It ruddied.* The 1st ed. has "It reddened."

383. *Hawthornden.* Near Roslin, and famous as the residence of the poet Drummond. The house stands on a cliff rising sheer from the waters of the Esk; and under it are several small caverns, hewn out of the solid rock, which have excited much speculation among antiquarians. Cf. p. 196 above, note on 28.

389. *Deep sacristy*, etc. The 1st ed. has "Both vaulted crypt," etc.

392. *Pinnet.* Pinnacle.

401. *With candle, with book, and with knell.* That is, with full religious service. "With bell, book, and candle" is a common phrase, referring to the form of *excommunication* used in the Romish church. In this "the bell was tolled, the book of offices for the purpose used, and three candles extinguished, with certain ceremonies" (Nares). Cf. *Marmion*, v. 899: "To curse with candle, bell, and book," etc.

402. *But the sea-caves*, etc. The 1st ed. has "But the Kelpie rung and the Mermaids sung."

405. *The darkened hall.* M. remarks: "The coming on of darkness at the approach of an evil spirit is a commonplace in romance. There is an example in the ballad of *King Henrie* in the *Border Minstrelsy*:

> "'He 's ta'en him to his hunting ha',
> For to make burly cheir;
> When loud the wind was heard to sound,
> And an earthquake rock'd the floor.
> And darkness cover'd a' the hall,
> Where they sat at their meat;
> The grey dogs howling left their food
> And crept to Henrie's feet.
> And louder howl'd the rising wind,
> And burst the fasten'd door;
> And in there came a griesly ghost
> Stood stamping on the floor.'"

429. *Levin-brand.* Thunderbolt. See on iv. 319 above, and cf. *F. Q.* vii. 7. 30: "And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke."

442. *Gylbin, come.* See on ii. 353 above.

455. *The spectre-hound in Man.* Scott says: "The ancient castle of Peel-town in the Isle of Man, is surrounded by four churches, now ruinous. Through one of these chapels there was formerly a passage from the guard-room of the garrison. This was closed, it is said, upon the

following occasion: 'They say, that an apparition, called, in the Manks ish language, the *Mauthe Doog*, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel-castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt; and, for that reason, forebore swearing, and all profane discourse, while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when altogether in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment, as I said before, the way led through the church, they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night his fellow in this errand, should accompany him that went first, and by this means no man would be exposed singly to the danger; for I forgot to mention, that the *Mauthe Doog* was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of the day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned; which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence.

"'One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinarily, laughed at the simplicity of his companions; and, though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavored to dissuade him; but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the *Mauthe Doog* would follow him as it had done the others; for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room. In some time after his departure, a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till, the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough; for he was never heard to speak more; and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who came near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death.

"'The *Mauthe Doog* was, however, never after seen in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage; for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about three score years since; and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head' (Waldron's *Description of the Isle of Man*, p. 107)."

459. *With amice wrapped around*, etc. Cf. ii. 214 above.

469. *Saint Bride of Douglas.* Scott remarks: "This was a favorite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular, as we learn from the following passage: 'The Queen-Regent had proposed to raise a rival noble to the ducal dignity; and discoursing of her purpose with Angus, he answered, "Why not, madam? we are happy that have such a princess, that can know and will acknowledge men's services, and is willing to recompense it; but, by the might of God" (this was his oath when he was serious and in anger; at other times, it was by St. Bryde of Douglas), "if he be a Duke, I will be a Drake!" So she desisted from prosecuting of that purpose' (*Godscroft*, vol. ii. p. 131)." Note the play on *duke* and *duck*, and also on the different senses of *drake*.

475. *Saint Modan.* A Scotch abbot of the 7th century. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, ii. 131: "The harp which erst Saint Modan swayed," etc.

476. *Saint Mary of the Lowes.* See on ii. 386 above.

477. *Rood.* Cross. See on introd. 80 above. *Lisle* (*L'Isle*) is the older form of *Lille*, the name of the well-known French city.

499. *Uneath.* Hardly, not easily; a word often used by Chaucer and Spenser. Cf. *F. Q.* i. 9. 38: "Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath;" 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 8: "Uneath may she endure the flinty streets" (the only instance of the word in Shakespeare), etc.

515. *Scapular.* An ecclesiastical garment consisting of two bands, one going down the breast, the other over the shoulders. The original scapular was introduced by St. Benedict, in lieu of a heavy cowl for the shoulders, designed to carry loads.

516. *Stoles.* See on v. 506 above.

520. *Flourished fair*, etc. That is, with the name in richly ornamented letters.

532. *Office.* Possessive; the mark of the case being omitted, as often in Elizabethan English when a noun ends in *s*, *se*, *ce*, or *ge*. See Abbott, *Shakes. Gr.* § 471.

536. *Dies iræ*, etc. The opening lines of the most famous of mediæval Latin hymns, ascribed to Thomas of Celano (about 1230). Scott's version is only a free paraphrase of portions of it.

558. *Close beneath proud Newark's tower*, etc. Lockhart says: "In these charming lines he has embodied what was, at the time he penned them, the chief day-dream of Ashestiel. . . . While he was 'laboring *doucement* at the *Lay*' (as in one of his letters he expresses it), during the recess of 1804, circumstances rendered it next to certain that the small estate of *Broadmeadows*, situated just over against the ruins of Newark, on the northern bank of the Yarrow [see our map], would soon be exposed to sale; and many a time did he ride round it in company with Lord and Lady Dalkeith.

'When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,'

surveying the beautiful little domain with wistful eyes, and anticipating that

'*There* would he sing achievement high
And circumstance of chivalry,
And Yarrow, as he flowed along,
Bear burden to the Minstrel's song.'"

But the success of the *Lay* led to the negotiations with Mr. Ballantyne which resulted in Scott's becoming his partner in business, and investing in the concern all the money that was to have been used in the purchase of Broadmeadows.

568. *Bowhill.* A seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, just below Newark Castle and above the junction of the Yarrow and the Ettrick. Lockhart says: "Bowhill was the favorite residence of Lord and Lady Dalkeith (afterwards Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch), at the time when the poem was composed; the ruins of Newark are all but included in the park attached to that modern seat of the family; and Sir Walter Scott, no doubt, was influenced in his choice of the locality, by the predilection of the charming lady who suggested the subject of his 'Lay' for the scenery of the Yarrow — a beautiful walk on whose banks, leading from the house to the old castle, is called, in memory of her, the *Duchess's Walk.*"

571. *Throstles.* Thrushes. Cf. Shakespeare, *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 130: "The throstle with his note so true," etc.

572. *And corn was green.* The 1st ed. has "And grain waved green." *Carterhaugh* is a plain at the confluence of the Ettrick and Yarrow, two miles below Newark Castle. The other localities mentioned are in the same vicinity.

582. *The Minstrel's song.* The *Annual Review*, 1804, closes its notice of the poem thus: "The large quotations we have made from this singular poem must have convinced our readers that it abounds equally with poetical description and with circumstances curious to the antiquary. These are farther illustrated in copious and very entertaining notes: they, as well as the poem, must be particularly interesting to those who are connected with Scottish families, or conversant in their history. The author has managed the versification of the poem with great judgment, and the most happy effect. If he had aimed at the grave and stately cadence of the epic, or any of our more regular measures, it would have been impossible for him to have brought in such names as *Watt Tinlinn*, *Black John*, *Priesthaugh*, *Scrogg*, and other Scottish names, or to have spoken of the *lyke-wake*, and the *slogan*, and *driving of cattle*, which Pope and Gray would have thought as impossible to introduce into serious poetry as Boileau did the names of towns in the campaigns of Louis IV. Mr. Scott has, therefore, very judiciously thrown in a great mixture of the familiar, and varied the measure; and if it has not the finished harmony which, in such a subject, it were in vain to have attempted, it has great ease and spirit, and never tires the reader. Indeed we think we see a tendency in the public taste to go back to the more varied measures and familiar style of our earlier poets; a natural consequence of having been satiated with the regular harmony of Pope and his school, and somewhat wearied with the stiffness of lofty poetic language. We now know what can be done in that way, and we seek entertainment and variety, rather than finished modulation and uniform dignity. We now take our leave of this very elegant, spirited, and striking poem."

Jeffrey, on the other hand, qualifies his praise of the poem as follows: "From the various extracts we have given, our readers will be enabled

to form a tolerably correct judgment of the poem, and, if they are pleased with those portions of it which have now been exhibited, we may venture to assure them that they will not be disappointed by the perusal of the whole. The whole night journey of Deloraine — the opening of the Wizard's tomb — the march of the English battle — and the parley before the walls of the castle, are all executed with the same spirit and poetical energy, which we think is conspicuous in the specimens we have already extracted, and a great variety of short passages occur in every part of the poem, which are still more striking and meritorious, though it is impossible to detach them, without injury, in the form of a quotation. It is but fair to apprize the reader, on the other hand, that he will meet with very heavy passages, and with a variety of details which are not likely to interest any one but a Borderer or an antiquary. We like very well to hear of 'the gallant Chief of Otterburne.' or 'the Dark Knight of Liddesdale,' and feel the elevating power of great names, when we read of the tribes that mustered to the war, 'beneath the crest of old Dunbar and Hepburn's mingled banners.' But we really cannot so far sympathize with the local partialities of the author, as to feel any glow of patriotism or ancient virtue in hearing of the *Todrig* or *Johnston* clans, or of *Elliots*, *Armstrongs*, and *Tinlinns*; still less can we relish the introduction of *Black Jock of Athelstane*, *Whitslade the Hawk*, *Arthur Fire-the-Braes*, *Red Roland Forster*, or any other of those worthies, who

> 'Sought the beeves that made their broth,
> In Scotland and in England both,'

into a poem which has any pretensions to seriousness or dignity. The ancient metrical romance might have admitted these homely personalities; but the present age will not endure them; and Mr. Scott must either sacrifice his Border predilices, or offend all his readers in the other parts of the empire."

# ADDENDA.

THE MAP OF SCOTT-LAND (p. 242). — The annexed map (copied from the one in the "Clarendon Press" ed. of the *Lay*) shows the chief localities mentioned in the poem. They all lie within the limits of "Scott-land," or the land of the Scott clan. *Melrose Abbey* is just outside of the limits of the map to the east, and *Hermitage* a little beyond them to the south. The Scott territory also extends somewhat farther to the southwest in Eskdale, and to the northeast in Tweeddale, than the map indicates. The scale of the map is about five miles to the inch.

*Tarras Moss* (i. 217). A desolate marsh in Liddesdale, through which a small river takes its course. The stream runs furiously amid huge rocks; whence the popular saying:

> "Was ne'er ane drowned in Tarras, nor yet in doubt,
> For ere the head can win down, the harns [brains] are out."

The morass itself is so deep that, according to an old authority, two spears tied together would not reach the bottom. It was a noted place of refuge for outlaws.

*Horseliehill* (i. 280). For this and sundry other localities on which no note is given, see the map.

*Soltra and Dumpender Law* (iii. 390). We assume that the former is *Soutra Hill* (1184 feet high), about fifteen miles southeast from Edinburgh; and that the latter is *Dunpender* or *Traprain Law*, an isolated conical hill, some 700 feet high, about four miles east of Haddington, from whose top it is said that parts of thirteen counties may be seen.

*Leven Clans* (iii. 415). Clans dwelling on the banks of the Leven, a small river in Cumberland, flowing into the Esk. Cf. iv. 411 and v. 511 below. It must not be confounded with other rivers of the name in England and Scotland. So the *Tyne* of *Tynedale* is the English river, not the smaller stream in Berwickshire.

*Southern ravage* (iv. 35). That is, ravage by the English; hence the use of the capital in *Southern*, as in 241, 285, 462, etc. below. Most eds. print "southern" without regard to the meaning of the word.

*Castle-Ower* (iv. 126). The remains of a Roman camp on a hill in Eskdale.

*Yarrow-cleuch* (iv. 226). The source of the Yarrow, about three miles to the southwest of the Loch of the Lowes.

*Woodhouselie* (iv. 227). An old estate on the southern slope of the Pentland Hills, about ten miles from Edinburgh. It is the scene of Scott's ballad of *Cadyow Castle*.

*The Merse and Lauderdale* (iv. 484). The *Merse* (= March) is the eastern part of Berwickshire; and *Lauderdale* the western part, or the valley of the Leader as far as it is in Berwickshire. *Lammermore* (v

60 below) includes the remainder of the county, or the northern hilly portion. These divisions are now almost obsolete, and it is not easy to fix their original boundaries exactly.

*Jedwood's recent sack* (iv. 548). Jedburgh (also known as *Jedwood*, *Jedworth*, *Jeddart*, etc.) was sacked and burnt at least seven times in the international wars of that period. The Earl of Surrey, who took and destroyed the town in 1523, writes to Henry VIII. of the resistance he met there: "I assure your grace that I found the Scots at this time the boldest men and the hottest that ever I saw in any nation, and all the journey." The proud war-cry of the burghers, "Jeddart's here!" became renowned; and the "Jeddart staff" which they wielded was famous and feared as a weapon.

*Our Lady of the Isle* (vi. 478). We suppose the reference is to the ancient priory dedicated to the Virgin, on St. Mary's Isle at the mouth of the Dee, near Kirkcudbright. It was founded, in the reign of David I., by Fergus, Lord of Galloway, and afterwards became a dependence of Holyrood Abbey. It was a large and rich establishment in its day, and the prior was a lord of parliament. The "Isle," from the changes in the estuary of the Dee, has now become a peninsula; and the beautiful demesne of the Earl of Selkirk, known as St. Mary's Isle, occupies the site of the demolished priory.

*Hairhead-shaw* (vi. 571). On the left bank of the Yarrow, near Broadmeadows.

*Blackandro's oak* (vi. 573). The reference may be to Black-Andrew Hill, one of the prominent heights of this part of Selkirkshire.

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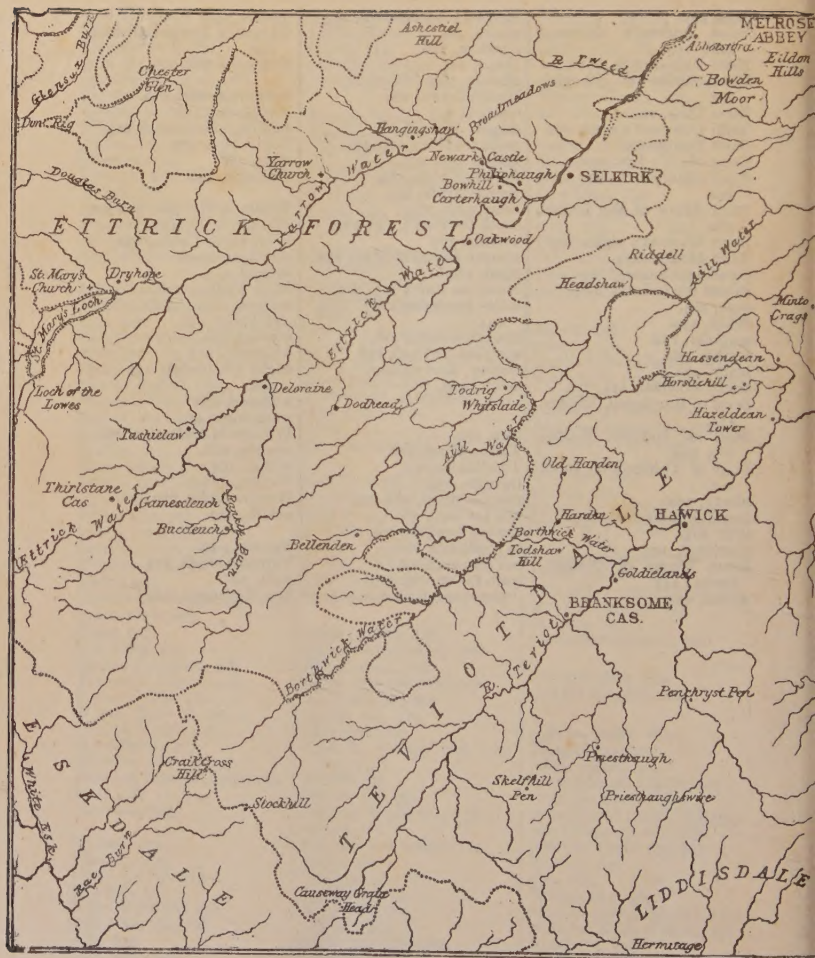


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